

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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The Game

You enter the courts with the will to
win,
For effort is yours and zest,
But victory is fickle and may not
come
Though your play perhaps is best.

For it isn't always the expert wins
Nor the skill behind your game,
What matter the years you have
topped the score
Or the crowds who shout your
name?

There's always the day when you'll
miss the stroke,
Or you'll drop the ball too short,
And the novice across the net will
win...
In the game of life and sport.
—P. Duncan-Brown.

When BURGLARS COME BACK Again!

"Spotters" Study Habits of Owners

A suburban clergyman's house was broken into last week during his absence in the country, for the second time in six weeks. Jewellery was removed by the thieves.

It will be small consolation to the clergyman, and to other sufferers from the visits of marauders, to learn that once a home has been burgled, the chances are that it will be burgled again!

Inquiries made by The Australian Women's Weekly among insurance companies writing policies against burglary, brought some amazing cases to light, illustrating this disquieting fact.

ONE householder with a comprehensive risk policy was on holiday. On his return, he found that his home had been entered and a quantity of his belongings removed.

These were for the most part of an easily disposable variety—jewellery, clothing, plate and cutlery. The insurance company paid up, and the householder, continuing his premiums, invested, too, in a new stock of plate, clothing, etc.

Evidently the thieves were earnest students of his habits, for he was untroubled until he went off for the weekend in the hills, which he was accustomed to give himself every three months. When he returned, his fresh stock of possessions had gone the way of the others. The company muttered darkly, but paid up.

To abbreviate this man's tragic story—His home was entered five times by burglars over a period of a year or two, and the thieves desisted only when the insurance company having declined his risk after the third robbery, the man resolved to get along without a stock of silver and cut-glass.

He joined the unfortunate band of people at which no insurance company

will look three times! When he applied to another company than his original one, he had of course to state in his declaration that he had been refused a cover by such-and-such a company. The second company, making inquiry of the first why the man should have been turned down, learned of his susceptibility to thieves and promptly rejected him.

ANOTHER woman well known in the capital is to-day unable to insure her personal possessions because she lost no fewer than three dinner services over a period of two years.

Her particular burglars would allow her time to replace the stolen service, then they would take advantage of her absence to lift the new set.

A second woman has lost two fur coats in two winters. The insurance company made good the first loss, and the thieves benefited doubly.

Yet another case was cited by a big city insurance company. A man paid an extra premium before going on his annual holiday, when his house would be left unoccupied. Thieves broke in and stole his silver, glassware, etc., of a value of £80. The company paid. When the man left at the corresponding date of the following year, on his holiday, a clean sweep was made of the goods he had bought with his insurance.

There are two main features about such cases," an insurance man told The Australian Women's Weekly. "In the first place, the victims are invariably people of regular habits, which can be studied by the burglars' 'spotters'.

"They are known to be persons who go regularly on holidays, say, at set times of the year. The moral, therefore, seems to be rather immoral—don't cultivate regular habits!

"Secondly, such thieves go after goods which can be turned over to fences easily and can be realised upon quickly. Since the price of gold went up, old gold, medals and so on are favorite game, and it is as well to store safely such readily negotiable things before going on holiday."

AN exclusive picture of Lady Milbanke, who was formerly well known in Australian social circles as Sheila Chisholm. Lady Milbanke is wearing one of Jean Paton's newest sports suits of brown wool, with blouse of green, beige, and brown plaid tweed, matching scarf and brown felt beret. . . This photo was sent direct from Paris by our representative, Muriel Segal.



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New ARCHBISHOP'S POLICY Is Stop, Look and Listen!

Although Archbishop Mowll has been with us for a week, Sydney does not yet feel that it is acquainted with him.

His Grace has been so assiduous in avoiding premature expressions of opinion that the public is uncertain of both his personality and his ideals.

What seems certain is that the new Archbishop is a man who will not have much patience with busybodies who foment petty squabbles in the church.

THE most emphatic thing that the Archbishop has said since his arrival is that he will not discuss local problems till he has had an opportunity of studying them at first hand.

Perhaps this sound piece of wisdom is to be further explained by the fact that even on the voyage out he was being worried about some of our troubles and disputes.

It is not generally known, as it was not done officially, that arguments about the St. Barnabas' Chateaufort, controversies were despatched to reach His Grace at Colombo—rather an intimidating and unfortunate welcome to new diocesan duties. And there are in Sydney at present heated differences over Christ Church lands, and other controversial matters.

Luckily, on the same boat was the Bishop of Willochra, and Archbishop Mowll took the opportunity of discussing with him general constitutional matters affecting the Church in Australia.

SYDNEY has been without an archbishop for about a year. Moreover, the previous prelate, the late Dr. Wright, a most lovable and scholarly man, had been unable for some time, on account of illness, to take as active a part in the life of the community as he would have liked.

Sydney women hope to receive high favor from their new archbishop.

In China, Archbishop Mowll was remarkably keen upon the uplift of women, it being largely through his offices and help in examining and arranging their constitution, that there are women deaconesses in West China, and it was through him that



MRS. MOWLL

Chinese women have obtained representation on their Synod.

This is most important, and particularly vital to Sydney women, because here women have no representation on Synod. Miss Gillespie, head of the Deaconesses' House, a graduate and most charming woman in every way, has tried again and again to obtain recognition for women in this matter, and been refused always.

She is an able speaker, and would contribute materially to Synod debates. While nothing official has been said

and nothing promised, it is hoped that His Grace will use his influence to obtain for women their representation on Synod.

WHILE her husband has been busy meeting people and being shown around various offices, Mrs. Mowll has been spending a great deal of her time at "Bishopscourt," superintending the renovations and planning for the future.

Owing to white ants having riddled the study and front parts of the house, necessitating iron girders being placed in the ceiling, to the accompaniment of much banging, Mrs. Mowll at first feared it would be a long time before she could enter her new home.

Her fears are not being wholly realised, however, and she hopes to go into residence in about a month.

The remains of the former furnishings are at present going out, so that Mrs. Mowll's furniture, which she brought from England and China, may go in.

Her home in China was sacked in 1931 by Chinese soldiers, but much of what she lost was replaced by the kindness of friends.

Mrs. Mowll found on her arrival that the wallpapers which the paperhangers were putting in would clash with some of her carpets and furnishings, so she has had to choose new ones.

She is also busy planning to plant flowering shrubs along the new bare drives of her new home.

Otherwise Mrs. Mowll finds "Bishopscourt" a beautiful home, being especially struck by the convenience of an abundance of bathrooms, and running water in every room.

A married couple are to arrive shortly from England for service at "Bishopscourt," but there is room for a good Australian cook.

MRS. MOWLL is hoping to enter upon "good works" here when she is settled.

For seven years before her marriage she was a missionary, and, although since her marriage she has been unable to take up any regular work, having always accompanied her husband upon his travels around his large diocese of West China, she is very eager to do things now.

She is especially interested in kindergarten work.



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a lovelier "YOU"

—a more romantic
"YOU," with the
glamorous appeal of
whispered fragrance—
of soft and lovely skin.





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Let's Talk Of INTERESTING PEOPLE . . .



—Hamer & Co. portrait.
A SAINTLY RECORD

MISS NORA BURDEN has produced more saints in South Australia than any missionary or churchman possibly could have done. And she has produced them so effectively that many a churchgoer or visitor to the State has stopped to admire them. Miss Burden is a stained-glass window artist.

She uses more William Morris designs than any others, but a number of figures for the windows are taken from Burne-Jones interpretations of the saints.

On one occasion a delicately-drawn design was sent in, and the owner wanted it back, so Miss Burden had to copy out the window, brush-line for brush-line, and the work was so fine that some of the lines were hardly perceptible.



LITHUANIAN JUDGE

MAGDALENE BRAZZITE is the first woman to be appointed as a Judge in Lithuania. For the past eight years she has been attached to the Mariampole Law Court, and for some years, before being officially appointed as Judge, was a temporary member of the Court. Other women prominently connected with the legal profession in Lithuania include the first woman barrister, Linda Purenienė, who studied in Petrograd before the revolution, pioneered a practice as a notary in a country town, and has been three times returned to Parliament by the Socialist Party.

The study of law is becoming increasingly popular with Lithuanian women, and the number of women law students is growing yearly.



TWELVE YEARS PRESIDENT

MRS. J. P. PETERSON, who was re-elected unopposed to the office of President of the Metropolitan branch of the Queensland Country Women's Association, holds a proud record for service to this Association. She has held the same office since the inception of the Country Women's Association, twelve years ago.

Office-bearers with long records of service to the New South Wales branch of the C.W.A. include Miss S. F. Warby, who also is a foundation member, has been seven years Hon. State Treasurer, and before that was hon. treasurer to the Cumberland branch for six years. She is hon. treasurer of the Harbourside branch and has been hon. treasurer of Keera House since its inception. Mrs. H. Rutter has been hon. treasurer of Manly for eight years.

EXILES in a NEW AUSTRALIA

Woman's vivid story of Settlers who left homes here to make new Utopia in Paraguay!

HOW few of us realise that in far-off Paraguay numbers of Australians are still living the lonely lives of exiles in that strange settlement of "New Australia" to which they were drawn in hopes of finding the Utopia of which all men dream?

Recalling one of the strangest chapters in the whole history of Australia, comes to The Australian Women's Weekly a letter from Mrs. Lizzie Martin, who, as a girl of 14, accompanied her parents to this land of Hope in 1893.

A burning question, whether the children of the colonists are still Australians, was settled by the recent war between Paraguay and Bolivia. The sons were called up!

FORTY years ago, William Lane, a Queensland journalist, realised the dream of a lifetime when he gathered together 500 fellow Australians—men, women, and children—and transported them to far-off Paraguay, where his new Utopia was to be established, 1000 miles in the remote interior.

In spite of public criticism and public warning, the migrants, many of them Australian farmers, sold up their homes, and invested their all in the venture. A ship, the "Royal Tar," was chartered and sailed from Sydney Harbor for the Promised Land.

Thousands of friends and relatives witnessed the departure of the vessel. Intense public feeling was excited over the adventure, and dramatic scenes were witnessed as the "Royal Tar" steamed down the harbor to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne," and "There is a Happy Land."

THE site selected for the new socialistic colony was an inland district 100 miles from the nearest seaport, and 40 miles from the railway. The land was fertile, and the Government of Paraguay, and the natives of the country, showed every consideration to the new colonists. But the climate was unsuitable, and there were many difficulties.

Lane was a staunch "dry," and when some of the settlers brought alcohol into the colony, dissension broke out. A number of the migrants were expelled from the colony, and others rebelled against Lane's authority, and left to form a settlement of their own at Cosme.

Lane himself, broken-hearted at the failure of the project, abandoned the colony.

Noted Poetess

MARY GILMORE, the noted Australian poetess and authoress, was one of the early pioneers of the movement, and was for some time engaged in teaching the children of the exiles from her own country.

Many of the original settlers still remain. Many more have returned to Australia, bringing with them graphic stories of the awful privations suffered by their fellow men and women. When the resources of the socialistic pool were exhausted, and the leader had flown, they found themselves 5000 miles away from kith and kin, stranded on a foreign soil, the climate unsuitable, and their life's savings dissipated in this wild dream of a new Paradise.

And now let Mrs. Martin's letter tell its own vivid story of the incidents which make up part of the daily life in "New Australia."

Mrs. Martin's Letter

Colonia Nueva Australia, Paraguay.
December 14, 1933.

THIS year of grace—A.D. 1933—has been a rough one for the derelicts that William Lane left behind him in his Promised Land.

Four months' drought, in the middle of which came a plague of locusts that gorged all the green stuff that the drought had spared, and put our milkers on the dole. And our argie-bargie with Bolivia is still going on, gradually bleeding the country white. You wouldn't think that would affect us Australians much, but you'd be wrong.



SCENE ON a cattle ranch in Paraguay. Stock raising, one of the main industries of the country, received a big impetus from the war.

The terms of Lane's contract with the Paraguayan Government of thirty-two years ago said that pioneers and their sons would be exempt from military service.

For quite a time we thought that meant what it said, but when the "call to arms" came, we found that it meant SONS BORN IN AUSTRALIA! Sons born in Paraguay were Paraguayans, and had to fight for their country.

However, I don't suppose you are much interested in our troubles. As Dad said when he was getting ready to go to the "Acre on the Rise": "We asked for it, and it's no use kicking!" Although I'm sure I didn't, as I was only fourteen, and had to do as I was told, and Mum nearly cried her eyes out.



THE "New Australia" settlement is situated in the heart of Paraguay.

BUT we do have our little excitements now and then, as when the new parson came to cheer us up. It was like this:

Our parson was up on his annual visit, and, as usual, he arrived in the middle of the week so that he could ride round and visit the sick, lame, and conscientious objectors, beating up *bugles* for the Sunday service. As it happened it wasn't our old parson, case-hardened to our wicked *razz*. He was away on vacation in England, and our Bishop had sent a substitute from Buenos Aires that couldn't stand a joke.

On the Thursday morning I got word that his reverence would be calling on us in the afternoon re Don Thomas's sciatial leg, and why, if he couldn't mount old Dandy, he couldn't come to Church with a crutch.

Swagger Tea

WELL, I prepared a swagger tea—that is, swagger for these depressed days—although I don't suppose the gentleman much appreciated my maize damper and guava jam with the sugar on the short side.

"Here he comes!" called Julia, who was on the lookout, "and he's got four of Kelly's kids with him showing him the way."

Hubby said "Cripes!" and I groaned. Tea for the parson was one thing, but



A GLIMPSE of domestic life in far-off Paraguay. While the women are busy at their work, the man of the house is entertaining his small son.



THE primitive type of dwelling in which the humble Paraguayan and his family live.

to fill up four of the Kelly tribe was a bigger contract.

When el padre had finished holding forth that "Where there was a will there was a way," and I had frowned at hubby to keep him from bursting, we drew up to the table, and while the parson asked a blessing I was anxiously calculating which would give out first—my bread and jam or the Kelly appetite.

Julia said she didn't want any tea—she's a thoughtful kid at times—and asked Mr. Blank if he'd like a little music like they had at the "Five o'clocks" in Buenos Aires?

"Certainly," said el padre. "What instrument do you play?"

"All sorts, on the gramophone," said

called out to Julia to put on something nice. "Put on the Caruso," said I, wishing to swank our only classical piece.

BUT I was too late. Already the preliminary bars of "Waiting at the Church" came floating out, and I held my breath, while the Boss grinned, as Rev. Blank asked, "Is that Caruso?" I left off rationing the youngsters to talk fourteen to the dozen in hopes of drowning that malapropos disc, and, as the refrain of "My wife won't let me" died away, Uncle Tom sang out, "Put on 'The Lost Chord,' Mr. Blank will like that."

JULIA giggled "Bueno," then said "Can't find 'The Lost Chord,' Uncle Tom, but here's one by Mr. Lander just as good," and she put on "Fu the noo." That killed the parson's pig, vulgarly speaking, and, rising hurriedly, he said he must be off, as he had other calls to make.

Please turn to Page 4



SO IS
THE 1934 BREAKFAST!



MOTOR CARS have changed—so have ideas on food and diet! We now realise that heavy, rich foods cause mental and physical sluggishness. That's why people are changing to the 1934 breakfast—light, easily-digested, ready-to-eat Kellogg's Corn Flakes! Serve them regularly—with milk, honey or fruits. Your whole family will feel better!



Oven Fresh Always
The new inner-sealed Waxette Wrapper keeps Kellogg's fresh and crisp after opening.

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

WHY Women BUY JAPANESE Goods

Dilemma of Purse v. Patriotism; The British Case

Keen public interest was aroused by the publication of an article in *The Australian Women's Weekly*, last week, entitled, "Japanese Trade and the Woman Shopper."

Carefully excluding such matters as tariffs and conditions of employment, the article dealt solely with the actual goods bought by the average woman shopper.

We sought to show why the Australian woman does not always "buy British," even though she prefers to. The difference in price between Japanese and British goods is at present so great that something more than pious propaganda is needed to convince her.

OUR article pointed out that the typical woman shopper of moderate means is influenced in her shopping by two things—the price appeal of the goods, and their quality. Referring to the trade in silk piece goods, the article stated that the Japanese have captured the silk market because they offer both quality and price appeal. (Britain, it may be added here, is not a manufacturer of silk goods.) Australia, the article continued, is a manufacturer of made-up artificial silk goods, and the quality and cut of the Australian-made garment of this type is so superior that Australian manufacturers have little to fear from Japanese competition. These goods also add the appeal of being low priced.

WITH regard to cotton piece goods, *The Australian Women's Weekly* article contended that British cottons are infinitely superior in quality to Japanese and that women only buy Japanese cotton goods because they are cheaper than British.

Japanese hats, continued the article, were to be found in practically every drapery store in Australia. (As with silks, however, the straws they are using are not British.)

British toys and china. *The Australian Women's Weekly* article continued, are superior in quality to Japanese, but the Japanese articles are bought for their cheapness.

This concluded *The Australian Women's Weekly* presentation of the specific aspects of shopping which confront the average woman anxious to make her household allowance go as far as possible.

The article accompanied a picture illustrating the price appeal of Japanese goods, showing that 7/- spent on British goods would purchase, say, two pairs of good socks, but, spent on cheap Japanese goods, would secure quite an array of garments, including a pair of socks, a tie, a scarf, and some underclothes.

General Approval

COMMENDATION of the article, as drawing attention to the actual shopping situation, has been general. As one well-known woman, discussing the article, put it:

"Your article draws attention to a state of affairs we deplore, but which

we know exists. The question is, 'What are we going to do about it?' What solution is there for this state of affairs which may have such a serious reaction on British trade?"

That was the view generally expressed, but certain patriotic organisations and Australian representatives of British manufacturers expressed a fear that the article might be taken by some people as a boost for Japanese goods to the detriment of the British-made. This fear was probably due to the emphasis we gave to the great difference in Japanese and British prices.

On Monday last, a deputation waited on the Editor of *The Australian Women's Weekly*.

Views of Deputation

THERE were present Messrs. E. G. Blanshard, A. Maughan, and E. R. Herring (Australian Association of British Manufacturers), Mr. J. H. King (Royal Society of St. George), Mr. M. F. King (British Empire Union), and Messdames Royes, Metcalfe and Adela Pankhurst Walsh (Australian Women's Guild of Empire).

The case put forward by the deputation was that the article and the photograph illustrating it might convey the impression that vastly better value could be obtained by buying Japanese than by buying English goods.

One member said that in view of the fact that other newspapers had been strongly featuring Japan and the Japanese trade, he wondered whether this article was part and parcel of a concerted plan to boost Japanese business.

The deputation did not question the facts stated in the article, but suggested that motives of patriotism should have prevented the publication of the article and should also prevent women from buying anything but British goods.

The higher quality of British goods was stressed by all members of the deputation.

In Reply

IN reply, the Editor of *The Australian Women's Weekly* said that the article was not, in any sense, "propaganda for Japan." The Commonwealth Government had sent a deputation, headed by the Attorney-General, Mr.

Latham, to Japan, and it might as well be said that that was propaganda for Japan.

The object of the paper was to present an article setting out the position that actually exists at the present time.

The article was written after careful inquiries had been made from buyers occupying important positions in large retail stores. These stores were not trying to sell Japanese goods to the exclusion of British. They preferred dealing with British goods, but the question was one of supply and demand. The article, in fairly presenting the actual position, was doing a service to British manufacturers.

But he was on the high horse, and said, "Don't trouble, it doesn't matter a bit; I never did like potted music"—and that was that.

Next morning el padre rode over to survey the scene of his Sunday sermon. It was sweltering hot; the mercury had been hovering around 110 deg. for the past week.

"Therefore," said Mr. Blank, "we'll have the service in the evening, like they do in British Africa, and the folks can ride home by moonlight."

When he saw our church and school combined, he nearly had a fit. Built a

he, our Administrator, and Pedro Peru-Skinny Peter—who is exempt from war service as he is our "chacqui" (mail-carrier)—rode up to the ruin.

Rev. Blank had his doubts, and, after their united efforts had failed to get the door open, and they had to force entry through a window, his doubts vanished.

Red ants, the kind that bite like fury, had tunneled all over the mud floor; builder ants had erected hills in each corner and a specially big one against the door, and white ants were busy in the roof.

The hornets were buzzing angrily, and Pedro made a dive for the window, closely followed by his two companions, and it was thumbs down for service in church.

After a confab with our Administrator—with whom he was staying—he decided that 7 p.m. in the big room would suit him, so word was sent to the colonists to be on time, as Rev. Blank did not like the service disturbed by latecomers.

CAME six o'clock Sunday evening. We had finished our chores, Julia had put her calves in the shed. "Might rain."

Atmosphere of "The Hayseeds"

READERS of this article can scarcely fail to be struck by the remarkable resemblance between the incidents related by Mrs. Martin and those of a typical Steele Rudd story of outback Australia.

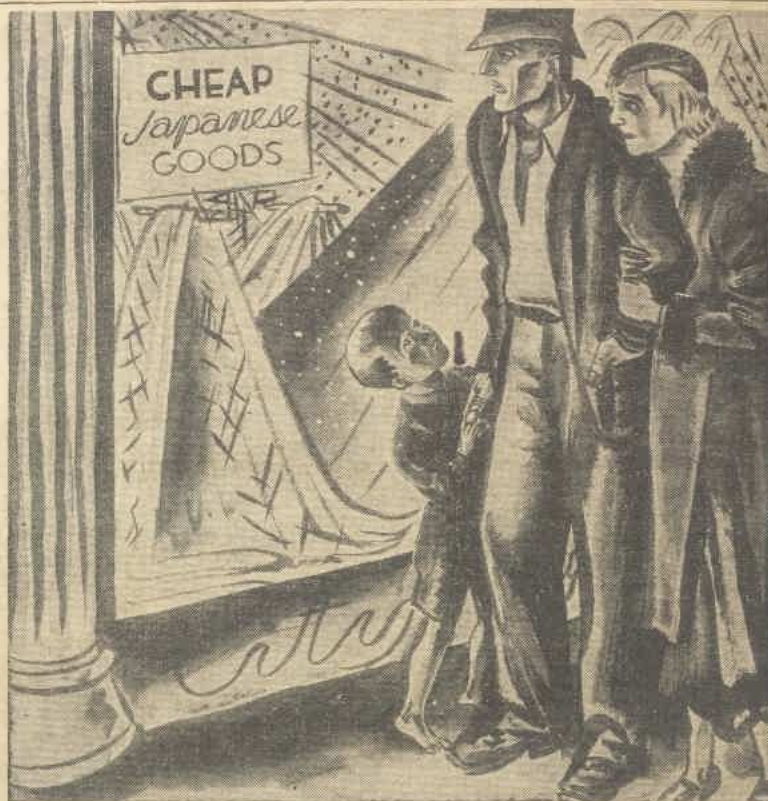
El Padre is the parson of "On Our Selection." He has merely suffered a sea-change, and Julia is pure Paraguayan, sister to J-J-Joe and others of that noble band. What a quaint turn of the wheel of fate it is that has made this remote Paraguayan settlement the last stronghold of "The Hayseeds"!

said she, and Dad scoffed, "Might!" He refused to go along as, although, as I told him, our place was only a hop, skip and a jump through the mallee to the rendezvous, Dad said he wasn't doing any skipping with a scintillating leg.

The Administration building is the only two-storey house in the colony, the big room is upstairs, and there we found about a dozen of the neighbors waiting on the verandah and anxiously scanning the clouds that were gathering up north. As we sat watching the lanterns of the

Our regular person used to hold service at a private house, but that didn't suit Rev. Blank. We had a church; in Church the service would have to be held.

But he withdrew his ultimatum when



We published last week an illustration showing a woman holding two pairs of British-made socks which cost 7/-, and another woman holding a pair of cheap Japanese underwear, which could be bought for the same price. Mr. M. F. King, hon. secretary of the British Empire Union, thinks the comparison might encourage Australian women to buy Japanese goods, and has suggested that we publish the above with the following caption:

THE AUSTRALIAN WORKER: That is why our factory closed down last week.

The Australian Women's Weekly reiterates that the position must be dealt with on a practical basis.

We have shown the position in which the present situation places the average woman shopper.

Mere hopes that patriotic motives alone will be sufficient to solve her dilemma, are not enough. Politicians and manufacturers must face the problem of finding a way out of the difficult and complex situation.

EXILES in a New AUSTRALIA!

Continued from Page 3.

I WENT with him to the gate and apologised for Julia, and said I would have the records properly arranged next time he came.

But he was on the high horse, and said, "Don't trouble, it doesn't matter a bit; I never did like potted music"—and that was that.

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late arrivals as they meandered across the "campwain" a terrific flash of lightning made us jump and go inside. Then came the thunder and the rain—and our four-months drought had broken.

THAT settled the service, as the roof was leaking like a sieve, and although we were all glad of the rain (all except Rev. Blank) no one wanted to sing hymns with cold water running down their necks.

He probably made a mental vow never to be a locum tenens to the backblocks again, but we have invited him to come next year as he might bring some more rain.

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MARY GILMORE
—May Moore.

long time ago by communal labor, it was decidedly the worse for wear and weather.

IT had a "hat to port," as the sailors say, and its shingled roof was very hokey. No service had been held in it for the past five years, and it is over ten since we had a school in the colony. We were in hopes that it would blow down one stormy night, as it was an eyesore, and we were too hard up to replace it for one service a year.

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Bonny Australian Girls—not foreign machines—pack all "White Wings" Quality Food Products. Yet these health-giving foods are never touched by human hands. No machinery could ever replace the careful watchfulness of these bonny girls. Buy "White Wings" and give employment to more Australian Girls!

All "White Wings" Products carry coupons of equal value. Collect these coupons and redeem them at the Coupon Parlours, 32 Meagher Street, Sydney, for valuable presents. Watch for announcements for next "White Wings" Gift-giving Musicals.

WHITE WINGS

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Hunting, Jumping, Trotting, and Wood-chopping Contests Day and Night

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS on evenings of 27th, 29th and 31st March, and 3rd April.

INTERSTATE TEAMS' CAMP DRAFTS

QUEENSLAND v. NEW SOUTH WALES (Men)

QUEENSLAND v. NEW SOUTH WALES (Ladies)

EXHIBITION OF CATTLE-THROWING AND TYING
STEER RIDING

ADMISSION: Outer Gates, Adults, 2/-; Children, 6d. Grandstands Extra

MEMBERS' SUBSCRIPTION:

Inside County of Cumberland, £2/2/- per annum.

Outside County of Cumberland, £1/11/6 per annum.

No nomination required.

G. C. SOMERVILLE,
Secretary.

Endeavour House,
33 Macquarie Place,
SYDNEY.

A Prince of Good Fellows



COMPLICATIONS have begun to set in this third instalment of our brilliant new serial. The principal characters have been introduced, and the author is now proceeding to pull the strings of life which will make them live, love, and hate before their audience of readers.

You have met **JENNY FOSTER**, the 19-year-old heroine, is assistant in Chez Fleurette, a fashionable florist's. The shop is situated opposite the Odeon Theatre. **EVE FOSTER**, Jenny's golden-haired sister, is seeking a job at the Odeon, in Toni Gerrard's new production. Her sweetheart, **MAURICE RANDALL**, is also trying for a job in the show.

TED FOSTER, Jenny's brother, is a saxophone player, but too hot-tempered to keep his jobs. He is in love with **ANNE CARROLL**, another assistant in the flower shop. **Yvonne** and **Pamela** are the other two assistants.

MADAME FLEURETTE is the business-like owner of the shop. Jenny has an uneasy feeling about her.

CLIVE FREEMAN is a regular customer at the shop. He is a staid city man, but is inclined to be in love with Jenny.

TONI GERRARD... wealthy producer at the Odeon, who has just returned from America to produce a new show, "Golden Girl." While at the florist's, he meets Jenny, and can't get her out of his mind. Not even when he is with

CHRISTINE BEAUMONT, one of his stars, a blonde, ravishing beauty, who wants to marry Toni, and who is much cleverer off the stage than on it. She is more interested in her matrimonial career than her stage career. Secretly she admits that she does not love Toni.

Now read on—

DURING the long afternoon Jenny looked several times across at the stage door of the Odeon. Eve had gone in but she had not reappeared. It was perhaps a hopeful sign.

At seven, just as Madame was arranging that Jenny should go out for half an hour and come back for late duty, Jenny saw Eve and Maurice Randall. Her heart contracted. She had been so glad that Eve should be home from tour and the young man, as she imagined, at a safe distance, and now here he was again and in all likelihood in the same show.

They crossed the road and pretended to examine the shop window. Jenny signed to them to wait, and a few minutes later joined them in the street. "Jenny, you know Maurice. Oh, what do you think? We've got it. Both of us. Isn't it wonderful?"

"Splendid," said Jenny, with as much enthusiasm as she could muster. She looked again at Maurice Randall and

MAGIC SLEEP

Softly you came in the hush of night
As slumber closed my eyelids still.
Familiar things of the day of life
Lay dormant in my brain, until
Your presence bright adorned my room,
And your charmed accents reached my ear.

"Behold! I stand at the gate of dreams,
Remember, friend, that I am near."
Methought we kissed, and hand in hand

Passed to an erstwhile trysting-place,
Vowing to love as once we loved,
When Destiny new paths shall trace.
Twas but a dream! We do not meet

On life's relentless, severing tide;
Since other ties allegiance claim,
And seven seas our ways divide. . . .
But sleep shall be the magic key

That may unlock the future's door,
Unto a sphere beyond earth's bond,
Where lovers meet to part no more.

—KATHLEEN RICE.

wondered why she didn't like him better. After all, there was really nothing against him. He was a most presentable young man and pathetically anxious to establish himself in her good graces.

"Let's go and get something to eat, quick. Maurice and I have got to get back to the theatre, and I take it your bower of floral tributes still needs you." "Rather. Let's go in here," Jenny led the way into a large tea shop where they secured a table by cunning and captured a waitress more or less by brute force.

"Now, tell me all about it!" asked Jenny, raising her voice to make it carry above the din of the crockery and the blare of the band.

"Well, we did our stuff for Mr. Dixon dozens and dozens of times, and he kept us milling round examining us at every angle and every time we went round he seemed someone out. It was frightful. I thought I'd die of the suspense. He got us down to the eight

How is Jenny to provide for her lovable, unpractical family? This is just one of her problems in this fascinating new serial.

Illustrated
by
WEP



She wondered if the invitation had any special significance. Clive Freeman was a possible solution of the bills.

he wanted—four to work and four to stand by. He's strong on plenty of substitutes. The other girls he's had with him before. Then the great Toni Gerrard appeared to give us the eye over."

"And did he approve?" "Oh, he was sweet. He just made a joke about the whole thing. He said, 'Girls, if Tubby Dixon has chosen you I know you're all right, because Tubby is a married man.'"

Jenny tried to smile. "I see. Must be a bit tiring for him always being so amusing."

"It just comes natural to him," said Eve. "You can see that. All the time he's laughing and joking as if he hadn't a care in the world."

"Well, he hasn't," said Maurice. "He has everything he wants."

"The spoils child of success," murmured Jenny.

"But that's just the point. He isn't spoiled," insisted Eve. "He's absolutely human and natural and jolly."

The waitress arrived with their food and they had to hurry, but, between mouthfuls, Jenny asked, "Did you see Christine Beaumont?"

"Did I not! What a woman!" "Lovely," said Jenny, being strictly fair, her eyes on her poached eggs. "Oh, she's horrid," said Eve flatly. "She behaved too badly."

"What did she do?" "Oh, she kept poor Toni Gerrard on the run all the time."

"More fool he to submit," put in Maurice.

Eve poured herself a cup of coffee and took up the narrative. "It's not playing the game. All she did was to show off, to make Toni look a fool in front of the others. You know the sort of thing—'Darling, fetch this—darling do that—darling, don't do the other'—and he accepts it all as meek as a lamb. And I saw a stage hand wink, and the company just smile politely, and Dixon rages, and I think it's a shame!"

"Well," persisted Maurice, with one man's lack of sympathy for another man's love affairs, "it's his own fault." "No, it's hers," said Eve hotly. "Any woman can make the man that loves her look a fool—but no decent woman would do it. Aren't I right, Jenny?"

"Well," said Jenny evasively, "I haven't your experience, Eve."

"I'm right, aren't I, Jenny?" insisted Maurice. "He ought to stand up to her. You can't blame the lovely lady if he just takes it lying down."

"Perhaps he enjoys it," suggested Jenny.

"In that case," said Eve emphatically, "some one ought to save him from himself."

"I suppose," said Jenny thoughtfully, "in half the world's marriages some one is paying for six months' infatuation with a lifetime of disillusionment."

"Well, Toni Gerrard's too nice for that. I want to snatch him, like a brand, from the burning," said Eve with missionary zeal.

"You leave him alone," said Maurice; "and we'd better get back or Dixon will snatch us like a brand from the company. Let's get the bill. How many cakes did you eat, Eve?"

They paid their bills and hurried back to their respective jobs. Jenny parted from them at the door of the shop. They had given her plenty of food for thought.

ANNE had been sent on a message and there was no one inside except Yvonne, who was looking fixedly out of the window at the young couple. Jenny stopped and watched her in amazement. Yvonne's face was white and her hands clutched the counter. She did not move till the others had disappeared by the stage door.

"Your sister?" she said to Jenny in a strange, anxious voice.

"Yes. Why, what is it, Yvonne? You look—"

Yvonne turned her long narrow eyes away from the window and looked full at Jenny. "You know Maurice Randall?" she said slowly, as if weighing her words.

"Why, yes. At least he's really my sister's friend. Why?"

For a moment Yvonne considered. Then with decision she said, "No reason." It was a transparent lie.

"But what do you mean? Is there anything against him?"

"Don't ask me—ask him." Her voice was strangely toneless, dead.

"But, Yvonne, you must tell me . . ."

Yvonne moved as one coming out of a dream. "I can tell you nothing about him—nothing that you can't find out for yourself." Her voice had a finality of tone. "I've been waiting for you to come back. It's my early night."

"But, Yvonne—"

"I'm going home."

Without another word, Yvonne walked out of the shop into the cloak-room and left by the back door. Jenny heard it slam. What on earth could she have meant? Melodramatic fool, thought Jenny, angry and uneasy. Just some stupid gossip. Why make all this mystery?

On the counter lay the card. "With all my love, Toni." Jenny stared down at it. She must have forgotten to attach it. Never mind. Christine would be in no doubt as to who had sent the flowers.

Half an hour later she saw the fawn Buick drive away with Toni and Christine. Slowly she took the card and

inside his arm. She was still the rather demure, efficient florist's assistant, but her eyes shone warmly, her mouth was soft and inviting. He pressed her arm close to his side. They were both absurdly happy.

"Where shall we eat?" she asked. "Let's buy some eggs or something and make tea in your rooms."

"Right. We can get them at the grocer's at the corner of my street."

They arrived at their destination with four eggs and a French loaf. Mrs. Ellis opened the door to them herself. She had always some good excuse for not giving her lodger's a latch-key, the real reason being that she liked to have some control on their comings and goings. Mrs. Ellis was a very respectable woman, not through any great moral conviction, but because she knew her livelihood was linked up with her respectability. Eight rooms in her high bleak house were let. The married couples gave her no anxiety, but she always kept a rather strict eye on any single lodger under thirty.

"Good evening, Miss Carroll. Why and Mr. Foster! Just going to have your supper," she said, looking at the parcels.

"That's it," said Ted cheerfully. But Mrs. Ellis looked gloomy. "Poor old Mr. Timothy is very seedy again,"

wreck of her family fortunes. In the old days Anne's people had seemed rich, but when her father died and Anne was left alone, she found that she had inherited little save debts.

She put the kettle on the gas ring, pushed Ted into an armchair, and busied herself about the supper. Ted stretched himself lazily and happily. He loved to watch her move around the pleasant room, loved her gentle ways, her tidy habits, her quiet reserve, loved everything about her that was in contrast to his own vivid, disorderly family and the haphazard musicians among whom he worked. For him the quiet girl had an exotic charm, and he never ceased to wonder at her and admire.

When supper was over she sat opposite to him, busy on some incredibly fine sewing, and listened to his picturesque account of the day's doings. He loved to talk, and she deferred to his opinions in a way that would have horrified his sisters. She found his world of mad musicians glamorous and romantic. Beyond all reason these two were happy together.

Only such evenings were all too short. At ten o'clock Anne told him that he must go.

"But, darling, it's absurd, it's so early . . ."

"I know, Ted, but I don't want to get into Mrs. Ellis's bad books. She likes us as it is, and you don't know how frightfully important it is to be liked by one's landlady."

"But, darling . . ."

"No," she said with gentle obstinacy, "you must go, Ted. After all, it's only fair to her. She's got to think of the good name of her house."

"Oh, damn her," said Ted suddenly, and then apologised hastily. "I beg your pardon, darling. I shouldn't have said that, but I do so hate to leave you."

He gathered her into his arms and she turned her face to his. "Oh, my darling, my darling . . ." He kissed her quickly and fiercely and then pushed her gently away and hurried out. Anne stood where he had left her swaying a little, bewildered. She knew so little about men.

Ted slammed the front door and walked furiously down the street. It was useless. They could not go on like this. He quickened his pace still more, trying to subdue the tumult of his feelings. It was absurd. They must get married whether they could afford it or not. It was said that two people could live as cheaply as one. They would take the big room the old hag had offered. They would be happy—deliciously happy. His decision helped to calm him, but he still walked on and on. He would tell Jenny and she could tell Mum and Dad. She was always the best one for these delicate negotiations. Then Anne would be all his own, and Mrs. Ellis—he laughed aloud to the surprise of the passers-by—Mrs. Ellis wouldn't worry them.

Please turn to Page 36

By **MONICA EWER**

tore it into little shreds. Then she pulled down the blinds and locked the doors. It was eight o'clock. The law required that Madame should shut her shop. Anne was putting on her hat to be ready for Ted. Jenny went into the back room where Madame was already surrounded by white flowers.

"Come on, Jenny, there's a lot to be done. I'll start on the bride. You do the bridesmaids. Here's a sketch. There are to be twelve of them."

"Yes, Madame." She looked at the drawing. "Marriage is a funny old custom that goes on despite all the mistakes people make at it," she said reflectively.

Madame gave a dry laugh. "The day it dies out we shall not be able to show a profit in our business."

After that they worked in silence. They had both a lot to occupy their thoughts.

TED was already waiting for Anne and they scrambled on top of a bus. She slipped her hand

she said. "Hardly had a wink of sleep last night."

Ted understood her hint. "All right, Mrs. Ellis. I won't stay late. We shan't disturb him." He laughed again in his friendly way. "I don't bring my saxophone when I come visiting, you know."

"When you two are married," said Mrs. Ellis, with an arch smile, "I'll have to let you have the big top room and there you can play away and not disturb anybody." She made a mental calculation that for the big top room for two persons she could charge at least another pound a week.

"That's right," said Ted, "and it won't be so long now, either. Come on, Anne."

Anne's room reflected her gentle personality. It was quiet, simple, and comfortable. There were two big armchairs and a solid old table, and against one wall ran well-filled bookshelves in cheap oak. Over the divan where Anne slept was a fine old shawl that had been her mother's, and on the mantelpiece were a couple of real Spode vases that had been saved from the

TURNING the Other CHEEK...

Louise Mack Advises

"MY husband has a boss who is always saying insulting things. Surely there must be some way of coping with such an unpleasant position?"

"When I say I wouldn't stand it, my husband says that's too dangerous in these hard times. But is a good man to go on indefinitely swallowing insults?"

My advice is that there is a hygienic method of swallowing insults so that they don't hurt at all.

It is to gulp them down with a jam self-administered.

What jam?

Your pride and your pity, half and half of each, that is the jam, and you stir it not at all.

Your pride is in yourself, so secure and

Do you swallow insults? Do you resent them, and hurl them back? Or do you possess your soul with patience and beautifully ignore all slights? And is it wormlike so to do?

If we choose to let it hurt us, then it is we who are hurting ourselves, and that is quite a different matter.

That means that we did not summon pride and pity and swallow them down with the insult, but lost our temper, and that was where and when the insult got at us, as it were—reached us, wounded us, and found out our vulnerable side, doing us harm.

But as long as we keep our temper, the nastiest words will pass over us like the words spoken by actors in a play at the theatre.

ONE of Dame Nature's excellent saving devices for her children's welfare is our God-given capacity to present a cast-iron front to the slings and arrows of everyday life. There is nothing worm-like in that calm ignoring.

No. That is pride in one of its highest manifestations.

Don't we all know husbands who are continually aiming nasty jabbing little remarks at their wives before people?

Do those husbands score? Do they make the wife seem a poor specimen of a woman as she bravely ignores them?

On the contrary, everyone's heart is aflame instantly on behalf of that wife so proudly and quietly carrying on as though nothing had happened.

The fact is personality is developed by the exercise of will in restraint over oneself far more than by giving a violent demonstration of one's pride and resentment.

OF course there are times when it is necessary to resent and to punish, facing all the hazards of smash-up and disarray.

But more often in life the cast-iron front and one great big swallow are more to be commended.

There is a magnificent passage of the greatest modern Italian writer that I have learnt by heart, and often, when things go wrong, I say it to myself.

"In all the events of this most eventful life there is ever a way of being equal to the occasion. There was once a man who, condemned to death by a cruel tyrant, assumed such a noble mien that the onlookers were unable to decide which of the two men was the victim. Be thou like unto him, and conduct the events of life in a right-royal manner."

And that's just exactly what being insulted gives us the chance to do!



"CALL this cooking?" says the husband.

so proud that you are able to ignore the tyrant's sting.

Your pity is for the tyrant. For truly, anyone who wantonly hurts you hurts himself still more!

IF it is necessary and expedient to endure, then it is wiser to endure, wiser to swallow the insults, and ignore the tormenter, rather than make an upset of your affairs that may be disastrous, simply because of an insult.

An insult—what is an insult?

"Call this cooking?" says the husband.

"Call that carving?" sneers the wife.

As a matter of cold, calm fact, nothing anybody says to us, no matter how insulting, can hurt us in the very least unless we choose to let it.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

High Blood Pressure Every Year Kills More People Than Does Cancer, for High Blood Pressure Destroys the Arteries and Heart.

SYMPTOMS OF HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE.—The most frequent symptoms of High Blood pressure are as follow:—

1. Chronic headaches.
2. Head noises.
3. Dizziness, fullness, and heaviness of the head.
4. Flashes to head and throat.
5. Heart pain, shortness of breath.
6. Insomnia and nervousness.
7. Failing eyesight.
8. Loss of memory and power to concentrate.
9. Fear of impending disaster.
10. Irritability and depression.
11. Loss of will power.
12. Bladder weakness.
13. Drowsiness and loss of energy.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE ATTACKS YOUR HEART



If you suffer in this way act quickly and at once, because High Blood Pressure gradually gets worse and worse, attacking and weakening your heart and hardening and thickening your arteries, so that you are never quite well at any time, and you must die before your time unless you get attention quickly to keep the pressure down to a safe level. Fortunately, this is easily accomplished by taking one Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids occasionally after meals. Menthoids being a most powerful herbal antiseptic medicine in convenient form, which neutralises and expels the toxins and poisons from the blood stream and relieves the strain on the arteries and heart by bringing the Blood Pressure to normal.

For the average case a three months' treatment with Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids is sufficient for this purpose.

NATURE'S OWN REMEDY

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are Nature's own remedy for High Blood Pressure. For Menthoids sweep your blood stream, free of poisons, keep your arteries youthful, and tone up your stomach, liver, and kidneys, and make you feel young and vigorous.

If you suffer from any of these symptoms go to your chemist today and get a box of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids and take one Menthoid at meal time. You can get large boxes of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids containing enough for one month's continuous treatment for 6/6, or smaller boxes for 3/6 from any up-to-date chemist in the Commonwealth.

FREE DIET CHART

In every box of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids is included a copy of the diet chart, which will tell you what is best to eat when suffering from High Blood Pressure. If you are far from a chemist or store, just pin a postal note to this paper, with your name and address along the margin, and send it to MENTHOIDS LABORATORIES, Dept. 2, Box 36172, G.P.O., Sydney; your Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will reach you by return mail, complete with Diet Chart enclosed.

Be sure and get genuine Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids in the green carton, and refuse substitutes of this valuable herbal medicine, which contains no drugs.

NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY F. W. L. ESCH

Professor's Ape Child Stunt

Some time ago we published a story about Professor Kellogg, Associate Professor of Psychology, at Indiana University, America, who for a period brought up his young son Donald with a baby ape as foster sister.



ABOVE: "Gua" and Donald at home.

RIGHT: Professor Kellogg.

SHORT... REVIEWS

"The Amazing Epilogue." Barbara Wingfield-Stratford. An amusing story of the adventures of Jerry Hawthorne in fashionable London over the different periods of a century, with illustrations by Roland Pym. Jerry, an engaging young man, sets out on a series of adventures, with the gift of eternal youth. At the conclusion of his adventures he sacrifices the gift for the happiness of love. (Lovat Dickson 9/-)

"Playing With Fire." Alec Waugh. Into the community of Villefranche Adrienne Hazlet goes without her husband for the completion of her honeymoon tour. The husband is to join her later from England. To incite jealousy in an American she picks up with the son of a local fisherman, Jario by name. She is alarmed when it is taken for granted that Jario is her lover. When her husband arrives on the scene he humiliates Jario with ridicule, and unable to suffer the indignity, the young native takes the only honorable but tragic way out. (Ernest Benn, 2/6.)

"The Dragon Murder Case." S. S. Van Dine. Sanford Monague is murdered on the "Stamm Estate" in peculiarly atrocious circumstances, the swimming-pool being the scene of the tragedy. Rumors are afloat of a strange monster that might be responsible for the act. In the plot a second murder occurs in which most of the characters are in danger of being suspected. A very interesting mystery story in which the secret is maintained to the end. (Cassell, 7/6.)

"Fleeting Shadows." Anne Duffield. This story is written round the marriage of an Irish girl to a Turkish officer, and their subsequent life in Constantinople. It deals with the contrasting temperaments of the two races, and the difficulties that ensued in consequence of making life impossible for the girl in the Eastern country. The story is an unusual one and therefore full of interest. (Cassell, 7/6.)

"Faint Harmony." Vivian Ellis. Paul Descartes, musical composer, is the hero of this story. Among his fellow students at the Brussels Conservatoire are four girls—an English, a Belgian, a German, and a French. The four of them were attached to Paul. The English girl was taken back to her own country and compelled to marry. In desperation he marries the Belgian, who is wealthy, and who helped to make him famous. The story is a realistic picture of the type of modern girl associated with music on the Continent. (Hutchinson, 7/6.)

"The Mystery of the Three B Syndicate." Ernest Begbie. A real blood-and-thunder of how a "crook" brought about the deaths of three partners in a South African mine. The author apparently knows his South Africa intimately, but shows a lack of knowledge of the methods of London police and detectives. (Houghton Publishing Co, 7/6.)

"The Siamese Twin Mystery." Ellery Queen. A detective story woven round the murder of John Xavier. Like most murderers this one leaves a clue with the body which makes the task of the investigators easy. The real plot is in a small compass, and would have made an interesting short story. (Collins, 7/6.)

HOST Melbrook says: Cocktail parties are the vogue just now. Melbrook's Manhattan Olives are correct for the cocktail.

THE Professor has written a book, which has now come to hand, about his experiment. As a news story, as an extraordinary item of freak interest, the professor's experiment is perhaps without parallel, and no doubt when he decided to bring up his child with a baby ape he knew he would be well and truly in the public eye.

However, one is inclined to wonder on reading the book what exactly the professor was trying to get at, for, beyond earning a world-wide reputation for being the man who brought up his child with an ape, Dr. Kellogg appears to have done nothing. His work is of scarcely any scientific value, for he had nothing important to prove when he started, and he has certainly discovered nothing that scientists did not know before. Moreover, he conducted the experiment for nine months only.

ONE can only conclude, therefore, that Professor Kellogg embarked upon his extraordinary experiment as a "stunt." And regarded from this point of view it was a great success, and made good newspaper headlines, but the professor should have stopped there and not bothered to have written a book.

We are told in the book that Gua, the ape, learned to respond, by appropriate behaviour, to a large number of words, and that at first she surpassed Donald, the baby boy, in this respect.

Professor Kellogg gives a list of 58 of these words among which are "No," "Kiss," "Shake hands," "Stop," "Get

down," "Open your mouth," "Show me your nose," "Be still," "Lie down," and "Close the drawer."

The ape learned to do these things when told, but there is really nothing very wonderful or new in this, for any pet dog can be taught to "Stop" and "Shake hands" and "Lie down."

THAT animals are intelligent, and can be trained to understand spoken commands and even to answer questions has been demonstrated before.

Professor Kellogg's experiment has not added one iota to scientific knowledge on the subject. Compared with the experiments made before the war with the thinking horses of Elberfeld, his nine months' work with Gua and Donald is insignificant.

Professor Kellogg sums up his work by this sentence: "What enabled the chimpanzee to eat with a spoon, drink from a glass, skip, etc., better than the average child of her own age was unquestionably the fact that she learned this behaviour more rapidly."

He is careful not to suggest, at any time, that there might be an anthropomorphic basis for the ape's intelligence. In other words he does not give the ape the credit for having a "soul." He merely demonstrates what is already an accepted theory, that the ape and other animals do not think, they act according to their instincts and conditioned reflexes.

If he had proved that Gua could think, given the same opportunities as Donald, he really might have done something interesting. But, oh, what a lot of trouble it would have caused. The Ape and the Child. By W. N. Kellogg and Mrs. L. A. Kellogg, 12/6. (McGraw-Hill Book Co.)

"The Circle of the Dawn." Frank Matthews. This story circles round a medical man who, after being a violent opponent of religion, becomes, under the influence of a woman, its strong advocate. Another woman comes on the scene and endeavors to destroy his faith, but without success. (Lincoln Williams 7/6.)

A Classic of BABYDOM

Miss Mary Truby King's Book on Mothercraft

MISS MARY TRUBY KING, whose articles on Mothercraft are a weekly feature of The Australian Women's Weekly, is very well-known, not only because she bears a name illustrious in the annals of babydom, but for her individual contributions, in writing and lectures, to the important subject of baby care.

Her book "Mothercraft" will, therefore, be widely welcomed.

This up-to-date and inexpensive Truby King handbook is dedicated by the author to her father, Sir Truby King, C.M.G., M.B., B.Sc., who, by his lifetime of devoted work for humanity, has made this world a better place for little children. The world knows how nobly the great genius of child welfare has earned the right to his daughter's fine tribute.

One could scarcely over-praise a book of the excellence of "Mothercraft." Clear, concise, comprehensive, it is a little masterpiece of its kind. Traversing the whole range of the feeding and care of a baby, in detail up to 15 months, and, in general, to five years, it touches on every aspect of the life and development of a normal infant.

THERE are helpful chapters for the expectant mother and the young father-to-be; on baby's clothes and the most healthful environment for him; as well as on the vitally important subjects of breast feeding, "weaning," artificial feeding, the treatment of common ailments; and these by no means exhaust the range and usefulness of the book.

Close-packed as it is with information for the guidance of mothers, the book also reveals the author's deep love of babies, and her rare sympathy with all

the problems which beset both the mother and her infant.

There is one delightful page from baby's diary in which he tells of the great events of his day. One entry records, "I haven't much on. Mother likes the sun's rays to shine on me a little more each day. I'm getting lovely and brown. We have great fun, mother and I."

The most fitting tribute one can pay to "Mothercraft" is that it will assuredly play a large part in carrying on the magnificent work of Sir Truby King, who, by his lifetime of devoted work for humanity, has made this world a better place for little children.

German Paper For Australia

A COMPANY has been registered in Australia for the purpose of publishing "Die Brücke," a new German-English weekly newspaper for Australia and New Zealand. Its objects are to foster the loyal and cordial relations existing between Germany and the two dominions, and to inform the German residents of Australia and New Zealand of the social and other doings in the Fatherland.

An editorial in the first issue states: "We are an Australian newspaper, and we profess our open and honest allegiance to this beautiful country which has become a second home for so many of us, and for which we feel so much affection. Such is the primary significance of our journal within the boundaries of this Commonwealth. Again, however, in a broader sense, we intend to be true to our name—'Die Brücke'—'The Bridge,' and all that it implies. We wish to span a bridge between the two great countries."

Strained Relations

A Tilt at Hypocrisy—
A Play in One Act

By
D.L. WARAKER
The Well-known Queensland Writer

Characters:

GEORGE HAMILTON A Middle-aged Man
ALICE His Wife
LENORE Their Daughter
BERENIS Alice's Sister
KENNETH Their Brother
JOAN His Wife
MARY A Maid

Scene: The lounge in the home of George and Alice. The time is the present, and about four o'clock on an afternoon in summer.



WHEN the curtain rises George is lounging on a couch reading a magazine. He has reached the fatal forties, but has not the married look we might expect from one who has been husband of Alice for nearly twenty years. This may be because of his impetuous temper, or because Alice is still a pretty woman, and often a very charming one. She is dressed to-day in a frock of lavender tulle, and sits at her bureau with her back to her husband—an attitude which we hope is not figurative as well as physical. It is happily, a very dignified and graceful back.

She is scanning various letters, some of which she destroys, some she returns to her desk. She sighs gently.

GEORGE (Stretching lazily): Giving your bureau a spring-cleaning, my dear?

ALICE: No, George. (Pulls out fresh packet of letters.)

GEORGE: Then why the burst of energy this hot day?

ALICE: I'm looking for some of poor Janet's last letters.

GEORGE: What made you think of Janet to-day?

ALICE: Because it's exactly six months since she left us.

GEORGE: My dear Alice, I wish you wouldn't say "left us," as if your sister were a cook who had given notice.

ALICE: How profane you are! Shall I say "it's six months since she went from us?"

GEORGE: That sounds as if she'd gone out to golf and would be back to dinner. I only wish she would!

ALICE (Impatiently): Then what would you like me to say—"passed away?"

GEORGE: You'll be calling her "the dear departed" next.

ALICE: I wish you wouldn't be so vulgar, George.

GEORGE: Why can't we say "since Janet died" straight out like that? Surely there's nothing improper about dying that we shouldn't refer to it openly.

ALICE: Both you and Janet have always been apt to refer to some things a little too openly for my comfort!

GEORGE: Perhaps that was why Janet had so many friends—and why I have some enemies!

ALICE: People did love her, didn't they? (Thoughtfully.)

GEORGE: Most people love sunshine and a good breeze. I miss your sister, my dear.

ALICE: So does Lenore.

GEORGE: Janet was as pretty as a full woman, and as intelligent as a plain one. Is it really six months since the day you rushed off to her so hurriedly? (Alice nods.) Lord, what an upheaval that telegram caused in this house!

ALICE: What woman would not rush off to be with her own sister if she were dying?

GEORGE: Of course, very naturally. But you know, you never really knew Janet.

ALICE: What on earth do you mean? GEORGE: Let's be honest, Alice. You three sisters never really had much time for each other, now did you?

ALICE: George, your so-called straightness of speech can be a little crude at times.

GEORGE: Sisters seldom do like each other, especially after they marry. Yet the moment anything unusual occurs in your family, like a wedding or a funeral, Samson himself couldn't hold you from weeping on each other's necks and looking at each other with an expression of "all death us do part."

ALICE: After all, George, blood's thicker than water.

GEORGE: So's mud, my dear, and here's a lot more of it!

"Aunt Janet's jewel-box! I haven't seen that since I was a tiny girl. Where has it come from, Mother?"

ALICE: Isn't it enough that you should be completely lacking in sentiment, without making feeble jokes about my relations?

(Enter Lenore, their daughter, aged seventeen, and not so ultra-modern as to be unattractive. Her frock is in some bright tint, and clings closely to the slender lines of her body, a fact for which one is glad, as it is so rounded and youthful a body.)

LENORE: Who's making feeble jokes? Not Dad, I'll bet, Mother!

ALICE: I wish I shared your faith in your father's wit.

LENORE: Why, he himself is one of the best jokes ever made, and he looks anything but feeble! (Glances mischievously at a slight bulge in her father's figure, then squeezes his hand consolingly.)

GEORGE: Hang it all, Lenore, I didn't make myself!

ALICE: And I assure you I haven't made your father what he is!

GEORGE (comfortably): That's right, let's blame God for everything. LENORE: You're not a blame—you're a credit!

ALICE: Lenore, I want you to stay in this afternoon, will you?

LENORE: Of course, darling, if you want me. But why the pressing invitation?

ALICE: Your Aunt Berenis is coming.

GEORGE: Oh, good Lord! (Groans.)

ALICE (ignoring him): And your Uncle Ken—

LENORE: That means Aunt Joan, too, naturally.

GEORGE: Why "naturally," Lenore? LENORE (laughs): Well, isn't it natural that husbands and wives go out together?

GEORGE: I, an depends on your definition of the word "natural." Nature has many vagaries; your Aunt Joan is one of them!

LENORE: That's from the thrill of living with Uncle Ken. He's such an important person. (Blows out cheeks and chest in imitation of a pompous man.)

ALICE: Shall I be asking too much if I suggest that you two stop making fun of my brother and his wife? After all, there is such a thing as family loyalty!

LENORE: Just what is family loyalty, mother? (Thoughtfully.)

ALICE: The loyalty which admits no criticism of certain people because they belong to one's self.

LENORE: Darling, that sounds as if one must have either a colossal conceit, or no sense of the ridiculous! (George laughs.)

ALICE (reproachfully): George, I do think—

GEORGE (interrupting): No, you don't, Alice. That's one of the reasons why you're such a success. (Touches her affectionately.)

LENORE: What do you think about loyalty, Dad? It always seems to me to be one of the most primitive instincts.

GEORGE: The small boy proves his loyalty to his school by yelling loudly "Mine's the best school in the world, because I go to it!" The churchman can prove his loyalty to his religion by refusing to listen when other fellows talk of their ideas of worship. The so-called patriot proves his loyalty to his

countrymen by dubbing the rest of humanity "foreigners" and saying "They may be all right in their way, but, after all, they don't belong to us, do they?" Heavens, what a hide!

ALICE: But one's own family is always so different from other people, George.

GEORGE: Look here, Alice; I'm not going to ask people to believe that Ken's not a pompous ass, or that Berenis is one of the world's greatest wits, just because they happen to belong to us!

ALICE: They belong to me, not to you. That's just the difference.

GEORGE: Well, my face belongs to me, my dear, but I'm not asking anyone to think it's a flapper's dream, am I?

LENORE (comattingly): It's a perfectly beautiful face, darling. Don't you think so, mother?

(Alice hesitates.)

GEORGE (mischievously): Now, Alice, when you look at my face, remember family loyalty! (Pause.) Look what it's already done for Lenore—made a liar of her!

ALICE: I still think that you and Lenore have no right to laugh about Ken.

GEORGE: Sorry, my dear, Ken's a good fellow, I'm sure (Getting up), but I hope you don't mind. I've promised to have a round of golf this afternoon.

ALICE: I do mind very much, George. GEORGE: But, Alice, I never know hat to say to Berenis.

ALICE: How absurd, when you know so well.

GEORGE: Yes. (Grimly.) I know so too well to be fond of her, and well enough to try and hide the fact. (Rushes.) Such a nice day, too!

LENORE (pulls him down beside her): Sit down, Dad. Why the family conclave, Mother?

(Enter maid.)

MAID: The box has arrived, Madam.

ALICE: Bring it in, please, Mary. (Exit maid. Lenore and George look mystified. Maid returns with small box.)

Alice: Put it down there. (Maid puts box on low table centre stage.) Thank you, Mary. (Exit maid.) There's the answer to your question Lenore.

LENORE (has gone over to the box. She speaks slowly): Aunt Janet's jewel-box! I haven't seen that since I was a tiny girl. Where has it come from, Mother?

ALICE: Her lawyer has been taking care of it ever since she—(catches George's eye)—ever since she died. That's why Berenis and Ken are coming to-day.

LENORE: Yes?

ALICE: We three are to divide the contents equally between us.

GEORGE (laughs): How like Janet! She never could resist trying to be funny.

ALICE: I fail to see anything funny in Janet's two sisters and her brother sharing her jewels.

GEORGE: Imagine old Ken wearing diamond ear-rings, for instance—or a slave bangle!

ALICE (with dignity): My brother's wife will have his share of the trinkets, of course.

GEORGE (startled): You're not suggesting that I should remain and referee this contest, are you, Alice? From what I know of Berenis and Joan, it's likely to be a welter from start to finish!

ALICE (appalled at such vulgarity): George!

LENORE: I do think it was so unnecessary of Aunt Janet to die.

ALICE: What extraordinary words you sometimes use, Lenore. It is one of the unfortunate habits you have inherited from your father.

LENORE: But don't you see—she was such a real person; so few people are real; most of us are just nonentities, shuffling about the world looking bored with it all, and boring others.

ALICE: Life can be very boring sometimes.

LENORE: It never bored her. She told me once that life was a most diverting comedy, and she was lucky enough to have a comfortable chair and good ears and eyes.

ALICE: Even the best people sometimes talk nonsense.

LENORE: But, darling, her nonsense was really the most wonderful sense! She loved all the big things, and yet she could be quite excited over such little things if they were lovely, like a sudden red leaf among green ones—

ALICE: Your Aunt Janet had a great love for color, my dear.

LENORE: She was so vivid herself! I remember her telling me that the rich, bright tones meant laughter and courage and honesty. She said "I hate drab things, Lenore; they're mean and dingy. Hypocrisy is that color, and deceit and mistrust—"

ALICE: Those tints suit some people, Lenore.

LENORE: They didn't suit Aunt Janet!

(Enter Berenis. She is dressed in black.)

Alice: Ah, here's Berenis. How do you do, dear? (They kiss.)

BERENIS: Well, Alice, my dear, how are you?

GEORGE (the hearty host): How are you, Berenis? Lovely day, isn't it?

BERENIS: Is it, George? I hadn't the heart to notice.

GEORGE: Rather. In fact, I'll be off to golf—

ALICE (interrupting): In an hour or two, when it's cooler, won't you, George?

GEORGE: Well, I had thought about it. (Looks longingly out of the window.)

LENORE: Hello, Aunt Berenis.

BERENIS: Well, my dear, you're not looking very well to-day, or perhaps it's that tight dress makes you look so thin.

LENORE: I'm splendid, thank you.

BERENIS: You grow more like her every day (tearfully)—more like poor dear Janet!

LENORE (very brightly): Oh, I'm so glad—she was such a sport! Dad, do you remember the day we three went—

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Illustrated
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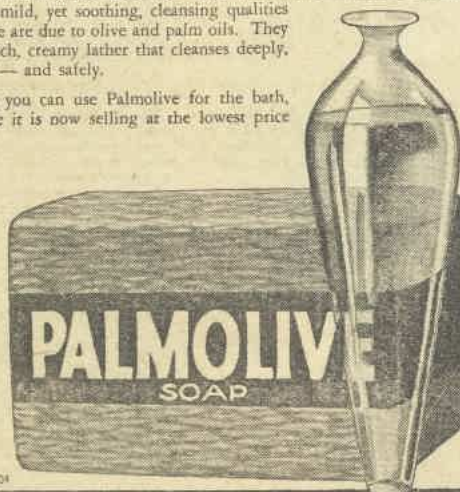
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STRAINED RELATIONS

Continued from Page 7

ALICE (interrupting, and with a slight tearfulness she has evidently caught from her sister): Poor, dear Janet—

LENORE (only momentarily crushed): I hope I'll have her sense of humor, too. She had a lovely one. Dad, do you think that is why she never married?

GEORGE: No, my dear, I think that is because she never married!

Alice: What on earth has a sense of humor to do with marriage?

GEORGE: My dear Alice, I hope that isn't your delicate way of suggesting that marriage is no joke! (Looks wistfully at her.)

BERENIS (whose tears have not been so thick as to prevent her stealing several looks at the box): Is this the box, Alice?

Alice: It's just come from the lawyers.

BERENIS (pokes round it inquisitively): It doesn't look very promising, does it! (Suddenly remembers her role.) Poor, darling Janet! How can we possibly take any interest in her jewellery?

LENORE: Why not, Aunt Berenis?

BERENIS: I mean, when she's gone

GEORGE: My dear Berenis, don't say "gone," say— (He is silenced by a glare from Alice.)

Alice: Our own sister—of course we can't really be interested. There's no love like family love, is there? I was telling George that to-day.

BERENIS (with thinly-veiled impatience): Where's Ken?

Alice: Oh, he's late, of course, as usual. Just what a brother would be. (Acidly.)

BERENIS: Selfish creatures! (Alas! for family love!)

Alice: He probably found at the last moment that his bald patch was showing, or that his tie did not match his socks.

BERENIS: How can anyone be thinking of colors when we're all in mourning for her? (Glances maliciously at Lenore's gaily-tinted frock.) I'm so glad black suits me, Alice. Very becoming, don't you think?

Alice: Very becoming.

BERENIS: I think I'll continue to wear black—just out of respect for Janet, of course!

Alice: Oh, of course!

BERENIS: I do wish they'd come. I'm simply dying to see into that box—(remembers to be tearful)—at least, I mean—

Alice (sympathetically): I know what you mean, Berenis.

LENORE: We all do, dear. (She looks perfectly innocent, though George has glanced at her in covert admiration.)

Alice: Ah, here they come. (Rises and greets pompous, carefully-dressed man, and sprightly wife, who is also fashionably dressed.) Well, Joan, dear. How are you, Ken?

KEN: Splendid, my dear, splendid. Never felt better in my life. (There are greetings all round in that degree of heartiness adopted between relations who distrust each other, while retaining respect for each other's shrewdness. Alice is charming. George tries to be genial. Joan is vivacious. Berenis slightly tearful. Lenore amusedly natural. Ken confers handshakes with an importance equal to that of royalty and almost equal to that of a chairman of directors.)

LENORE: Hello, Uncle Ken, how good of you to come!

KEN: Not at all, Lenore. How well you look in that properly-fitting frock! (Looks her up and down.) Is that what they call the slim silhouette?

LENORE: That isn't what Aunt Berenis calls it!

BERENIS: I consider that dress fits improperly—not properly! (George and Ken wander away to a table for drinks.)

Alice: Shall we have tea now, or wait until later?

JOAN (whose bird-like eyes have already been darting at the box): Oh, no, we won't bother with tea yet, thanks. Let's get on with the job. (Pause.) Well, I mean—you understand—

LENORE: What, Aunt Joan?

JOAN: Ken's frightfully anxious to see the things belonging to his favorite—I mean, his sister. He was so utterly devoted to poor Janet, weren't you, Ken? (There is silence from Ken, because he is heartily enjoying a "spot" in the corner with his host.)

JOAN (raising her voice): Weren't you, Ken?

KEN: What, my dear?

JOAN: I was just saying how terribly sad it all is, poor Janet's death and everything. But—(brightly)—still, we have to face life, haven't we?

BERENIS: Yes, indeed. (Sighs.) We must be brave and try to get the best from what is left. (Perhaps she is not referring to the jewellery.)

JOAN (looks at box): And there are always compensations. Ken's terribly interested to see the jewellery. (Pause.) Well, after all, that is what we came for, isn't it?

KEN: Quite so, quite so. Is this Janet's box? (He and Lenore, Joan

and George group round box talking quietly. Alice and Berenis are at side.)

Alice (quietly): It's easily seen Janet wasn't her sister—all she thinks of is what she's going to get!

BERENIS: I think it's perfectly absurd of Janet to have included Ken. After all, he's a man, and what can men feel?

Alice: Janet was always like that, Berenis—so determined!

BERENIS: Yes, I remember what awful fights you and she used to have!

Alice: That was because of Janet's terrible temper—she was simply unbearable sometimes! (They suddenly remember that they are talking of one who is "gone.") At least, I mean—

BERENIS: Poor darling Janet! (Others turn towards them.)

Alice: We were just saying, Ken, how Janet always adored you even when we were tiny children.

KEN (vastly flattered): Yes, I rather think she did. (Puts out chest and looks at George with self-conscious modesty.) Sort of big-brother-hero-worship kind of thing, you know.



MAID: There's a man at the door who says you promised to give him a course of memory training.

PROFESSOR: I believe I did. I don't seem to be able to remember anything lately.

GEORGE (innocently): Some women are like that, old man. They adore the strongly masculine type.

KEN (complacently): I suppose they do.

JOAN: Yes, I remember, when we were first engaged, Janet said to me quite seriously, "Joan, I do hope you have a sense of the absurd."

KEN: What did she mean by that, I wonder?

JOAN: I asked her, and she said, "Because if you have, you're going to have a perfectly gorgeous time married to Ken!"

(Lenore and George develop troublesome coughs, Joan looks ingenious, and Ken not quite the strong, silent man he likes to appear.)

Alice (whose tact seldom fails her): Well, shall we unlock the box?

BERENIS: Yes, do, Alice. I'm longing to see what's there—(in case she has sounded heartless, adds)—though it will only make me realise my loss—

JOAN: Your loss, did you say? Oh, I see, you mean your sister? Ken feels the same, of course!

LENORE (with disgusted look): Open it quickly, Mother, we're all very curious to see the jewellery.

BERENIS (detaining Alice): Before we start, how are we going to divide the things? (Joan, Berenis and Alice look at each other.)

GEORGE (admirably): You think of everything, don't you?

LENORE: Why not draw lots for

first, second and third picks, and then take turns?

Alice: That seems absolutely fair.

LENORE: I'll get some cards.

JOAN: Lenore, how can you talk of a pack of cards at a time like this? It's most disrespectful!

BERENIS: I think so, too. We should, of course, choose in order of our ages. (Alice and Joan exchange glances.)

GEORGE: Berenis, that's the first time I've ever heard you admit that you are the eldest of the family. May I assure you that you do not look it, my dear?

BERENIS (with acidity): Thank you, George. I hope you mean that kindly.

JOAN: I don't think it would be fair to go by ages.

BERENIS (whose voice keeps forgetting to be tearful): And why not?

JOAN: Because Ken gave Janet a lot of lovely jewellery, and naturally Ken and I feel that we should take that out before the remainder is divided up.

LENORE: But how shall we know which pieces Uncle Ken gave her? Will you remember them, Uncle?

JOAN (before her husband can reply): I'll be able to tell you, dear, just as soon as you show me what is there.

BERENIS: I suppose you mean that you'd recognise Ken's taste anywhere, do you?

GEORGE: Ken's taste has always been beyond reproach. (Joan flashes a smile at him.) I was, of course, referring to his tailoring and his cigars. (Joan's smile dies.)

Alice: George, I do wish that you and Lenore would be quiet.

BERENIS (to Alice): I don't suppose he realises how his heartlessness hurts us, Alice. After all, it isn't his sister we're all here to mourn.

GEORGE (almost shouts): Here to what? (At a look from Alice he does not finish his remarks. He and Ken gradually drift again towards the whisky decanter in the background.)

JOAN: Come on, Alice, unlock the box. I'm dying to see her diamonds.

(Alice unlocks box, takes out a tray containing a collection of pretty beads, fancy pins, bright buttons, and a little jewellery. There is a thoughtful silence.)

JOAN: Is that all?

BERENIS: Exactly what Janet would do!

LENORE: Well, as far as I can see, it looks like a collection of junk.

BERENIS: Lenore, how can you? When we're all so sad, with our thoughts on spiritual things!

LENORE: Spiritual things! My hat!

BERENIS: How can one expect the young to have any sentiment?

LENORE: I'm sorry, Aunt Berenis, but really there's only one thing worth having.

JOAN: I wonder what became of all Janet's diamonds? Don't you know what she did with them, Alice? You were there when she died.

Alice: Someone had to go to her on her death-bed. I rushed to her at great inconvenience—George was only saying to-day what an upset it caused.

BERENIS (who has been looking closely at the trinkets, speaks almost playfully): You two may have all the other pretty things—as the eldest of the family I choose this. (Holds up old-fashioned bracelet.)

JOAN (firmly): I'm sorry, Berenis, but you can have anything but that. That was Ken's gift to Janet on her last birthday. Naturally, he values it for its associations.

LENORE: Then Uncle Ken's taste is reliable, for, strangely enough, it's the only thing on the tray worth any money.

JOAN: The money doesn't interest me at all, Lenore. I only want it for its dear, sentimental value.

BERENIS: You agree, of course, Alice, that I should have this bracelet?

Alice: I'm sure I don't care in the least who has it. (Lenore hugs her.)

Please turn to Page 32

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About DOOR-to-DOOR CANVASSING

.... It's an Entrancing Occupation, says Lower

— By —
L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost
Humorist.
Illustrated by WEP

HOW did I come by these scars? Well, I was once in the distribution department of a big firm of bootlace, toothpaste, hair comb, bobby pin, and moth ball manufacturers. All I had to do was to walk three thousand miles a day, and be bitten by mad dogs. I also had to ring door bells, knock door knockers, and open and shut gates.

A most entrancing occupation if you've got the strength. No skill is necessary for this fascinating work, merely endurance, agility, a small suitcase, and a suit of armor.

We will suppose that you set forth on your career as a dawn-to-dawn canvasser. You will open the front gate carefully, shut it gently, and proceed along a short path to the front door of a house. Halfway along the short path a dog will bound at you and take a lump out of your left or right shin, depending on the dog.

In case the householder is looking through the windows, you will say, "Nice doggy," pat the animal, and ring the doorbell.

A lady will open the door and say, "Nothing to-day."

You don't take any notice of this, you simply say, "Good-morning. I have a very fine line of bootlaces, tooth paste, hair combs, and, if you have a moth in the home, moth balls."

She will again say, "Nothing to-day," and slam the door. You then fasten your case, kick the dog, tramp over the flower beds, and depart, leaving the gate wide open.

After a few days of this, the procedure becomes simplified. You just kick the gate down, bite the dog first, batter at the door, and say to yourself, "Anytooth-pastehaircomborbootlaces or mothballs? Nice day," and go away. This saves a lot of wearisome discussion.

SHOULD there be another canvasser on the run it is etiquette not to scuffle. On arriving at a gate together, the correct thing to do is to say, "After you, sir. Pray, precede me."

While the dog is chewing him, you can then walk past unmolested.

I know a lot about the profession. In Adelaide I worked myself up in the business to such an extent that I used to employ a laborer for ringing door bells. I used to do my own walking away.

You should always admire any children that may be running or crawling about

the house. Of course, one is always liable to make a mistake. You may say, "What lovely children!" to the lady of the house, "my word, they're the image of you!"

She may reply coldly, "They are not my children."

Tact is the essence of salesmanship. A lady may say, "But I don't need a hair comb." You say, "No, but you need some soap." The chances are ten to one that you will sell her a cake of soap. When no sale is made, leave some little gift and a good impression. Just say, "Here take this moth ball."

If a sale is made, send up a couple of rockets and rush to the nearest newspaper office in time to catch the earliest editions.

IN the higher grades of the profession, such as selling vacuum cleaners the work is much more arduous. Even if you get into the house it takes you half an hour to explain the works, then you clean all the carpets in the place, empty the dust out of the container to show the lady how vilely filthy her carpets were, and then she says that she couldn't possibly think of buying one, and you can take that dust away with you when you're going.

Of course, those are exceptional cases. In lugging vacuum cleaners around for demonstration purposes, I have learned



When Lower calls to give a demonstration.

that it is best to start off in the morning with the dust container about half-full of dirt. A handful of silver fish makes the demonstration even more impressive.

In conclusion, I would advise anyone thinking of taking up the profession to start very early in the morning, shortly after the milk is delivered. Milk is a very nourishing food.

Ely CULBERTSON'S CONTRACT Lessons

Bridge Finesse and Ducking

Simple lessons on the elementary principles of contract are given in this series of articles by Ely Culbertson, the world's greatest card analyst and contract player. Explanatory notes are given by Dr. F. V. McAdam, one of the foremost bridge authorities in Australia.

By DR. F. V. McADAM

THE previous articles of Ely Culbertson have been highly instructive, and readers should now be well able to produce 100 per cent. results in play.

DEFINITION

"Ducking," the subject of this present article, is a more or less elementary type of play which most bridge players know and employ.

It is merely conceding to the opponents one trick in a long suit so that the re-

By ELY CULBERTSON — Bridge Fundamentals: Article VII. DUCKING.

ANOTHER play which is frequently necessary in the proper development of a no-trump hand is the duck. This play consists of deliberately refusing to win the first round of the suit and sometimes even the second round, in order to preserve cards of the suit in both hands. The most common example occurs when the dummy holds a five-card suit and no entry.

A K 9 7 4
8 6 3

Declarer's proper play is to win the first trick with the Ace in dummy, and then concede the second trick to the opponents. In this fashion he will still have a low card remaining in his own hand with which to enter dummy and win the last three cards in the suit. By leading out the Ace-King first, he would be forced to concede his third and last card on the third trick and would never be able to enter dummy again.

Ducking may entail deliberately sacrificing a trick which ordinarily would not appear to be a loser.

A 10 9 8 7
Q J

If with this combination dummy held no entry card, Declarer would lead the Queen, and if West played the King, would allow this card to hold the trick. This is a variation of the unblocking play because if dummy wins the King with the Ace, Declarer will be forced to win the second with his Knave, and he will never be able to take tricks with his 10 9 8.

It is also possible to duck twice in the same suit. For instance:

HOT Holbrook says: My Worcestershire house is tempting to the appetite. Ah! it is the world's appetite. ***

maintaining cards, now established, may be brought in later on.

At times the complicated situation arises where a player has to "duck" first and finesse afterwards. This occurs when one hand holds A Q x x x, without a re-entry, and the other hand x x only. When the suit is first opened, a small card should be led towards the A Q and a small card played.

Next time, however, the finesse is taken, in the expectation that the K x x lies to the right of the A Q.

A 8 7 6 4
5 3 2

On the first round of the suit Declarer must play the five and refuse to play the Ace in dummy. On the second round he must again play low and also play low in dummy. If both the opponents follow suit, he can use his third card to go over to the Ace and take the two smaller cards.

Sometimes a ducking play must be made even when it seems almost certain that the suit will drop.

A K Q 8 7 4 3
5 2

With this combination there are only four outstanding cards, but if the dummy holds no re-entry and Declarer holds perfect control in all the other suits, he should play low from dummy on the first trick. Now if one of the opponents holds four to the Knave, he will be able to take only 1 trick and the rest of the suit will not be blocked.

An example of a hand where the ducking play is the only means of making the contract is the following:

S-9 4
H-8 2
D-10 4 3
C-A K 7 6 5 4

S-Q J 10 5 2
H-K 9 4
D-Q 5 3
C-Q 8

N
W E
S

S-7 6 3
H-Q J 7 5
D-K J 9
C-J 10 2

S-A K 8
H-A 10 6 3
D-A 8 7 6
C-9 3

With the Queen of spades opening, Declarer wins the first trick with the King. Now if he leads the Ace-King of clubs out of dummy, that hand will become useless. However, if he allows the opponents to win the first club trick, he can make three no-trump, taking five club tricks, two spade tricks, a heart trick and a diamond trick.

(Copyright, by Ely Culbertson.)

2 LARGE GLASSES
2^d PER PACKET

Yes—two glasses of delicious real-lemon lemonade or orangeade from one 2d. packet. All you need is two-pence, a large glass of water and a thirst. Foster Clark's lemonade or orangeade cubes are marvellous for picnics, sports or on holidays. Try a 2d. packet from any store or grocer.

Foster Clark's Lemonade
Also in Bottles 7 1/2 d.
24 Glasses
(Note the Reduced Price)



FOSTER CLARK'S
real lemon LEMONADE
ORANGEADE
CUBES

Each 2d. Packet
Makes Two Large Glasses

3.154

An Editorial

MARCH 10, 1934.

DANGER IN THE KITCHEN

EVERY little while people are shocked to read that a woman has been killed in her home by an electric iron, or an electric sweeper, or a radiator, or other appliance.



It is a dreadful thing that in the homely surroundings of kitchen or dining-room the daily task should be fraught with this danger. In the street, in the factory, we expect certain hazards of traffic or of occupation. But the home should surely be a sanctuary barred to the Grim Visitor to the utmost possible extent.

Danger may lie in either defective apparatus or defective installation. In either case, more efficient Government supervision is indicated, as there are evidently still firms that are ready to sell unsafe goods to the public.

There is no doubt that this is also a case where the responsible trader suffers from the misdeeds of a less scrupulous competitor. A shoddy piece of electrical apparatus may look almost exactly the same as a quality article, manufactured by a firm which takes a pride in its efficiency.

The electrical trade as a whole is no doubt loth to emphasise the lethal aspect of shoddy goods for fear of undermining the confidence of women in electrical appliances generally. That is why it is necessary for the Government to take some action.

Governments have a further responsibility. Children do not seem to be sufficiently instructed at school of the terrific power that resides in a simple piece of electric flex. A compulsory course in simple household electricity should be instituted.

Electricity is one of the greatest servants of civilisation. And it is a very easily controlled servant. There is no excuse for faulty apparatus or installation.

—THE EDITOR.

LYRICS OF LIFE

EROS

I am Love, for I am he
Who shoots his arrows in your hearts
And paints upon
The walls of life
In colors stolen from the Gods . . .
From the Gods.

I wander with magic power
Wherever men and maidens dwell,
I sing of springtime and scarlet roses
And all the sweetness that tongue may tell.

I am Love, for I am lord
Of youth and life and laughter . . .
I fulfill
My golden promise
For though I fade I never die . . .
I never die.

—P.D.B.

POINTS OF VIEW

Prince and Romance

SWEDEN is aghast, say the cables, because it seems likely that Prince Sigvard, second son of the Crown Prince, has eloped with Erika Patsek, daughter of a Berlin merchant. Prince Sigvard is twenty-five and handsome and evidently determined, for in spite of the opposition of the King and the Crown Prince, he has already stated he will hold fast to his determination to marry Erika. Moreover, he is the third Swedish Prince to renounce royal rights for love.

Evidently, this business of being a Prince is not what it used to be. Time was when King Cophetua could marry a beggar maid and have her crowned queen to the plaudits of the multitude. In those halcyon days, any Cinderella might hope to win a Prince's love and become his Princess.

For such a state of affairs, the commonality needed either a strong faith in their Prince or a quaint, primitive belief in the essential royalty of womanhood. We have changed all that, and only the pedigreed may wed into Princedom to-day.

Nurses and Horses

THAT many hospital nurses have to put up with accommodation which a keen racehorse owner would not consider sufficiently comfortable for a well-bred horse, is the opinion expressed by Mr. R. Weaver, N.S.W. Minister for Health.

Poor accommodation while training is but one of many discouragements offered women who wish to take up nursing as a career. No profession requires such skill and devotion to duty, and, at the same time, offers so little in the way of tangible rewards, as nursing.

When she has completed her long and arduous training and sets out to earn her living at private nursing, the average nurse has to take up residence at a Nurses' Home. While on a case she has to retain her room in the home if she wishes to keep in touch with prospects of getting further employment. She takes holidays at her own expense.

Her work takes her into homes where worry and anxiety are always in the environment, and all stories of the "hardening" of nurses to the contrary, very few nurses are immune from the strain of taking on some of the emotional burden surrounding the patient's condition. Very frequently the life of the patient depends on the nurse's skill and unflinching care, and this knowledge inevitably takes its toll of her nervous energy.

At the end of many years of private nursing, the average nurse is receiving the same fees as she was paid for her first week. She has not the doctor's chance of specialising at higher fees and retiring in affluence.

Unless she can regard hers as a dedicated life and get from it a satisfaction akin to that of the religious, the nurse must be hard put to it to retain her satisfaction in her career. As for a well-bred racehorse, he has owner, trainer and public opinion to cherish him and cheer him past the winning post. Newspapers devote columns to him daily. Only occasionally is a voice raised on behalf of the nurse. Can this be because it is not money, but human lives, which her work involves?

Railway Cruise

THE New South Wales Railway Commissioners have set the other State railways an example by organising inland "cruises". Sea cruises have become so popular that railwaymen have decided to create land cruises. And so at Easter, from March 30 to April 2, the first land cruise will start. A party, limited to 60 people, will be taken to see the Murrumbidgee irrigation area, the Burrinjuck dam, Canberra, and other sights of national interest.

We're Not Jingoists

FROM the point of view of ardent militarists, as well as those who more legitimately believe Australia's defences inadequate, the Melbourne experiment in a "Defence Week" was a failure.

One evening newspaper reported the net gains to the Forces at 20 recruits to the Naval Reserve, 63 to the infantry, and 120 to the field artillery. The other evening paper remarked significantly, "Unless the initial success is followed up by a sustained effort, the impetus given to recruiting will soon die out."

Whatever attitude we take towards the Commonwealth's defence problem, isn't it heartening, at all events, that "the greatest concentration of troops in Melbourne since the war" did not kindle war-fever comparable with the hysteria that used to be aroused by propaganda of the same kind.—"Anti-War."



"I HAVE modelled 'The Hiker,'" says Lyall E. Williams, the clever young artist who made this figure. "If she lets you forget the humdrum things of life, and takes you to shady gullies, where nothing disturbs, save the trickle of the waterfall, and reminds you of days of sunshine, of wild flowers and unspoilt bush, then I am well content."

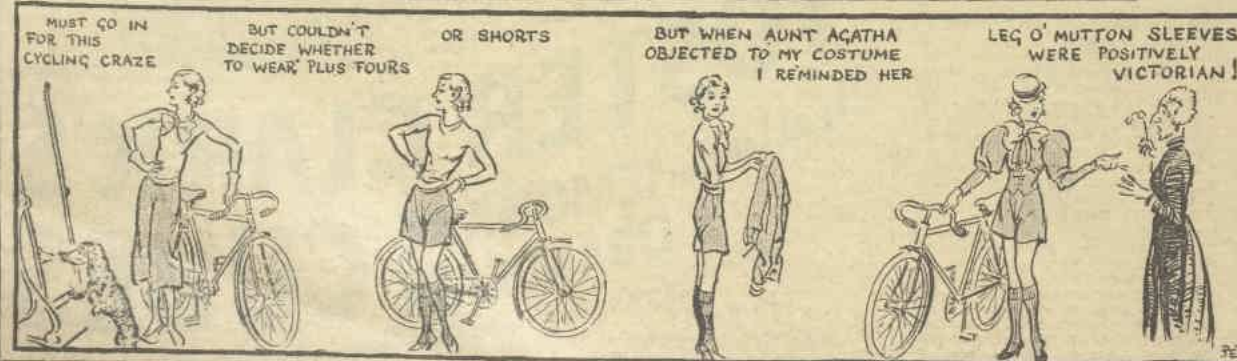
A "Worthless" Wife

THE law courts are always providing examples of the quaint quirks in the law, and surely one of the strangest is that which concerns the monetary value of a wife.

In a case, last week, the judge awarded a husband £300 as compensation for the loss of his wife. The jury would have to consider, his Honor was reported as saying, whether the co-respondent had been guilty of gross treachery and the extent of the blow to the husband's marital honor. It was not incumbent on the jury to award any damages at all if they thought the respondent was a worthless wife of whom petitioner was well rid.

How difficult it is for the plain woman to understand that a faithless wife may have dealt a husband a mercurial or a cruel blow to his marital honor! Equally hard is it to see another point. The advice to the jury seems to indicate that it should be made more worthy for a man to steal a wife who is a "first offender" than to steal "a worthless wife."

JANE'S JOURNAL — The Diary of a Bright Young Thing.



When a Man Could Sell His Wife Not So Long Ago

By H.N.K.

The allegation made before Mr. Justice McFarlan in the Melbourne Criminal Court the other day, that a Carlton woman had been sold by her father at 14 years of age to a Hindu, recalls that the idea of traffic in humans came to Australia along with the first settlers.

THE Family Friend Magazine" of about ninety years ago commented on the belief, then dying hard in English villages, that it was legal for a man to make over his wife to the highest bidder, provided she raised no objections and was taken to market with a halter.

Windsor has the distinction of being the first place in Australia where an attempt was made to ascertain the market price of a wife. It is recorded that in 1811 a man took his wife, with her own consent, into the highway with a halter round her neck, and put her up to auction; the highest bid, £18, was accepted. But when the story of the auction got about public opinion was outraged and the Law took a hand.

The disbeliever in the sanctity of the marriage tie was brought to trial and sentenced to 50 lashes and hard labor in irons for three months.

IN early Hobart, however, the traffic was countenanced by the authorities, and twice a week settlers, whose love for gold was stronger than their domestic attachments, traded their spouses away. What is more, regular news items were published in the Press of the period indicating whether the tone of the market was weak or firm.

The Van Diemen's Land "Gazette" of March 1, 1817, for instance, gets a lively par out of three then recently-held auctions: At the first of these the lady brought "50 ewes, etc." the "etc." being interpreted in terms of rum. At the next sale the bidding was not so brisk, the goods being knocked down at £5 and a gallon of rum; but a few months later the market improved and a strikingly unprepossessing feminine changed hands for "20 ewes and one gall. etc." "From the great variety of bidders," says the "Gazette," "had there been any more in the market the sale would have been very brisk."

ON April 7, 1832, Joseph Thompson, an English farmer, escorted his wife to Carlisle, and, preceded by a crier, announced in the marketplace that he was about to auction the lady to the highest bidder. With feeling emphasis, he thus described to the crowd what he proposed to sell.

"Gentlemen, I have to offer to your notice my wife, Mary Anne Thompson, otherwise Williams, whom I mean to sell to the fairest and highest bidder."

"She has been to me only a born serpent, a domestic curse, a mighty invasion, and a daily devil. Gentlemen, I speak the truth from my heart when I say may God deliver us from troublesome wives and troublesome women. Avoid them as you would a mad dog, a roaring lion, a loaded pistol, cholera morbus, Mount Etna, or any other pestilential thing in nature. . ."

IN spite of the above warning, one of the bystanders, named Mears, ventured to bid for this "born serpent," and eventually beat the auctioneer down from fifty shillings to "£1 and a Newfoundland dog."

The account ends tersely: "Mears and the woman going one way, and Thompson and the dog another." Whether Mears subsequently demanded his dog and £1 back is not recorded.

Incidentally, in 1932, terrible allegations were made concerning a Perth mother who was said to have visited the city's foreign quarter and handed over her 15-years-old daughter to the highest bidder.

It was stated that the scene was reminiscent of the auction block of ancient times, and that those present actually bid for possession of the girl, who was handed over by her mother when the money was paid.

Spirit of Chivalry

THE spirit of chivalry did not die out with the last of the Knights of the Round Table. Its light still shines in some of the darkest places of our civilisation, which is, after all, but a clearance in the jungle. A few days ago it rescued an erring young woman from a fate worse than that threatening the damsel of Arthur's day, whom a fiery dragon waited to devour.

The spirit spoke through an average-looking young man who made, in a city courthouse, a very ordinary statement. "I love her," but added the extraordinary words, "If she is freed I will marry her. I will lift her out of the past. . . I am prepared to forget. . ."

This young knight of the 20th century evinces a love rare in man in any century—the love that "understandeth all things, hopeth all things." The love that is happier in giving than in taking.

The Humanising of the BISHOP



BRUISED and beaten, the Bishop clung to the sand, lest the wind should blow him across the island out to sea again, and wished that he had entered his diocese, if it was his diocese, in a less undignified manner and with more clothes on.

The nightmarish events before that entry were still disjointed visions in his confused mind; the crash that had been followed by his swoop across the cabin; the bang with which he had fetched up against the opposite wall; the panic-stricken steward who had howled to him to dress; the second panic-stricken steward who had dragged him, clad only in his pyjamas and a sock, to the deck of the foundering steamer; the journey in a boat, buffeted by the wind and lashed by the spray of waves whose hugeness in that darkness was rather an impression than actually perceived; the screaming, so thin through the roar of the children; the upsetting of the boat; the utter, breathless helplessness in the grip of those hammering waves; the being rolled over and over on the sand in the shallows; the struggle out of the clutches of the sea.

Slowly he recovered his breath, and then became aware that he was lying on a row of pebbles and that they were hurting his chest. Shifting his body to one side, clear of them, he found that they were the buttons of a gaiter. That it should be there did not seem to him so very odd; the church was his one absorbing thought; in his surprise and confusion he had instinctively caught up a garment which was also a badge of his ecclesiastical dignity. He wished that

Complete Short Story

Illustrated by
WYNNE W. DAVIES

most eloquent and violent advocates of the celibacy of the clergy that the Anglican Church had ever known. Then he saw that the woman was drinking the milk out of a coconut in which she had knocked a hole with a stone. He stepped forward hastily and thirstily to find a coconut for himself, and remembered his light attire. He was slinking back into the clump when she turned and saw his vanishing back.

"What a relief! I thought we were all drowned," she cried, in warmly thankful accents.

There was nothing for it. Blushing painfully, he came out into the open to find that she was Mrs. Lissington, the young widow who had sat opposite to him at the captain's table, of whose cigarettes, clothes, and conversation he had so strongly disapproved.

"Oh, it's you, Bishop?" she said, and a less earnest man would have observed that much of the thankfulness at finding a companion in misfortune had passed from her voice.

"Yes," said the Bishop, stiffly. "There doesn't seem to be anyone else saved," she said, ruefully. "What are we going to do?"

She did not seem to be aware of anything unusual in her attire or that of the Bishop, but he was uncomfortably aware that she was without shoes and stockings.

He could not tell her what they were going to do. He did not know. He said: "I'm very thirsty. I should like some coconut milk," and looked about him rather helplessly.

He expected to find, lying about, neat brown coconuts, of the kind he had seen in shops. With very small toes she touched a cluster of large green objects that lay between them, and told him that, since they had no knife with which to strip it, he must find a coconut the outer husk of which had been split by its fall. In helpless fashion he hunted for one under several trees. With a rather contemptuous air she moved about five feet and found him two. Before she could stop him he had broken the first with a small boulder that smashed it to pieces and wasted the milk. To the second he took a small stone, and at the first shot caught his thumb-nail a crack that caused him to drop the coconut, say "Bother!" with immense vehemence, and put his thumb in his mouth. She took the stone from him, knocked in a neat hole between the eyes of the coconut, and handed it to him.

Then she looked at him thoughtfully, plainly weighed him, and much to his distaste, found him wanting, took the matter into her own hands, and said: "We must get off this beach into the shade of the wood before the sun gets up. We shall be scorched here. And we'd better take some coconuts with us, though probably we shall find something else to eat in that wood. We must have the milk to drink."

"But surely we shall find people. The island must be inhabited," he protested.

"It isn't," she said, positively. "I feel in my bones it isn't. About five minutes ago a gull let me pick him up and stroke him."

She hunted for coconuts through the clump of trees which had been nearly stripped by the storm, and found seven, then she picked up her vanity bag and led the way towards the wood which covered the sides of the cone-shaped hill, about six hundred feet high, which formed the centre of the island.

The Bishop followed her gloomily. He felt that he ought to be pleased that he had a companion who had ideas about how to handle the situation, since he had none himself, but he still took it hard that that companion should be a woman.

When they came to the edge of the wood she stopped, looked into it with suspicious eyes, and said: "There may be something in it. You go first."

AHUNDRED yards from the top of the hill the trees ceased, and Mrs. Lissington and the Bishop climbed over rough and crumbling rock on to the rim of the crater of an extinct volcano. The sea was empty. They turned and looked down into the crater. It was a basin, about a quarter of a mile across, and in the middle of it was a small lake. Cliffs a hundred feet high formed its sides, and here and there were fissures in them, affording more or less easy descent to its floor. At the foot of the

cliffs was a belt of vegetation about 40 yards deep, trees and shrubs and herbs.

"There's water, at any rate, and plenty of it," said Mrs. Lissington, in a tone of satisfaction.

"A drink of it would be very refreshing," said the Bishop, looking at the lake thirstily.

"They moved round the rim to the first fissure that afforded an easy descent into the basin, and over the rough, crumbling rock to the little lake. The still water was very clear. They found it sweet and, indeed, refreshing."

Mrs. Lissington rose from drinking, looked round, and said thoughtfully: "I should think we'd better stay in this crater. If there's anything but coconuts to eat on this island we shall find it among those trees. But the first thing to do is to make myself some shoes, if I'm to have any soles on my feet."

On the shores of the lake only a few coconut palms grew. She walked to the nearest, sat down, and took from



Mrs. Lissington stopped short and bade the Bishop strip the drowned sailor of everything he had.

her handbag a pair of nail-scissors. She got to work, binding on her feet strips of dried hunk with strands of the fibre. Then she asked him whether he had brought anything ashore in the pockets of his pyjama jacket.

"Only my glasses—the glasses I use for reading," he said, gloomily. "And a handkerchief."

"We may be able to light a fire with those glasses if ever we find anything to cook and something to cook it in," she said, not hopefully.

He watched her for a few minutes, then moved a few yards away and began to bind up his own feet. He made a much poorer job of it.

Thus shod, they went into the belt

work he stopped short. Then, sickened, he got to his task. All the while he had to keep beating off the fearless and greedy gulls. He could not bring himself to strip off the trousers and singlet because of them, but he came away with the jacket, the shirt, the socks, and the shoes. He came pale and looking sick, and dropped the garments and shoes at her feet, and sat down on the ground, and buried his face in his hands. She picked up the garments and waited sympathetically for him to recover. Presently he rose; they climbed up the hill and down into the shade of the trees in the basin. Then, with an easier mind, now that she was so far from the dead man, she began to search the pockets of the dead man's clothes. The side pockets of the jacket were large, and out of the first she took a big clasp-knife.

"This is what we wanted above everything," she said, joyfully.

Then she took out a thick chunk of plug tobacco and a pipe, and raised the tobacco to her nose and took a long, wistful sniff at it and said that she was missing her cigarettes dreadfully. The Bishop frowned. Further search produced: item, a large red silk bandanna handkerchief; item, an oiled silk tobacco pouch; and among the cut tobacco in it seven pound notes and a book of matches as dry as a bone; item, a large hussif well stocked with needles, cotton, and thread; item, two hairpins; item, a sadder, "The Gipsy Queen's Book of Dreams."

At the sight of the matches the Bishop's face had brightened, and he said: "Now we shall be able to light beacons—at night. There's plenty of dry wood about."

"We mustn't use more than one a week," she said, firmly, and put them into her vanity bag.

She made a really becoming turban of the bandanna; then she looked from the sailor's shoes to the Bishop's feet.

Please turn to Page 38

By **EDGAR JEPSON**

he had instinctively caught up his breeches.

He grasped the gaiter and began to crawl inland. Forty yards further on he bumped his head, not hard, against the trunk of a tree. Groping, he found other tree-trunks. Two minutes later he crawled into a hollow. The wind roared above him, but he was out of it. In an immense relief and thankfulness he stretched himself out at full length and relaxed. In three minutes he was asleep.

He awoke in the bright light of tropical dawn, to find a light breeze blowing over a settling sea. Also he awoke stiff, hungry, and very thirsty. He sat up, surprised to find himself on land, and in such light attire. Then the memories of the night before came rushing back.

He saw the gaiter and picked it up, and came out of the clump of coconut palms to see, ten yards away, a woman in a white frock. He shivered a little. That was the effect the sudden sight of a woman always had on him—not quite a painful effect, but uncomfortable. As a man he did not like women; as a churchman he was one of the

of vegetation at the foot of the cliffs and began to explore it. Presently they came upon a patch of plantains, loaded with fruit, and made a meal.

Half-way round the basin they came to a broad fissure in the cliff affording an easy access to the crater's rim. He said that they must go up to see if there was a ship in sight. The sea was empty. Half a mile away on the edge of the sea was a flock of gulls in the air, or on the sand round a dark object.

"Look! A drowned man—a sailor, or he wouldn't be in dark clothes. He may have a knife on him. Come along!" she cried.

In spite of the heat and their clumsy foot-coverings they hurried down the hill. The gulls round the drowned man paid no heed to them. Twenty yards away Mrs. Lissington stopped short and bade the Bishop strip the drowned sailor of everything he had.

The Bishop went forward to do her bidding, but at the sight of the gulls

THREE Portraits of WOMEN

By Famous Artists

ON this page appear three reproductions of oil paintings by the famous living British painters Augustus John, R.A., Harold Knight, A.R.A., and W. E. Webster, R.P. Each artist has chosen a woman for his subject, and it is interesting to note the different angles from which they have presented their subject.

The Augustus John portrait is a striking statement of a feminine type which obviously attracts the painter. Vital and sincere as it is, there is also a touch of brutality in this presentation.

Harold Knight portrays his model as somewhat reserved, but withal dignified and gracious—a definite personality.

A wide appeal is made by "Caprice" by W. E. Webster. This is a charming picture, distinguished by the very clever handling of flesh and silk.

The reproductions are by courtesy of Mrs. Murray Fuller, whose present exhibition of representative works by contemporary British artists was opened at Farmer's Blackland Galleries by the Governor, Sir Philip Game, last Tuesday.



"MANTILLA," by Harold Knight, A.R.A.



"CAPRICE," by W. E. Webster, R.P.



PORTRAIT of a woman by Augustus John, R.A.

MORE ABOUT TONSILS

CONTROVERSY about the operation for tonsils shows that the medical profession itself is divided.

The British Medical Association in Australia is keenly interested in the discussion which has been proceeding in England.

Recently The Australian Women's Weekly published the statement made in the "Lancet" by Dr. Layton, a leading London throat and ear specialist.

He stated: "The operation for the removal of tonsils has a greater number of complications to life, to immediate illnesses, and to post-operative impairment of function than any other operation of the same magnitude."

"I believe that the operation is fraught with grave consequences to the hearing even when all immediate post-operative complications have been avoided."

ANOTHER throat specialist who agrees with Dr. Layton told a London newspaper that tonsil removals are

a new menace to the health of patients.

"There appears to be a craze for the removal of tonsils at the slightest appearance of infection," he said.

"Cures can be effected without an operation—by gargling, painting, and by a new method of squeezing the tonsil."

"There is a list of more than sixty complications which have followed operations of this kind."

"Abscess in the ear may be formed—known as otitis media—and unless this is checked quickly mastoiditis will follow. The results of these ear complications are frequently permanent."

ANOTHER throat specialist, however, was equally emphatic that in his view it was virtually impossible to cure septic tonsils.

"I admit," he said, "that tonsil removal renders the patient liable to ear trouble—if the adenoids are present. I have found that the removal of adenoids prevents ear complications spreading from the throat after an operation on the tonsils."

WOMEN'S WEEKLY Offers

£250 to KNITTERS

Chances for Every Woman in Unique Contest

The announcement in our last issue of the attractive knitting competition launched by The Australian Women's Weekly has aroused keen interest among our readers.

With a generous list of cash prizes totalling £250 and sections designed to appeal to every knitter, this competition is the largest of its kind ever undertaken by any Australian newspaper.

THE practical value of the competition appeals to every knitter. Every woman who enters the competition is not only knit-

ting a useful and valuable garment for herself or a member of her family, but is, at the same time, sharing in the many opportunities the competition offers to win substantial cash prizes.

Individual prizes range in value up to £30. Think of the joy and pride you will feel if you are among the winners of cheques for £30!

THERE are so many sections and they have been so carefully thought out that one of them is sure to suit you exactly.

There is a section open to all comers, with the exception of those who make and sell hand-knitted goods for profit. In this section those who have had long experience will be on their mettle to evolve new ideas, either in the design or in the fashioning of the garment itself.

Then there is a section limited to those who have not previously won a prize in any knitting competition. In this section, amateurs and the veriest beginners will have their big opportunity.

For mothers of growing families there are two sections that will appeal. One awards prizes for delectable woolies for babies, and the other for sturdy pull-overs for the small folk at school.



WHITE engaged a new secretary and a few weeks later a friend asked how she was getting on. "Oh, she's a very clever girl," he replied. "She's got things so mixed up that I couldn't possibly get along without her now."

"ALWAYS remember that two rights never make a wrong!" "Really, sir? Then what about two right boots?"

BENEFICIAL STORM. IT had rained heavily for three days, and the old farmer sat on his back steps and moodily regarded the ravages of the flood. A neighbor pulled up in a rattling flivver.

"Ray, Jed," he yelled. "Your dogs was all washed down the creek, and they're all dead."

"How about Flaherty's?" the farmer asked.

"They're gone, too."

"And Larson's?"

"Washed away."

"Humph," said the old farmer, cheer-

ing up. "I ain't as bad as I thought."

From 2UW every morning at 9.45 Myra Dempsey conducts a special Women's Weekly feature.

Monday "Clever Ideas"
Tuesday "Homcraft"
Wednesday "Decorating"
Thursday "Shopping Talk"
Friday "Special Recipes"

is suggested that school colors should be used in these garments. You will find it fascinating, too, to work out a chart of the school badge and knit it on the pocket.

If you enter the section for the men you will be making a choice that ensures your popularity with the bread-winner. Pullovers are the accepted wear for every sport, and every man would appreciate a hand-knitted cardigan, designed on tasteful tailored lines.

A Splendid Section

THE section that offers prizes for the best outlay of 5/- should produce intensely interesting results, for fashion has ruled that wool shall be used in every branch of the wardrobe. For this comparatively small amount, you may purchase sufficient wool to knit a pair of scarves and singlet to match, a pair of dashing golf socks, a dainty bed jacket, a hug-me-tight or other useful garments.

Start knitting to-day. You can enter as many sections as you please. All you have to do is to cut four consecutively-dated coupons from The Australian Women's Weekly and attach them to each entry.

The competition has been planned for our readers. To enter, you simply attach the coupons to show that you are a regular reader.

For full details of sections and prize-money turn to Page 29.

BRAINWAVES!

Conducted by L. W. LOWER
A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

PAT (reading paper): I see we didn't have any luck in the lottery.
Wife: Oh, no, Pat, we never were lucky.

Pat: It's just as well we didn't buy a ticket.

POLICEMAN: Madam, didn't you see me hold up my hand?
Lady Driver: I did not.
Policeman: Didn't you hear me blow my whistle?

Lady Driver: I didn't.
Policeman: Well, I guess I might as well go home. I don't seem to be doing much good here.

BUILDER: This is the house in the Tudor style, sir.
Prospective Buyer: I don't care for the Tudor style.
Builder: Soon after that, sir, Bill just bring a pail of water and wash out these oak beams.

SHE: And when we are married, we will share all our joys and sor-

rows.

He: But I have nothing to be sorry for.

She: I said "when we are married."

BUCKINGHAM'S

FREE GIFT

Birthday Sale

FOR EVERY 2/6 SPENT YOU RECEIVE A MARVELLOUS GIFT

DOUBLE DAMASK

8/11

4/11

FREE GIFTS

Instead of spending hundreds of pounds in advertisements, we are cutting our advertising down, thus saving hundreds of pounds, with which we are giving away thousands of gifts. Every customer spending 2/6 or more in our store (Food sections excluded), will receive a handsome birthday gift. Slippers, Books, Bloomers, Napery, Crockery, Toilet goods, Towels, Tablecloths, Tins, etc., etc., are all to be given away FREE.

ALL PURE LINEN

You've never seen this quality less than 8/11 per yd. we secured 5 pieces only at a ridiculous price. 70in. All Linen high-grade Double Damask. Beautifully woven from superfine yarns into latest floral designs.

MAIL ORDERS POST EXTRA.

Enormous Purchase—Superfine KNITTING WOOLS

Fine Wool

4-6s Fingering Wool in well-known Brand . . . of superior quality and greatly reduced for sale period only. New shades and new Merino effects.

5/11 lb. **4 1/2d** skein.

It's different and attractive . . . English Wends Wool—beautiful colorings—soft and warm. Jazz Spots . . . Tweeds . . . Maries . . . Prints. For Ladies', Men's, and Children's wear. Usually 1/- skein.

NOW, skein **9d**

Just opened beautiful Winter Wools in 2, 3, and 4-ply . . . Fine soft finish. In Reds, Orange, Rose Pink, Blue, Navy, Navy, Black, Green, Gold, Yellow, Fawn, Grey, Royal, Brown, etc. Also smart Tweed and Merino effects. Usually 1/- skein.

NOW, skein **7 1/2d** or lb. **9/11**

BUCKINGHAM'S LTD.
67 OXFORD STREET

They're under 326 21% off

THROUGH THE CAMERA'S EYE



A PICTURESQUE street in Caracas, Venezuela. The mule with the barrels is taking round the bend. Perhaps this is the strangest baker's "cart" in the world.



OLD FRIENDS on the beach. In England every beach has its donkeys, and every donkey has its pals. This little boy is not in the least afraid of "Old Bill," his friend.



PATRICIA MINCHIN, the clever young Australian girl who is playing a prominent part in the Australian production of "The Silence of Dean Maitland," shortly to be released. Miss Minchin, who is also well known for the parts she has taken in radio plays, obtained her first stage experience with various Little Theatre groups.



ABOVE: Beautiful Australian scenery. Tourists who pay lightning visits to our shores miss many lovely sights such as this. The view is of the lower reaches of the Hawkesbury River, New South Wales. A fine example of one of the many fine scenic offerings Australia provides for the camera man.



KATHARINE HINES, of Miami, believed to be the only girl in the world to master the difficult Mexican game of Jai Alai.



THIS GIRL was chosen as a typical Australian surf girl for a poster issued by the Travel Association for overseas publicity.



MRS. MELBA BEARD, of Pasadena, who makes a hobby of taking on men's jobs. She is a licensed aeroplane pilot, and amateur radio operator with her own station, and, among other things, a deep-sea diver.



AN IDEA for our Bush Fire Rangers. Portable wireless sets carried by the U.S. Forest Service for reporting outbreaks.



RIGHT: Living statues at Olympia, London where a great circus has been performing. These girls are from the "Marcella Golden Statues" set. Every performer they had to put on a coating of gold paint. They look beautiful when finished, but it's unpleasant work for the performers. The circus, which has just finished its run, was one of the largest the world has ever seen.



THE CAT AND THE PARROT: New version. In this case the cat is in the home mail box, and the parrot is sitting on top asking in a loud voice what it is all about.

HAS LOST FAT FOR THREE YEARS

4 st. 12 lbs. Gone Altogether

A woman writes:—"For nearly three years I have been taking Kruschen Salts every morning in hot water, and have lost 4 st. 12 lbs. of fat. My weight before taking them was 14 st., and it is now 9 st. 2 lbs. Compare the difference—it is marvellous. My mother and sister are also taking Kruschen and lots of our friends, and think they are wonderful. As regards diet, it is not necessary to do one little bit of dieting; in my case I have never denied myself anything since I started taking Kruschen Salts. I walk every day, and do not eat many potatoes or much sugar."—(Miss) K. T.

Taken every morning, Kruschen effects a perfectly natural clearance of undigested food substances and all excessive watery waste matter. Unless this wastage is regularly expelled, Nature will eventually store it up out of the way in the form of ugly fat. Once Kruschen gets into the blood, you will soon see that double chin go, and that too prominent abdomen disappear.



HE chief guides to character-reading are phrenology, palmistry, and face reading, and the greatest of these is face reading. For the human face is the outward and, to some, the visible index to the innate character—a mirror wherein is reflected man's inmost thoughts, his secret hopes and endeavors.

In lips tightly compressed, in cold calculating eyes, in the mouth that curls in disdain, can the perceiving eye, devoid of prejudice, discern envy and malice. And the nobility of man is invariably revealed by the steady, clear eye, indicating intelligence and sincerity, just as a generous mouth expresses real sympathy and goodwill.

Dick Slater was a humble student of physiognomy, though he had no idea what the term meant. Had he been asked, Dick might have said that it was some sort of soft drink. To live, Dick Slater kept books for a city hardware concern, and the books kept Dick busy. Thirty-six of his fifty years had he fossilised in the same old office, always doing the same old things mechanically, day in, day out, juggling with the same old figures.

But Dick Slater, in middle age, had

MARKS

By W. J. R. ROCK

A Ten-Minute Story...

found a humble way of converting the tedium of his existence into a Te Deum. In leisure hours, he developed a faculty he possessed for sining up people by their countenances. He gave marks.

Slater's standard of judgment was a ten marks maximum. On week-end afternoons, Dick hired himself a chair at a popular seaside resort. There he sat for hours, recklessly and secretly awarding varying marks to the passers-by.

All children, with their naive simplicity of countenance, received ten marks from Dick. His awards were constantly fluctuating, according to his mood. At times, a wave of pity prompted him to give high marks to all and sundry of his unconscious subjects, good and bad alike. Well Dick Slater knew that so many know not what they do.

Had certain types known what Dick was doing, and what his secret verdicts of them were, they might have lynched him then and there; he gave his marks so mercilessly and sparingly. From constant observations, Slater gathered that sometimes a high, intellectual forehead, and the flashing eye of greatness, were marred by a smug smile on the face of the subject. Also, he gleaned that the features of even simple people, almost commonplace, quite frequently betrayed a frank and sympathetic nature.

ON trains, in trams, on boats and buses, Dick Slater sat in judgment. In the non-smoking compartments he patronised, Dick studied many types of women, to him much more baffling than the men, for Dick himself had never married, quite satisfied to live alone, carefree, in his bachelor's home.

In his tram one sunny morning on his way to work, Dick Slater occupied a corner seat, alongside his lunch, wrapped up neatly in brown paper, tied with string. One passenger in his compartment attracted Dick's attention—a middle-aged, retiring sort of man, with pleasing features, his mouth half-smiling, tempted Dick to apply his art.

"Ten marks," said Slater to himself, until he saw the stranger's eyes, suggesting either impudence or indifference, or both. To Dick, they seemed to



To Keep YOUNG...

DON'T LEAD an idle life. Have some useful occupation and be interested in it. It is the lazy people who show signs of middle age early, and who are apt to cultivate that bugbear of a middle-aged woman—a double chin.

lack ordinary comprehension. Regretfully, Dick reduced his marks to five, quite puzzled by the riddle of a plainly generous mouth that clashed with eyes that glared so stupidly.

Another stop—fresh subjects for Dick's powers of observation entered his compartment. Two ladies, married, prepossessing, fashionably-dressed, sat down—the usual type of privileged person one meets. Their well-bred airs and pervading perfume evidenced an innate consciousness of class superiority. A hurried glance, and Dick awarded five marks out of ten to each, deducting the other five for what he deemed to be incurable snobishness. One of the women began to speak contemptuously of some servant who'd recently displeased her; the lady's sentiments rousing Dick's democratic blood to ire. He had to listen to the same old story told on many a tram.

"Do you know, my dear, it's positively annoying. I cannot keep a maid!" she exclaimed. "Now, that girl Grace who left me in the lurch last week was really half-tempered. Last Friday was her day off, but I badly wanted Grace to stay home because I had to go out myself that day, you understand. Well, that selfish girl played up most shockingly, she said she had made arrangements to go somewhere. She just packed up her things and went off in a fit of temper. Unfortunately I had paid her wages for the week. What can you do? That's the last time I will get a girl from those dreadful registry offices. I think that a girl fresh from the country would suit me much better than these city girls."

The irate lady's dainty companion

H.OST Halloway says: I brew my Pure Malt Vinegar from Australian barley, and mature it for one year.***

shrugged her shoulders sympathetically. "They're all the same, dear. None of them are capable of appreciating a good mistress."

INWARDLY, Dick Slater fumed; he knew instinctively that women were hard masters to serve. Dick's prejudice against the ladies, from their conversation, caused him to revise his previous judgment—one mark each was quite sufficient for them. Even the man with vacant eyes seemed moved to mirth; his mouth twitched humanly with understanding. Dick Slater felt relieved when the ladies' chatter wandered to what clothes they'd buy that day.

Near the foot of William St. the tram was halted. A kindly tramguard popped his head into Slater's compartment.

"Here we are, Jack," he said to the man with expressionless eyes, whom the guard assisted to alight, escorting his charge to a nearby institution.

As the tram started, the tramguard whispered to Slater in his corner, "Jack's just had a pair of those up-to-date glass eyes given to him. You wouldn't know 'em from real."

Nearing the intersection where Dick Slater always got off, he noticed the two ladies arranging their little bags and cases, preparing to alight. It was Dick's custom to stand back for ladies to move out before him. Still thinking of that woman's servant, Slater got off in haste. Why should he waste ordinary courtesy on such haughty dames?

Glad to lose sight of his feminine tram passengers, Slater walked down the street smartly towards his office. A pompous, prosperous-looking citizen stepped out of a taxi, not lost on Slater's observant eye. What a nasty face the old man had, thought Dick. He awarded him a bare two marks, given out of homage to old age. The old man handed the driver six shillings. "You can keep the change, Tom," he said, his countenance suddenly overspread by a good-natured smile. Slater amended his decision. "Ten marks," he mumbled to himself. Top marks for generosity was Dick's motto. Then Slater felt a little gloved hand on his shoulder. A voice, cooling in the manner of a panting dove, caught his ear. "Excuse me; I had to run all the way to catch you. You left this parcel in the tram."

Slater turned round. The lady who couldn't keep her servant, Grace, handed our physiognomist his lunch.

(Copyright)



The Clustered Softness of YOUR WAVY HAIR

"The clustered softness of your wavy hair, that glorious colour which enchants me so." Lovely hair is of such captivating charm that poets and artists consider it a vital requisite of beauty. Yet, many girls wear hats whenever they can! Is it wise? Ask the men! You will find them rapturous over a girl's lovely hair—especially if it be the wavy kind that adds a touch of romance to the face. Many a clever man has picked his bride because of the spell cast by truly lovely hair! Thousands of lovely girls owe their beautiful tresses to Hennafam Shampoo and Hennafam Wave Set. This is the perfect combined hair-beauty treatment—guaranteed to give you lovely glossy, wavy hair, or curl your hair. Try it. Get a package of Hennafam and a bottle of Hennafam Wave Set from your chemist or store to-day. To-morrow you will have glorious, radiant hair, full of those rich, captivating waves that everyone admires—no cost to you at all. Nothing else equals this marvellous Kathleen Court method of infusing new life into dull hair.

THE VERY THING FOR CURTAINS!

CHARMING, aren't they, those Victorian-cum-modern curtains of organdie or muslin, frilly-edged? And so easy to make at home! Bind the fringe in colour and they'll look more attractive still! Not! Binding isn't a bit of bother. Use Berlei Bias Binding and it's child's play. For window you see it on by hand or machine, Berlei Bias Binding fits snugly, folds easily, practically turns itself. Berlei Bias Binding is available in the best plain weaves, in silk, in piping cord. Only high quality materials are used in its manufacture; the wide range of lovely colours is guaranteed fast. You'll like the triple tines—so very effective. Ask to see them when next you're shopping—they'll give you ideas! But be sure to ask for BERLEI Bias Binding. IT IS GUARANTEED.

BERLEI BIAS BINDING

★
One look in the mirror shows her why she misses lots of the fun that other girls have. Features good, figure splendid—but a dull, uninteresting skin that doesn't give her a chance.

★
Is your skin dull and unattractive?

Then you need REXONA...
...the Medicated Healing Soap



Rexona Soap keeps Miss Lorna Brodrill's skin flawlessly lovely

This is charming Miss Brodrill. She has a beautiful skin, and says she owes it to Rexona Soap. Miss Brodrill writes: "I feel that I must tell you how grateful I am for Rexona Soap. It has kept my skin soft and fine and it has given me a clear, healthy complexion."

Always keep a tin of Rexona Ointment handy—it is the most soothing and healing treatment for painful accidents and for serious skin complaints.

SOLD BY ALL
CHEMISTS AND STORES

R.119.13

Dull, blotchy, sallow skin, pimples, blackheads, enlarged pores—they all yield to the one simple treatment—Rexona Medicated Soap. Don't let these ugly discouraging blemishes worry you any more, when it is so pleasantly simple to rid yourself of them for good.

★
Rexona Medicated Soap removes the cause of skin-blemishes

Rexona Soap doesn't only thoroughly cleanse the surface of your skin. Because it is medicated it penetrates gently into the deepest pores and removes all the germs that cause blackheads, pimples, rashes and all skin blemishes. Use Rexona Soap regularly and you'll never have the tiniest flaw in your skin.

Rexona Soap contains the most healing and soothing medications known to modern science. It soothes the sensitive tissues, smoothes rough skin and prevents any irritation, such as windburn and chapping.

Stimulates the pores

When your skin is dull it is a sure sign that it is run-down and tired—you need Rexona Soap, the most reviving tonic your skin can have. Rexona Soap gently yet vigorously stirs up the lazy glands and gives them new healthy energy to function properly.

Rexona

MEDICATED SOAP

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

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Smart Styles for-
Immediate Wear



Special Values

PANCY MOROCAIN is the making of this SMART PROCK for matrons. Suitably planned to give slimmer lines. Inlet front, with contrast facings. A new check design in Black-White, Brown-White, Saxe-White, or Navy-White. Sizes, W. to X.O.S. SPECIAL VALUE ... 32/6



A PROCK FOR THE BIGGER WOMAN! Super Quality Morocain, a faultless fitting frock adhering to straight lines, with the wanted fullness in skirt. Pin tucks and the dainty lace stitched front provide an effective trim. Colors: Black, Navy, Brown, or Blackberry. Sizes, W. to X.O.S. SPECIAL VALUE ... 57/6

Where Style and Value meet! SWAGGER COAT of ALL-WOOL CHEVRON, styled with the new raglan sleeves, patch pockets and raised seams. In Grey, Beige, Mustard. Sizes, S.S.W. to W. SPECIAL VALUE ... 35/6

A NEW AUTUMN STYLE SMART SPORTS COAT of FLECKED TWEED in the latest effects of Light Fawn or Light Grey. Stylish collar with wide lapels, shaped sleeves and patch pockets. Stitching and raised seams are the finishing features. Belt at waist. Sizes, S.S.W. to W. SPECIAL VALUE ... 57/6

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EASTER Holiday At KOSCIUSKO... for our READERS

To its many services to the public, The Australian Women's Weekly has now added one of unique interest.

By special arrangement with the Government Tourist Bureau, this paper and station 2UW are offering readers an Easter trip to Mount Kosciusko at very low rates.

At this time of the year Kosciusko—one of the most renowned scenic resorts of the world—is a perfect picture. The entertainment arrangements made for those who are to share this trip, together with the wonderful attractions of the Australian Alps, will make this a memorable week-end in the lives of all who participate in this splendid opportunity.

The party will leave Sydney on Thursday, March 29, and will return to the city early on Tuesday morning. Specially reserved coaches are being made available by the Railway Commissioner, so that the party will travel in absolute comfort.

Special facilities included in the tour comprise accommodation at the chalet, the free use of sporting material at the chalet, and a special tour to the summit in motor cars which will be provided. This trip will be personally conducted by a representative of The Australian Women's Weekly. An appetising picnic lunch will be included.

All meals during the journey will be provided, including morning teas, and travellers will be put to no expense beyond the actual cost of the tour.

There will be dancing at the chalet in the evenings, and well-known radio personalities of 2UW will be present to entertain guests. Saturday evening's party at the chalet will be broadcast through 2UW.

The price of the tour is six guineas, which covers the whole expense.

The tour, with the extra facilities for enjoyment offered by The Australian Women's Weekly and 2UW, would, if undertaken in the ordinary way, involve the holiday-maker in considerably greater expense.

The presence of the bright and gifted radio personalities from 2UW, the trip to the summit, the happy evenings and other entertainment will make this week-end a wonderfully enjoyable break in the year, and one in which there will not be a dull moment.

Applications for reservations should be made now to 2UW or to The Australian Women's Weekly.

The Women's Weekly and 2UW

Tremendous interest has been aroused by the new women's sessions at station 2UW. The big link-up between The Australian Women's Weekly and 2UW, which took place, officially, on February 26, has proved immensely popular. Numberless listeners and readers have sent letters of congratulation.

NEVER before in the history of Australian radio have a newspaper and a radio station gone to so much trouble to provide entertainment for women.

From the beginning it was realised that only top-notch announcers could be used to give the right kind of service, and so Mrs. Albert Littlejohn was engaged to supervise the new sessions; Miss Dorothea Vautier was appointed official announcer for the special 2 to 3 hour; and Miss Myra Dempsey's services were enlisted for special features in the morning.

With these three experienced women, each with many years' broadcasting experience, The Australian Women's Weekly and 2UW feel thoroughly equipped to provide women's radio programmes to suit all tastes.

Look at this bill of radio fare, and see if there is anything like it anywhere else:

The Programmes

FRIDAY, MARCH 9

At 9.45 a.m.—The Australian Women's Weekly recipe competition, £1 prize each week. Listen to Myra Dempsey.

At 11 a.m.—A special talk by Mrs. Littlejohn on "Houdini and His Tricks." This is very interesting and amusing, and quite new.

At 2 p.m.—The Woman's Hour, by arrangement with The Australian Women's Weekly. Dorothea Vautier. News, Lyrics of Life, "So They Say" topics, Book Reviews, and "Don't Forget."

MONDAY, MARCH 12

At 9.45 a.m.—The Australian Women's Weekly "Clever Ideas" Session. Myra Dempsey.

At 2 p.m.—The Woman's Hour, by arrangement with The Australian Women's Weekly. Dorothea Vautier. News, Interesting People, "So They Say" topics, "Peeps at the World" with special sound recording, by arrangement with the State Theatre. And "Don't Forget."

At 4 p.m.—Mrs. Littlejohn will give a talk on "Should Women Be Employed in Industry." A vexed question. She will present both sides.

TUESDAY, MARCH 13

At 9.45 a.m.—The Australian Women's

Weekly homecraft and needlework notions. Myra Dempsey.

At 2 p.m.—The Woman's Hour, by arrangement with The Australian Women's Weekly. Dorothea Vautier. News, "Things That Happen" competition, "The First Thing I Remember," Prize, two best seats at the State Theatre. Musical doings. Memoirs of Nellie Melba. Talk by Miss Roma Farrar, of the United Associations: "Which Contributes Most to the Growth of Personality—Prosperity or Adversity?" To finish the session, "Don't Forget."

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14

At 9.45 a.m.—The Australian Women's Weekly home decorating.

At 2 p.m.—The Woman's Hour, by arrangement with The Australian Women's Weekly. Dorothea Vautier. News, "So They Say" topics. First of a series of talks on life in the East by Mr. Sefton Cullen. He has spent 11 years in India, Singapore, and China. "Don't Forget."

At 4 p.m.—A special talk by Mrs. Littlejohn on "Strange Music of Other Countries." With a set of interesting records she will compare instruments and methods of singing in foreign lands.

THURSDAY, MARCH 15

At 9.45 a.m.—The Australian Women's Weekly home section prize-winners. Myra Dempsey.

At 2 p.m.—The Woman's Hour, by arrangement with The Australian Women's Weekly. Dorothea Vautier. Highlights from The Australian Women's Weekly. Fashion Hints from Paris and Vienna. "Careers For Women." "Advertising As a Career," a talk by Miss Small. "Don't Forget."

Fine Features

YOU will agree that these programmes present many fine features. Many of them are direct links with popular features appearing in The Australian Women's Weekly.

Those "Don't Forget," for example, which conclude each 2-3 session are extensions from the useful column in the paper, and no woman who wants to be up to the minute with news of what's going on should fail to listen-in.

Of course, as well as the programmes as set out, there is a careful selection of music each day.



OVER
£2000
IN LAST 3
LOTTERIES!

WINNING far more prizes than all other Syndicates in the last three Lotteries, Lucky Fred won over £2000, including six £100's, eight 50's, and hundreds of other prizes from £10 to £5.

LAST FRIDAY'S WINS INCLUDE:

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| £20 | 60762 |

and dozens and dozens of prizes at £10 and £5.

Lucky Fred's "Truth in Advertising" should convince you that his are the luckiest Syndicates to join.

4 FIRSTS
£54,000

Lucky Fred's Syndicates have now won FOUR FIRST PRIZES of £5000 each, as well as ONE THIRD and TWO FOURTH PRIZES, thousands of other prizes, ranging from £100 to £5, bring his amazing total of wins up to £54,000. Every penny of this money was shared in Lucky Fred's Syndicates, and does not include any whole tickets purchased by or for his clients.

Branch at 14 Barrack Street

Big prizes are being sold every day at Barrack Street. City clients simply call in. There's a one-minute service, you receive your share, and every ticket is bought by Lucky Fred himself.

SPECIAL OFFER

Four Fifth Shares in different Tickets for 5/6.

This is a great idea, and gives you FOUR SEPARATE CHANCES to win £1000. This appears to the wise investor who likes four lucky numbers to look for in the result slip wanted of one.

COUPON

How to send in
Simply cut out this coupon and—
For a FIFTH SHARE, send 1/6
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For FOUR ONE-FIFTH SHARES in DIFFERENT Tickets, send 5/6
Simply buy a Postal Note for any of the above offers and post it with this coupon and a stamped addressed envelope, bearing your name and address (this is very important, so don't forget to enclose a self-addressed envelope).
By return mail you will receive your Lottery Share in the very next State Lottery to be drawn.
To-day may be your lucky day—£1000 may be yours next week!
You know the address—
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Wunderstoer—the only method for the removal of unwanted hair is easy, safe, pleasant, and economical. Rapid—non-injurious—odorless. Leaves the skin perfectly healthy. All chemicals and acids. 1/6 and 2/6 per cake.

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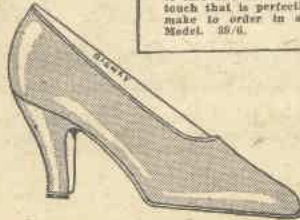
So they Say

As a proud mother I think it is time something was done to stop the bullying by the school teachers of the youngest children. As I was watching a young girl teacher instructing some very young children to march properly, I was quite surprised at the way she caught hold of and pushed the youngsters about. She nearly polled the clothes off their backs, she was so rough with them. I think, the incompetent teachers should be reported for their roughness—what do other mothers think?

Mrs. Lomas, 829 Brunswick St. North
Fitzroy, Vic.



Exquisite Silver Kid Evening Sandal. Grace of line and fine strappings give that ethereal touch that is perfection in a Sandal. We will make to order in any material. A Rigney Model. 35/6.



Full-cut Opera Court Shoe in fine Silver Kid. Medium toe and medium still heel. 29/6.



Smartly debonaire Instep Tie to imported Black Suede, trimmed with dull kid and laced. Medium still heel. 29/6. Also in Brown. 20/6.



Black Kid and Suede give smart distinction to this 3-hole Derby Tie with baby still heels. A shoe for formal occasions. 24/6. Also in Brown. 24/6.



A tailored welt in Black Kid, with neat perforations, well-cut Derby Tie and leather Cuban heels that will give foot freedom you thought impossible in a welt. 36/-. Also in Brown Calif. 29/6.



Just a little different, this Black Kid Strap and Buckle Court, with neat pin punching and leather Cuban heels. A Rigney welt, flexible as a pump. 29/6. Also in Brown Calif. 29/6.

WELTS
with the sleek grace of a pump, are essential for Autumn Tweeds or Angoras

Only 3 WEEKS to EASTER
USE OUR LAY BY NOW.

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Any Card Player

-CAN MASTER CONTRACT BRIDGE IN A VERY SHORT SPACE OF TIME BY READING

'Modern Contract Bridge'

By FRANK CAYLEY
(Assistant Editor, Bridge Magazine of Australia)

-THE SIMPLEST, SOUNDTEST, AND MOST UP-TO-DATE BOOK YET PUBLISHED.

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- PRACTICE HANDS AND ANSWERS

The Author has long been recognized as Australia's foremost teacher and writer, and as a player of the first rank. He is renowned because of the clear way in which he expresses all his facts, and every need of the beginner is catered for in this book.

'MODERN CONTRACT BRIDGE' is obtainable from Nos 1645 2/2, G.F.O., Sydney - and from all Booksellers. Price, 5/6.

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FLY-TOX

You can rely on genuine "FLY-TOX" to kill flies, mosquitoes, bugs, cockroaches, ants and moths quickly. But accept no substitutes; insist on the real "FLY-TOX" with the world-wide reputation. Fragrant and stainless, too.

Made in Australia.

There is ONLY ONE FLY-TOX

MUSIC and RADIO

By ROBERT McCALL

Competition Works Yet Unheard

SINCE no announcement has yet been made it seems certain that the A.B.C. does not plan to sponsor another Australian composers' competition this year. Meanwhile several of the important manuscripts in last year's contest have not been performed. In particular, Fritz Hart's big symphonic composition for orchestra and choir awaits a hearing.

To date we have had performances of Mr. Hart's symphony which won the first section, Lindley Evans' "Australian Symphony," and various pieces in the smaller forms such as songs, piano and violin solos.

One can understand the Commission's hesitation over presenting Mr. Hart's work since it calls for a very big orchestra entailing heavy expenditure. The forthcoming visit of Sir Hamilton Harty, however, provides an ideal occasion for its performance.

Doubtless the Commission will be augmenting its present symphony orchestras for the concerts under the direction of the Irish conductor. It should be no hardship, therefore, to include the Australian work in one or two of the programmes.

It seems a pity, too, that the Military Band has not performed the prize-winning band piece. It should not be too late to do so still.

Talking of Sir Hamilton Harty, it is to be hoped that he will conduct some of his own works. He has written much beautiful music.

Pouishnoff On Air

The first of this year's celebrity concerts by the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra under Professor Bernard Heinze will introduce to Australian listeners the



M. LEFF POUSHNOFF

Russian pianist, M. Leff Pouishnoff, in a national relay from SLO on March 13.

Pouishnoff is in the vanguard of the notable company of musicians visiting us this year. He is associated with the Australian bass-baritone, Horace Stevens, during his tour, but in this radio concert seems to be alone.

Frank Hutchens Trio

Music-lovers are to have another opportunity of hearing that splendid trio by Frank Hutchens. It is to be performed by the composer at the piano, Cyril Monk (violinist) and Osric Pyffe (cellist) during the "Foundations of Music" session at 8 o'clock on Sunday night.

The trio is one of the most attractive of Mr. Hutchens' many compositions. I believe, by the way, that he is working just now on a concerto.

School Broadcasts

Reports indicate that more and more schools are taking advantage of the educational broadcasts sponsored by the Broadcasting Commission and the Department of Public Instruction. Other schools will fall into line when they acquire adequate receiving-sets.

Speaking only of the musical broadcasts, I should say that the scheme so far has been mainly experimental. It is time now that these little talks should be arranged in a more orderly curriculum. At the moment they do not seem to follow one another chronologically or with due regard for the proper development of musical understanding.

After all, when we study world history we do not investigate the Industrial Revolution, then dart back to 1666 for a post-mortem on William and his conquests. So, in music study, we should not have a talk one week on "British Contemporary Composers," then retire for several centuries next week to consider "Haydn and his Music."

An Orderly Programme

It is not too early now for the advisory committees in whose charge the schools' broadcasts are placed to begin the mapping out of a constructive programme of talks for 1935. The beginnings of music and the more elementary lessons in theory should be arranged for the primary schools and should lead in logical sequence to the consideration of individual composers, national styles of music, developments in composition, and so on in the secondary schools.

Carefully planned in this way, the For the New Women's Sessions from 2UW see page 16.

school musical broadcasts will be invaluable in leading the younger generation to a reasonable understanding of the finer things in music.

Nelson Trio

Following what looks like being an entertaining Smith Family programme on Wednesday night, March 14, there is to be a session by the English instrumentalists, the Nelson Trio. Items which are featured are the melodious Mozart trio in B Flat, the Vitali Chaconne, the Dvorak Trio in B Flat, Boccherini's cello Sonata in A, and a group of Grieg piano solos.

That most artistic of Sydney baritone, Clement Q. Williams, is to be the assisting artist.

Previously, however, the Trio will be heard through 2BL on Sunday night playing trios by Beethoven and Rubinstein. From the same station the young instrumentalists will play the dinner music on Thursday, March 15, and an evening programme as well. Then back they go to 2FC on Saturday night to play Haydn, Beethoven, and Schubert trios.

"Faust" Again

A repetition of "Faust" is the next operatic listing by the A.B.C. It comes from Sydney on Thursday, March 15. Several alterations in cast have been made, notably the substitution of Raymond Beatty for Walter Kingsley as Mephistopheles. The cast includes: Marguerite, Molly de Gunst; Faust, Lionello Cecil; Mephistopheles, Raymond Beatty; Valentine, Alfred Cunningham; Siebel, Dulcie Dixon; Martha, Marie Gordon. Conductor, Wando Aldrovandi.

"Con." Orchestra

The programme for the first concert by the N.S.W. State Conservatorium has been announced for next Wednesday night. Respighi's symphonic poem, "The Pines of Rome," is to be repeated. Beethoven's "Fifth" Symphony and the first act of the "Valkyries" are the other big features. Soloists in the Wagner presentation will be Madame Goossens-Vicerey (Sieglinde), Lance Jeffery (Siegmund), and Raymond Beatty (Hunding). The Director, Dr. Orchard, will conduct.

Music Specials

. . . From 2UW

A RECITAL of French music will be given on Friday, March 9, at 8 p.m.

The late Sir Edward Elgar conducting "In the South," played by the London Symphony Orchestra. Sunday, March 11, at 8.30 p.m.

Nine musical comedy selections by the State Theatre Orchestra. Tuesday, March 13, at 8 p.m.

Cesar Franck's Prelude, Choral, and Fugue for Piano, by Alfred Cortot-Wednesday, March 14, at 8.35 p.m.

"Caprice Italien," "Flower Waltz," and "Panorama," Tchaikowsky. Thursday, March 15, at 8.30 p.m.

Fernon Sellars Returns

Mr. Vernon Sellars, who has been away in the Victorian capital on a fortnight's holiday, resumed control of the Breakfast Session on 2UW last Monday, and in addition to hearing his cheery voice from 7 a.m. onwards, he is also heard in association with Miss Amy Ostinga and Clifford Arnold in the Miniature Musicales every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, and as the other half of the "Dial and Smile" presentation every Friday evening, also at 8 o'clock. The topical and variety numbers presented in this session are often quite unexpected in their numerous references to current events.

Gwyneth Lascelles

INTERESTING news is received of Miss Gwyneth Lascelles, who went to England towards the end of last year. At the time of writing Miss Lascelles was playing the part of Fairy Queen in a Sheffield production of the pantomime "Jack and the Beanstalk." Incidentally, shortly after signing this contract, she was offered the part of Pin in "The Belle of New York."



Upholstered in Genoa Velvet, with Velvet trimmings, this sumptuous Lounge Suite is a splendid example of first-class workmanship. The Lounge and Chairs are extra large, with massive arms, and the springing and design are perfect. Constructed for comfort and life-long service, this handsome Suite is remarkable value at This Week's Cash Price, £15/15/-.

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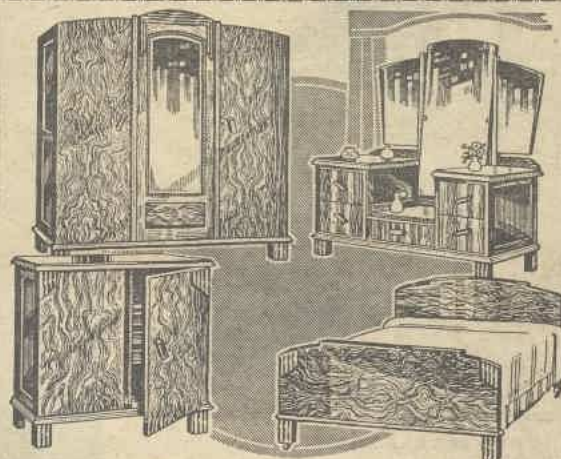
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3/6, 4/3, 4/11 PER YARD



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An AUSTRALIAN-BORN Star

MAY ROBSON

THIS "grand old lady" of the stage and screen has been before the public of the United States for the last fifty years. For a great deal of that time she has toured up and down the country, appearing at all sorts of "one night stands" as well as going to all the great cities. And everywhere she has gone she has made hosts of friends.



By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

HER link with Australia should interest Australian audiences. She was born seventy years ago in Melbourne. Her father, Captain Henry Robson, was an officer of the Royal Navy for some years on the China station. He was a naval superintendent whose job took him about to various places, and it was in order to be near him that his wife got as far as Australia, where the child was born. She did not, however, stay here long. While she was still a small girl, her parents went back to Europe, and May obtained her ordinary education and some tuition in art at Paris and Brussels and London. This last course of study was to stand her in good stead quite soon. For she was left to fend for herself by the time she was twenty. She had run away from school to marry Dr. A. H. Brown, and she went with him to America. But he died after a short married life, and Miss Robson was already a widow and a mother in 1883.

Stage Debut

ONE day she wandered into the office of Hanlon Brothers, theatrical agents, who were advertising then for someone to take a role in "A Voyage to Switzerland." She found the office in a fine confusion, with numbers of people talking, at once and a distracted manager trying to communicate in French with various applicants who could only speak English. For Miss Robson, educated partly in Paris and Brussels, the task of interpreter was easy. And she was straightaway offered the part. Alas, at the first rehearsal her utter lack of stage experience was discovered, and she lost it.

However, nothing daunted, she determined to have another shot elsewhere, and this time she had more success. She was put into the part of the comic maid, Tilly, in an old-fashioned melodrama, called "The Hoop of Gold." That was at Brooklyn Opera House in 1883, and she has been acting ever since, in New York, and on tour, and, last of all, in Hollywood.

It was due to a printer's error on her first programme that the spelling



MAY ROBSON, groomed and dressed for the fine lady scenes of "Lady For a Day."



MAY ROBSON, as Mrs. E. Worthington Manville, shaking hands with the Governor of New York (Hobart Bosworth) at the reception which nearly failed to take place.

MAY ROBSON in her role of "Apple Annie" in the early part of "Lady For a Day," dreaming of her young daughter (Jean Parker), who is behind her.

of her name was shortened to Robson. But, as that occasion was the foundation of her stage career, she decided not to alter it back again.

"The Hoop of Gold," a promising title, certainly brought her luck, for Charles Frohman, the well-known entrepreneur of New York, saw her in it, realised her possibilities, and gave her a contract immediately. She remained with Frohman under contract for more than twenty years without a break.

Though she had her first chance in 1883, and has been steadily at work ever since, it was not until 1907 that she actually reached starring rank. That was in "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary."

A Character Actress

FROM the beginning of her career she has been assigned usually to "character" roles. Her keen eye for oddities and mannerisms, and her joyous gift of mimicry have made that more or less inevitable. Just here, too, her skill in make-up, derived from her art training, has been most valuable. In fact, she has always been so clever at eccentric make-up that many people did not know how she would look on the stage in a "straight" part. The real May Robson so rarely had a chance to appear.

Her wide experience "on the road" has very possibly given her the record for the number of distinct character roles played by any one person. She once started to tot them up, but when she had reached 189 she stopped. It was impossible to count them all.

The film in which she is best remembered so far by Australian audiences is "Mother's Millions," drawn to a certain extent from the life of that remarkable

multi-millionaire miser, Hetty Green, who died a few years ago. Miss Robson's portrayal of the dominant old woman was a very powerful performance. More recently she has been seen with Herbert Marshall in "The Solitaire Man," and in a later release with Lionel Barrymore, "One Man's Journey."

Everybody on the "lot" during the making of "Lady For a Day" was happy to be playing with this lovable veteran actress, who is never tired, never complains, and is always jolly. But a specially close friendship grew up between the star and Jean Parker, the eighteen-year-old novice chosen to play her young daughter. Jean, who is very like in face to what Miss Robson was herself at that age, could often be seen sitting on a hassock at Miss Robson's feet, drinking in her words of wisdom and drawing upon her stores of anecdote and reminiscence.

Miss Robson is most anxious that Jean should not be spoiled. She feels that Jean has a natural dramatic instinct, a lovely grace and sincere feeling. She told her, as she has always told young girls interested in the drama who have come for advice: "If you have an honest desire to work, and to work hard and long, keep it up and you'll get somewhere. But if you want to become an actress because you think it's fun and because you love the glamor of the theatre, give it up."

A little while ago the fiftieth anniversary of Miss Robson's stage debut, which nearly coincided with her seventieth birthday, was the occasion of a great ceremony, and of congratulations from everybody in the profession. Marie Dressler was among the most enthusiastic.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

★ ★ LADY FOR A DAY

May Robson, Warren William, Jean Parker (Columbia). Oil and vinegar can be made to mix, we know, if you take trouble over your mayonnaise. Similarly the seemingly impossible blending of a highly sentimental story with a satirical burlesque element has been accomplished in this film through judicious direction and skilful acting. Sentimentalists can weep and cynics crouch with equal enjoyment, as they see disreputable old "Apple Annie" lifted from her dimy burrow and planted, as Mrs. E. Worthington Manville, in palatial surroundings all ready to consort with New York's Four Hundred.

This elaborate charade is for the benefit of poor old Annie's young daughter (Jean Parker), brought up in Spain in ignorance of her mother's straits and lapses, who arrives with her fiancé and prospective father-in-law, a Count. It is the work of the soft-hearted gangster, Dave the Dude (Warren William), who provides Annie with a pretended wealthy husband in the person of Guy Kibbee, a mellow crook of gentlemanly address, and kidnaps inconvenient reporters. Furthermore, when to the Count's surprise the fashionable world falls to roll up, he drills his gang to represent distinguished members of polite society. The rehearsals are delicious scenes. But the most exquisite moment occurs when Dave, a shame-faced, raffish figure, accompanied by his snarling, apprehensive officer (Ned Sparks), confronts the Mayor and Governor with a plea to call off the encircling police. He tells the story of "Apple Annie" who, by the way, looks more like the grandmother than the mother of her guileless child, and the gilded official throng rally round! The send-off of the travellers on their way back to Spain achieved in consummate style, we are, wisely perhaps, not told what happens to the poor old woman left behind.—State.

★ ★ I'M NO ANGEL

Mae West, Cary Grant (Paramount). VITALITY is the secret of Mae West's success, a vitality and humor, according to London critics, reminiscent of that famous bygone artist of the music halls, Marie Lloyd. Like Marie, she is a hearty vulgarian, good-natured, full of zest. She realises and exploits her type to the utmost, decking her opulent charms in glittering, sequined gowns and clusters of flashing diamonds. In this film, which she wrote herself, Miss West plays the part of a lion-tamer in a travelling circus, who gets at odds with the law because of a pickpocket friend, and, in order to obtain money from the circus proprietor (Edward Arnold) for her defence, agrees to risk the stunt of putting her head in the lion's mouth.

One can believe that she would. What is harder to swallow is that she is now lionised herself to some extent by society and becomes engaged to a wealthy man of business (Cary Grant) and that there is between them a genuine and mutual devotion. However,

2UW Radio Play

THE next "Great Play in Half-an-Hour," by Nancey Stewart and Mayne Linton, is on March 14, at 7.45 p.m., and will be "The Courier of Lyons," more generally known as "The Lyons Mail," under which title it was last played in Australia by the late H. B. Irving.

the court scene where, this time clad in sables, she sues him for breach of promise, because through Arnold's intrigues he has left her on the wedding eve, is very juicy indeed. There is a warmth about her, and an absence of pettiness, that wins our sympathy. We enjoy her ready tongue, and her enemies' discomfiture. The whole thing strains probability. But who cares?—Prince Edward.

★ ★ THE WORLD CHANGES

Paul Muni, Aline MacMahon, Mary Astor (Warner Bros.).

ANOTHER of those full-length biographies, like "Secrets" and "Jennie Gerhardt," and "Power and Glory." The film is a more suitable medium than the stage for displaying the continuous development of central characters against a changing and populous background. And this picture, focussing principally on Paul Muni, the hero of "I Was a Fugitive," from the time of his birth on a trek to the Dakota Territory in the late 1850's, to his death from heart failure in 1929, achieves an admirable balance and progress. Paul Muni's performance is excellent. Margaret Lindsay is his snobbish New York daughter-in-law, and Donald Cook the son who marries her. The other son appears never to recover from having been educated at Oxford. But is that Oxford's fault? Again, the Englishman who is to marry Olin's daughter strikes one as a legendary figure.—Regent.

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—
excellent.
★★ Two stars—
good films.
★ One star—
average films.
No stars . . . no good.

★ ★ HINDLE WAKES

Edmund Gwenn, Sybil Thorndike, Belle Chrystal, Norman McKinnel (Gainsborough).

HOW refreshing it is to see on the screen a drama of real life with real people engaged! So often we are given character types in plots developing theatrically effective situations. Stanley Houghton's well-known Lancashire play is full of meat, and it has been transferred to the screen with remarkable skill by Victor Saville, who has grasped the artistic possibilities of direction. And then it is marvellously acted! Belle Chrystal is the defiant little mill hand, with Edmund Gwenn as her kindly, worried father, and Sybil Thorndike as her mother, tartly censorious, then wishing to make social capital out of her daughter's "bit of fun." There is also Norman McKinnel as the mill-owner, and father of the lad who led the girl astray. With these players what could you expect but all-round excellence? It is sad to think that that fine actor, McKinnel, will appear in films no more. The photography itself has not the brilliance of many current Hollywood pictures. But it should be noted that this film, just released here, was made before Dame Sybil toured Australia. Allowing for this, it is a distinguished production.—Mayfair.

★ ORIENT EXPRESS

Heather Angel, Norman Foster, Ralph Morgan (Fox).

LONG-DISTANCE trains running across a continent of different nationalities provide attractive material almost ready-made for a film, with their contacts between chance-meet passengers and halts at guarded frontier stations. But this latest example is not the best. The story is well enough, though how two lower middle-class Cockneys (Herbert Mundin and Una O'Connor) come to be travelling from Ostend to Constantinople requires adequate explanation, and we are driven to wonder what London or Continental newspaper is likely to employ a young woman, and one given to gin-soaking, as a special reporter-correspondent. Where the film falls short is in its casting. Heather Angel's part suggests someone a little shallower and commoner than this charming actress is able to make herself appear. Norman Foster is suitable for a dullish, worthy young hero, if he were not in this film presumably English. No Englishman of his class ever looked, let alone talked, like this.

Ralph Morgan, too, an actor with some range, does not speak like a native of the Balkans able to pass as an English schoolmaster. And how the local color is smudged when the conductor on a train with cars labelled "Compagnie Internationale des Wagons Lits" is so obviously an American.—Capitol.

★ AGGIE APPLEBY, MAKER OF MEN

Wynne Gibson, Charles Farrell (R. K.O.).

IT is a rather childish notion surely that reckless violence means strength and is always to be admired, though its effects may be inconvenient, whereas a courteous demeanor and neat appearance are unmistakably the signs of a "sisie." Also we get little pleasure from seeing Wynne Gibson, a capable actress, in yet another underworld part. And when in a film we hear a character approached or ridiculed for not "speaking English" we may be sure that such of the strident dialogue as we shall catch will be found in a glossary of American slang. However, the film is relieved by the melancholy humor of Zasu Pitts, and it shows Charles Farrell, so often the ardent suitor of Janet Gaynor, in a fairly comic role. Also, the change into reverse worked by Miss Gibson in the too up-and-coming Red Branahan (William Gargan), and the too mild Adoniram (Farrell) has some interest, though less than the softening effect upon the little guttersnipe spitfire herself of her association with a man who called her Agnes.—Regent.

THE FASHION PARADE BY JESSIE TAIT SKETCHED BY P. PETROV

Varied Surfaces of AUTUMN FABRICS

SHAGGY and smooth surfaces divide honors in the new autumn and winter materials. The fabric world seems to have divided itself neatly into these two main branches, although closer, tighter weaves will be noticeable throughout, and richness and body will predominate in both.

FIRST among the rough variety are the light and heavy woollens frosted with long white Angora hairs. These will be used for very cold weather, for sports and street wear, and are especially smart in dark brown and navy blue.

For sports suits and sports coats there are the new mossy and pebbly woollens, often knitted-looking and often two-toned. Ribbed and corrugated surfaces show herringbone, diagonal, and vertical striped patterns. A surprising thing about these new rough-surfaced fabrics is that they are so soft to the touch.

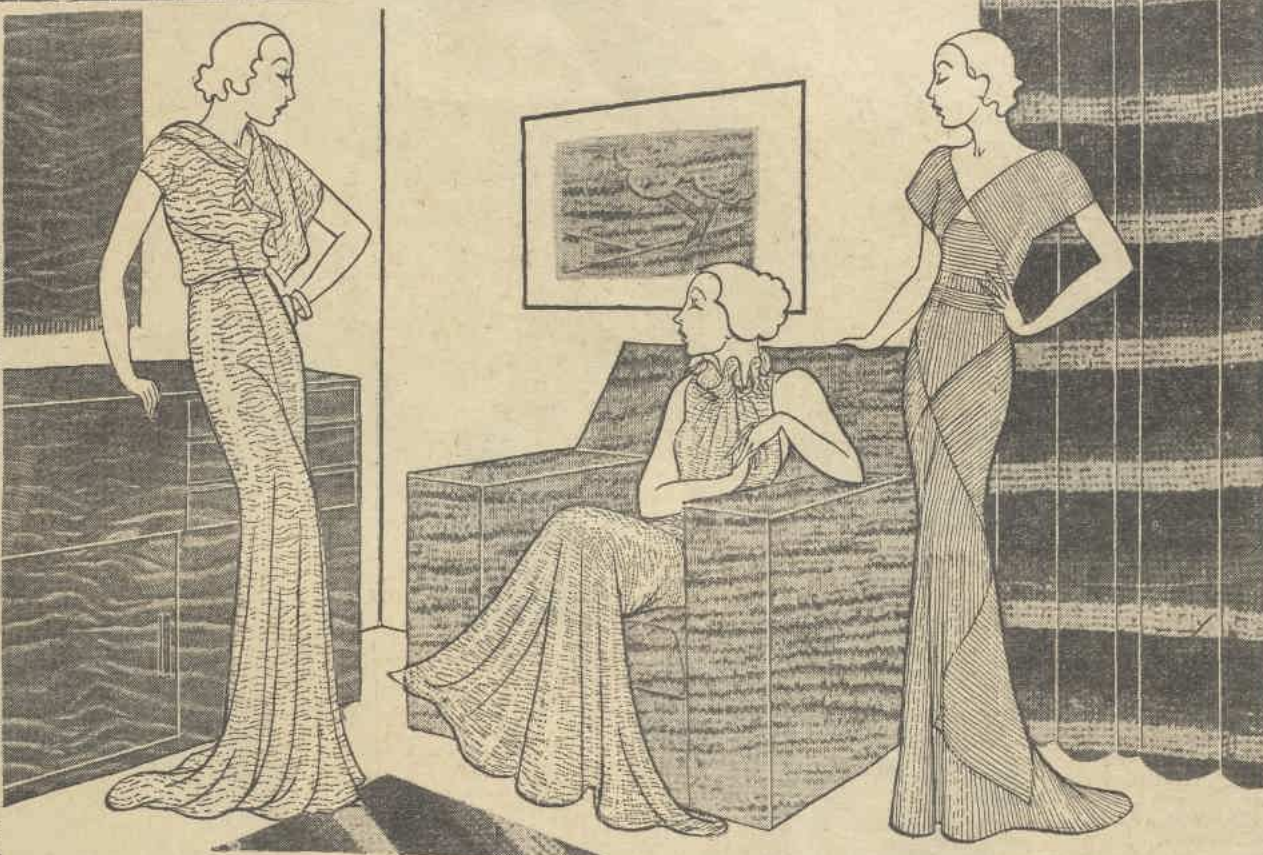
DEEP ribbing is a new design, and will be immensely popular. A particularly pleasing result is obtained by contrasting a rib of cashmere yarn with a ground of dull wool.

Chanel shows many corduroy wools with narrow and very wide ribs. She shows heavy corded cashmere cloth for coatings in rich red, blue, and brown. Cashmere-cloths are in reality what was formerly called broadcloth, only this year they have a dull finish and slightly rough surface.

Country Tweeds

TWEEDS show large, bold patterns in two or three colors, such as red, blue and black, white and yellow. They have "knobby" surfaces with lumps like knots in the wool running through them.

Much tighter are the weaves in all



tweed materials. Stripes and checks are formed by two tones of the one color and two or three contrasting shades.

Rodier—the world-famous maker of woollen fabrics—makes a mixed tweed and, for the coat to wear over it, a plain woollen matching one of the colors. He combines blue and red, grey and red, brown and green, in checks or stripes, for the dress or suit, and then provides blue, grey and brown ribbed woollens for the top coats.

Rough Silks

AMONG the silk materials the rough finish is shown to a great extent. Velvets have wide ribs. They are woven

THE NONCHALANT LADY on the left is frocked in wind-blown satin in the newest variation of "dusty pink." Note its attractive neckline. Taking her ease in a chair which Petrov has obligingly draped in silver lame, her friend is the lucky possessor of an enchanting frock of this same glamorous fabric. It, too, has a very clever neckline. The guest on the right has come along in one of the new ring velvets, which is ingeniously cut to make the most of its stripes of nigger, white and beige.

in stripes showing the matt and shiny, with a hairy overbloom.

Dull, uncrushable velvets are used for sports clothes and day frocks. They have new weaves which give them the appearance of tweeds and other rough wools.

Tree-bark, the rough crepe about which you've heard so much; crepes and satins with a windblown surface; metal threads woven in all sorts of wool, silk

or velvet material—all add to the brilliancy of the rough-surfaced fabrics.

New Jerseys

JERSEYS in new weaves will be used for blouses and practical street frocks. Angora is again used, and fashions some delightfully light sheer cloths that are admirable for jumpers and sports shirts. Chanel showed this season a reversible

jacquard weave jersey. Both sides of the fabric are good-looking, which makes it possible to use the "wrong" side as trimming on a dress featuring the "right" one.

The jerseys are varied in design and color; dots are liked; rectangles of color; tiny embroidered patterns on plain grounds. There are some new jerseys which are guaranteed not to lose their shape. They do not look like jerseys at all, but resemble duvetyn, velvet, and various woollen weaves.

Smooth Weaves

IN the smooth world are the coat woollens for more formal wear—the smoother the smarter. Duvetyns as soft as mouse skin are being widely used. One of their great assets is their lovely tonings. They come in the grey-brown shades called taupe, in blackberry, rust, woody brown, and moss green.

All the fabrics resembling antelope skin and suede will be popular. They are used particularly for millinery.

Broadcloths in all weights in dull and shiny finish will be particularly good for smart top coats with fur collars.

Out of the wide range of silks, satin is outstanding. Dull and heavy, shiny, stiff or supple, it is used extensively for evening and for formal day frocks.

THE vogue for ottoman (a heavy ridged silk) is new for winter evening coats or dinner suits. It features ridging deep and coarse, as worn by our grandmothers, to fine furrows like pique. The surface is very shiny.

The smooth shining materials whose surface is broken up by all-over shirings, stitchings, and quiltings, will be much used for the evening mode.

Velvet, as usual, will reign supreme. The new panes, for dress wear, are smooth and very shiny, and as soft and light as chiffon. For more practical wear there are the dull finish velvets and velveteens. These make many daytime costumes, and are frequently of plaid or striped design.

All metal cloths will appear extensively as gowna wraps, and trimmings for evening, and as tunics, blouses and decorative touches for afternoon.

CLIPS for the hair, designed to hold semi-long tresses in the fashionable pompadour and top-knot hairdresses, come in turquoise, coral and topaz.

COPPER and bronze lame is being used for blouses with formal suits; new stockings come in the same shades.

CHAMOIS leather, in its natural shade, makes new sports blouses.



FORTIFIED in a suit of one of the new boucle tweeds, one may go motor-ing in comfort on the chill autumn days. The suit sported by the girl on the left is in the brave new patterning, which the little dog decided he

would like, too! A navy-cut brown topcoat (centre) of ridged woollen Rodier angora is beautifully tailored. A coat frock (right), also in Rodier fabric, is topped with a scarf of red duvetyn.

Hats Reflected in Autumn's Mirror



• "LASTEY HATTON" — the new fabric with the appearance of crinkled velvet and "stretch" of elastic, that ensures a snug fit, fashions this model of Black and White, with its gnome-like shape and appearance.

• "DUTCH BONNET" in Black Chiffon Velvet is a delightful model with its quaintness and charm, and "off the face" movement. A delicately shirred frill outlines an opening at the back, giving a glimpse of softly waved hair.



• "CONNORS" — the house of the famous "Cross Keys" hats, evolved this sports model of Lima Green Velour, Banded, tucked and feather trimmed, it is ideal for smart sports wear

Models by courtesy Grace Bros.



• "MARCELLE GEORGES" created this ultra-modern model of French Fur Felt and Hation Ottoman. It shows a variation of the new "mortar-board" type of millinery.



• "JOSEPHINE" is the name of this delightful period model of Black Chiffon Velvet, subtly rucked across the crown and worn with a fascinating neck ruffle of the same material.

20, 30, 40 — which age would YOU choose ?



If you could choose an age and live always at that, never becoming older, which age would you choose? Many will at once say "20!"—but think! Consider how dissatisfied youth can be! Some say 40 is best, for then one's ideas are more settled; one has poise, tolerance, and tact. And what of the happy medium—30—is not that the Golden Age? Who can say? This much can be stated—to-day a woman has it more within her power to "choose her age" than at any time in the world's history. By the use of clever modern rejuvenating beautifiers, of which Kathleen Court's Facial Youth is the great outstanding example, any intelligent woman can quickly look from five to fifteen years younger than she otherwise would...

CHOOSE THIS AID —

THEN CHOOSE YOUR AGE!

Facial Youth charms from the skin the enemies that age it, restoring to the skin the factors it needs. It corrects moisture-balance, so that, if your skin is too dry, its oil supply is aided, while if it is too oily, that is normalised by the skillfully contrived balancing function of this wonder beauty cream. Another point about Facial Youth is that it is devised so as not to disturb the natural and essential acid coating of the skin—in itself a strong recommendation. Facial Youth retards hair growth on face, neck and arms, while it prevents and "whitens out" freckles, banishes blemishes and holds powder faultlessly when powder is needed. Facial Youth is an instant-action beautifier—it makes you look adorably young, fresh and lovely the moment you use it. In day cream form in three sizes—handbag tubes at 1/3d., large tubes at 2/- and jars at 2/6d. The cleansing cream form of Facial Youth comes in jars only at 2/6d. All high-class chemists and stores.

facial youth

a bright star among the many brilliant

kathleen court

exquisite aids to loveliness

Worth-Sport CREATIONS Impress PARIS and LONDON

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe

I HAVE often written about Worth, of Rue de la Paix. This week the name crops up, but in reference to an entirely different house. Worth, of Rue de la Paix, is the first established of Paris dressmakers. The Worth of which I write, this week, is one of the newest in the Paris dress world, and is established in the Rue de la Boetie, which is, we hear, the "coming quarter," and this new recruit to the Paris Couture is known as Worth-Sport.

SEVERAL of the models were taken over to London and shown at the Piccadilly Hotel, and everyone seemed to be greatly interested.

The outstanding feature of the collection is the variety in which knitted mohair appears.

We have dim recollections of knitted coats in strange multi-colored effects away back in 1928 or thereabouts. Very different are the knitted mohair coats of to-day. With the latest silhouette giving the long slender line and broad shoulder movement, the coats have a neat, tailored effect, and yet a somewhat "dressy" appearance. The stuff of which they are built is delightfully supple and yet has a certain stiffness of body which is ideal for the modern line.

They represent the sports wear which is typical of to-day. Not the sort of clothes which look all right in the country but dreadful in town. The outdoor girl of 1934 demands comfort and practical wear, but she must feel perfectly at ease for the odd spot at the club-house or lunch at the country club, or even shopping in London on the return trip.

The same type of wear is used for travelling and while a certain simplicity and neatness are always strictly guarded, there is a chic about the newest sports models which makes them very different affairs from the old-fashioned, rough-and-ready wear.

Feminine Sports Wear

IN fact, clothes divide themselves into two categories, the formal and informal, the streamlines of the clinging gowns and befringed coats and the natty but still feminine sports clothes.

The skirts of the frocks are particularly interesting. They look so slender that there is no suspicion of the great freedom of movement afforded until the mannequin displays the extremely wide inverted pleats back and front.

Other skirts give the effect of accordion pleats by reason of ribbed knitting, but this is done very skillfully and without the bulk usually seen by this device.

I feel I must make some mention of the new idea shown in Worth-Sport collection which does away with those clumsy socks which are so unbecoming to ankles. The trousers you will wear for Kosciuszko this season will have

ribbed bands on the leg cuffs, which will pull down over the boots and give an altogether neater and more attractive effect.

Little leather jerkins, looking like pig-skin or the fashionable peccary, are worn over chic jerseys also of mohair, and very often in two colors with contrasting yoke effects.

ONE attractive skiing suit had baggy navy trousers with a red band down the outside of each leg exactly like that of a French gendarme or an English postman. The jaunty red jacket had epaulettes and musical-comedy braiding; in fact the high-crowned peaked cap gave the last touch to an amusing colorful costume which might have come from Ruritania of stage fame.

Laced Yokes

Much more sober, but equally attractive, are the sports skirts with the inverted pleats already described, and the added style points of a deep yoke which is laced up each side, and two pockets, one over each hip just below the lacing.

Wedgwood blue suede made a coat entirely waterproof and yet succeeded at last in being as smart as any other garment. The facings and collar are in bright cherry pink, and match the tambour cap. The cut, as well as the color, had much to do with the effect which made this ensemble an important event in Paris style circles.

Color schemes are an important feature, and it is nice to get away from the eternal hackneyed contrasts. A very soft-toned distant relation of the royal blue family is used on stone grey. A pink, whose mother is coral, and with a mandarin strain from the paternal side, is used on a frock of live grass green, and a very strange shade of henna is used repeatedly.

Our FASHION Service & FREE Pattern



WX380.—Wool-de-chine Frock with fancy sleeves and unusual front bodice treatment. Material required, four and one-eighth yards 36-inch or three yards 54-inch and half-yard 36-inch for trimming. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, two yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX381.—Velvet Frock with cowed dolman sleeves and slightly flared skirt, suitable for large or medium figures. Material required, four and three-quarter yards of 36-inch or three yards of 54-inch and three-quarters yard of 36-inch contrasting. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, two and five-eighths yards. Size 44-inch bust requires four and seven-eighths yards of 36-inch or three and a half yards of 54-inch and three-quarters yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width at hem, two and three-quarter yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, 40, 42, 46, and 48 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX382.—An attractive Tweed Frock with unusual neck finish. Material required, three and three-quarter yards of 36-inch or two and three-quarter yards of 54-inch and three-quarter yard of 36-inch contrasting. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, two and three-quarter yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40-inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX386.—Girl's Tweed Frock. Material required, three and a half yards 36-inch or one and a half yards 54-inch. To fit 12-14 years. Other sizes, 8-10, 10-12 and 14-16 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 9/4d.** for sizes 8-10 and 10-12. Sizes 12-14 and 14-16 years, **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX387.—Small Boy's Silk Smocked Blouse and Serge Trousers. Material required, one and a quarter yards 36-inch for shirt, and half-yard 36-inch for trousers. To fit size 4-6 years. Other sizes, 2-4 and 6-8 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 9/4d.**



WX389.—Knee-length Swagger Coat of tweed, with fancy tailored sleeve. Material required, two and seven-eighths yards of 36-inch or one and seven-eighths yards of 54-inch. To fit size 36-inch bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



WX383.—Flannel Frock with pieced skirt. Material required, four and a half yards of 36-inch. If cut in 54-inch, frock will require two and five-eighths yards. Collar requires half a yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width at hem, one and seven-eighths yards. To fit size 36-inch bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN 1/1.**

WX384.—Tailored Sports Frock with long sleeves, and inverted pleats in skirt. Material required, three and seven-eighths yards of 36-inch. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, two yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40-inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX385.—Jacket, Skirt, and Blouse. Material required, two yards 36-inch for jacket, two and one-eighth yards 36-inch for skirt, and one and five-eighths yards 36-inch for blouse. If cut in 54-inch, jacket will require one and a half yards, and skirt one and three-eighths yards. Width at hem, two yards. To fit size 36-inch bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40-inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

All these patterns may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly on personal application, or by post, at the prices indicated, at:—
Adelaide: S h e l l House, North Terrace.
Brisbane: S h e l l House, Ann St.
Melbourne: T h e Age Chambers, 230 Collins St.
NEWCASTLE: Carrington Chambers, Wall Street.
Sydney: Macdonell House, 221 Pitt St.



WX388.—Small Girl's Flannel Coat with collar and double cape. Material required, two and one-eighth yards 36-inch and five-eighths yard 36-inch contrasting. To fit size 6-8 years. Other sizes, 4-6 and 8-10 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 9/4d.**

FREE PATTERN

In return for this coupon, free patterns are available for one month from day of issue.
ADELAIDE: Shell House, North Terrace.
BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann Street.
MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 230 Collins Street.
NEWCASTLE: Carrington Chambers, Wall Street.
SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 221 Pitt Street.
When free patterns are required by post, forward this coupon and stamp for postage to:
Pattern Dept., The Australian Women's Weekly, at the above addresses.
PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name
Address
State
Pattern Coupon, 10/3/34.

Our Free Pattern is cut to fit size 36in. bust, and all turnings must be allowed for when cutting.

To-day, Yes—
But To-morrow?



People glance at her now... and think what a charming creature... but how long will her beauty remain? Unless she takes the necessary precaution, poisons will sap her vitality, and make her grow old quickly.

Internal Cleanliness is Necessary

Cosmetics won't hide deep lines, and a worn look. All the make-up in the world cannot combat the deadly work of a Poisoned Blood Stream. Cleanliness inside as well as out... must be the resolution of every young girl to-day.

Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts taken every morning in a long glass of warm water will soon expel poisons from your Blood Stream and leave you with a healthy system.

Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts are recommended everywhere for RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, etc. Commence to-day and feel better to-morrow.

At all Chemists and Stores.



Schumann's
MINERAL SPRING
Salts

Purifies but does not Purge



Captivating!

● This very, very slick little Cap...hails from Vienna

KNITTED in flecked wool in any desired color to match your suit, your coat, smartest frock or woolly jumper (con-

sider, by the way, how intriguing it would be in black and blue to match the jumper opposite).

This very latest cap is yours for the making!

Just send 3d. for directions, together with stamped, re-addressed envelope.

And here is another point in its favor—of paramount interest to smart, busy women—this charming affair can be knitted in a few hours.

THE traced lines and patterns quoted on this page may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly on personal application, or by post, at the prices indicated at—
ADELAIDE: 2nd Floor, Shell House, North Terrace.
MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 239 Collins Street.
SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 271 Pitt St.



Nothing equals the popularity of Anchovette for afternoon tea or light suppers. Its delicious flavour appeals to everyone. Use it, too, for children's school lunches—they enjoy it as well as grown-ups, and it is as nutritious as it is appetising.

**FOR TEA
OR SUPPER**
**PECK'S
ANCHOVETTE
FISH PASTE**



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS.

Conducted
by
EVE GYE

Black, Grey and Two Lovely Blues for Chic

Here's the smartest thing in plaid jumpers, yet it is designed on simple lines and knitted in the simplest of stitches.

START to-day to knit yourself the prettiest and the cosiest garment you could wish for—defy the dullest, coldest days which, alas! will come too soon.

MATERIALS REQUIRED

Pair No. 10 bone needles, pair No. 12 bone needles, 4 steel No. 12 needles pointed at both ends, 2 skeins white wool 4-ply, 2 skeins grey, 7 skeins black, 4 blue.

The jumper is knitted in stocking stitch. When changing from one color to another, twist one wool over the other at first stitch.

THE FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 124 stitches with black wool; knit 1, pearl 1, for 5 inches. Change on to No. 10 needles.

1st Row: 14 black, 2 white, 14 black, 2 white, 14 black, 42 blue, 14 black, 2 white, 14 black, 2 white, 14 black.

Repeat 1st row 21 times.

23rd and 24th Rows: White.

Repeat 1st row 22 times.

47th Row: 14 blue, 2 white, 14 blue,

2 white, 14 blue, 42 grey, 14 blue, 2 white, 14 blue, 2 white, 14 blue.

Repeat 47th row 43 times.

91st Row: 14 black, 2 white, 14 black, 2 white, 14 black, 42 blue, 14 black, 2 white, 14 black, 2 white, 14 black.

92nd Row: Repeat 91st row.

93rd Row: Cast off 7 stitches at armhole, 7 black, 2 white, 14 black, 2 white, 14 black, 42 blue, 14 black, 2 white, 14 black, 2 white, 14 black.

94th Row: Cast off 7 stitches, 2 white, 14 black, 2 white, 14 black, 42 blue, 14 black, 2 white, 14 black, 2 white, 7 black.

95th Row: Knit 2 together, 5 black, 2 white, 14 black, 2 white, 14 black, 42 blue, 14 black, 2 white, 14 black, 2 white, 5 black, knit 2 together.

Knit 2 together every alternate row until you have 12 black, 2 white, 14 black, 42 blue, 14 black, 2 white, 12 black on needles.

114th and 115th Rows: White.

116th Row: 12 black, 2 white, 14 black, 2 white, 13 blue, cast off 16 blue. Knit 13 blue, 14 black, 2 white, 12 black.

117th Row: 12 black, 2 white, 14 black. Turn.

118th Row: Knit 2 together, 12 black, 2 white, 12 black.

Knit 2 together at neck every alternate row until you have 14 black, 2 white, 12 black on needles.

138th Row: 12 blue, 2 white, 14 blue. Repeat 138th row 17 times.

156th Row: Cast off 6 stitches at shoulder, 6 blue, 2 white, 14 blue. Turn.

157th Row: 14 blue, 2 white, 6 blue. Repeat 156th and 157th row until all stitches are cast off. Break off wool and work other shoulder.

THE BACK

Knit back the same as front until armhole is reached. Then proceed:

93rd Row: Cast off 6 stitches, 6 black, 2 white, 14 black, 2 white, 14 black, 42 blue, 14 black, 2 white, 14 black, 2 white, 14 black.

94th Row: Cast off 6 stitches, 6 black, 2 white, 14 black, 2 white, 14 black, 42 blue, 14 black, 2 white, 14 black, 2 white, 6 black. Knit 2 together.

Knit 2 together at each end every alternate row until you have 13 black, 2 white, 14 black, 42 blue, 14 black, 2 white, 13 black on needles.

Repeat this row nine times.

114th and 115th Rows: White.

116th Row: 13 black, 2 white, 14 black, 42 blue, 14 black, 2 white, 13 black.

Repeat 116th row 21 times.

138th Row: 13 blue, 2 white, 14 blue, 42 grey, 14 blue, 2 white, 13 blue. Repeat 138th row 8 times.



SMARTLY effective, isn't it?

147th Row: 13 blue, 2 white, 14 blue, cast off, 42 grey, 14 blue, 2 white, 13 blue.

148th Row: 13 blue, 2 white, 14 blue. Turn.

149th Row: 14 blue, 2 white, 13 blue.

150th Row: Cast off, 6 blue, 7 blue, 2 white, 14 blue. Turn.

151st Row: 14 blue, 2 white, 7 blue. Turn. Cast off 6 stitches at a time from armhole till all are cast off.

THE SLEEVE

1st Row: Cast on 80 stitches in blue. Knit 2nd row.

3rd Row: Cast on 8 stitches, knit 80.

4th Row: Cast on 8 stitches, knit 88 stitches.

5th Row: With grey wool cast on 8 stitches, 23 grey, 50 blue, 23 grey.

6th Row: Cast on with grey wool 8 stitches, 23 grey, 50 blue, 31 grey.

7th Row: Cast on 8 grey, 31 grey, 50 blue, 31 grey.

8th Row: Cast on 8 grey, 31 grey, 50 blue, 39 grey.

9th Row: 39 grey, 50 blue, 39 grey. Repeat 9th row 8 times.

18th Row: Knit 2 together each end, continue the pattern for another 24 rows, knitting 2 together at each end every 10th row.

43rd Row: 36 blue, 50 black, 36 blue. Repeat 43rd row 20 times, continuing to decrease every 10th row.

64th and 65th Rows: White.

66th Row: 34 blue, 50 black, 34 blue. Repeat 66th row 20 times.

Change on to No. 12 needles, and with black wool knit 1, purl 1 for 12 inches.

THE NECK

Join back to front at shoulders. Pick up stitches around neck on 3 No. 12 needles and with black wool knit 1, purl 1 for 9 rows, 1 row grey, 1 row white, 1 row blue. Cast off.

Join up other seams, and press.

FOR Little GIRLS

Send for these!

THE little girl nearest you is wearing a neat crash overall, which ties in a bow at her back. It is piped in color and shows a fast-color cretonne band at foot. The only work required is a touch of embroidery, which you see. These can be had in sizes 18, 20, 22, and 24 inches for 2/3, post free.

At right is such a pretty linen apron in green, blue, lemon, or sky blue, showing a gay pocket and top in fast-color cretonne with traced motif for quick stitchery. Same sizes as quoted above. Price, 1/8 each. State color required.



THE DAINTIEST frock can be kept perfectly fresh and spotless with these little aprons. Send for one—or two—to-day.

HOLLYHOCKS for Color

Send for the transfer and make this handy shopping-bag. Use it to decorate curtains, cushions, etc., also. Price 6d. post free.

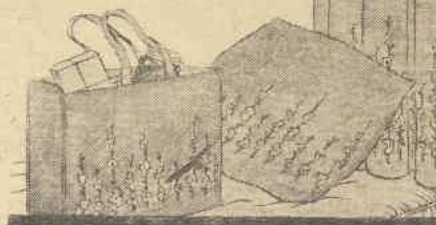
MATERIALS required for the bag, as shown: 1 yard canvas, 12 inches wide; cretonne or saten for lining; small piece of cardboard. Cut two pieces of canvas from the yard, measuring 4 inches wide and 11 inches long, for gussets. Two pieces, 12 inches long, and 14 inches wide for handles. The remainder of canvas is for bag.

Fold 11 inches—this is the front portion. Fold 11 inches at the back, and the 3 inches left in the centre is the bottom of the bag. Iron off the transfer and embroider.

Turn in all the sides and a hem about an inch deep at the top. Stitch on to this portion an extra piece of lining. Inserting the cardboard between the two.

Turn in the edges of the gussets and line in the same way, not forgetting the handles also. Sew the gussets firmly in at each side with blanket stitch. Fix the handles on firmly, and work a few running stitches on the end with bright wool to complete.

The hollyhock transfer measures 8 by 30 inches. Send for it. Price 6d.



Just an IDEA

A friend of mine has just completed a most charming set—curtains, tablecloth, and cushion—fashioned from inexpensive casement cloth and colorful cretonne. The floral motifs were cut from the cretonne, and simply machined down on the material, as shown above. The effect was delightful.

THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY

FOR our Don Bradman is sure to be
A pain in the neck to the men o'er the sea,
and many other topicalities were included in the community songs at the cricketers' ball last Saturday evening, at which 1200 dancers helped towards raising funds for the Royal Hospital for Women.

As it was the first large charity ball of the season, everyone was particularly bright and cheery, barn-dancing, looking with admiring awe at members of the team, and speaking into the broadcasting microphone, reserved for the team, when nobody of an official nature was looking.

Among those present were Mr. Jack Gregory, who was so busy dancing with Lady Julius and Lady Walder and others that he only had his first dance with his wife (president of the ball) after midnight; Mr. Aubrey Halloran, who energetically danced every dance until about 12.30, when he suddenly discovered in Mrs. H. Holmes an old friend, and sat out for the rest of the party to talk over old times; Miss Lett Waddy (secretary) brought numerous members of her family to swell the numbers; Dr. Ross, who is in charge of Gladstone mental home was present, needless to say, in purely unofficial capacity; Eric Sholl, who drew "elephants running like anything" for the rest of his party, Sybil Barncastle, making the most of her Saturdays before "Springtime for Henry" at the Savoy, absorbs them; Mrs. Bicknell, Mrs. John Taylor, a party from Vaucluse including Mrs. W. C. Bull, Edythe Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Stafford, and Mr. Oswald Anderson, and 20 debutantes.

SHIRLEY OLD GIRLS are giving a party on March 18, at the Girls' Secondary Schools' Club, to welcome Mrs. C. Laird (Ada Saunders), former co-principal of the school.

ALTHOUGH she has not been feeling too well lately, Mrs. R. H. Swainson not only gave two parties to 22 persons each on two days last week, but entertained about ten more guests in the evening.

The parties were both farewells to friends who are going abroad. The first was in honor of Mrs. Arrowsmith, who returned recently to Sydney to collect all her possessions to take back with her. Those present included Mrs. Arthur Eddy, Mrs. Tom Robert, Mrs. Colwell, Mrs. T. V. Stalky, Mrs. Puddicombe, Mrs. W. J. Sinclair, Mrs. Herbert Sinclair, Lady Reed, Mrs. Jacobson, Mrs. Samuel (Mayores of Vaucluse), Mrs. Wakein, Mrs. Norman Thomas, Mrs. Connell, Mrs. Louth, Mrs. Herbert Channan, Mrs. Reeves, Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. Burke and her daughter, Mrs. Maloney.

MRS. GEORGE MAIN has left her station home, "The Retreat," near Cootamundra, and is enjoying the Pacific breakers at Colliery in company with her daughters, Jean and Agnes.

DURING the week-end a number of people, all interested in supplying St. Andrew's College with a new cricket pitch, gathered on four neighboring tennis courts at Bellevue Hill. John Riddle and Betty Lipscomb, both of whom are University champions, won the tournament, although David Sutherland and his partner, Helen Bowker, a former S.C.E.G.S. champion, were a close second.

ADMIRAL DALGLISH and his family will continue to live in their home at Rose Bay till April 21, when they leave by the "Strathaird."

The home has been sold to Mr. Arnold Johnson, an Englishman, who is cabling to his wife to come out when the house is all in order, about May next.

AT the first meeting for the year of the literary circle of the Girls' Secondary Schools' Club the other day, which took the form of a mock banquet, with toasts, the secretary, Miss Mildred Rees, seconding the toast of the club, explained that it was the only club of its kind (except a newly-formed association in Perth) in the world.

VIOLET TIVY is to be the guest of Mrs. Arthur Austin at Bowral. Mrs. Austin has taken the Scott, Warren house, and Violet, who is over from Melbourne, is looking forward to her holiday.



MISS BESSIE BALDWIN, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Baldwin, of "Kyalla," Gulgong, who is holidaying in Sydney at present and staying at the Carlton.

-Dorothy Welding.

MRS. F. B. BARNES, of New Farm, Brisbane, and Mrs. Ralph Clifton, have decided to go to the Carrington, at Katoomba, to enjoy some mountain air, before returning to Queensland.

MRS. W. T. TRELOAR, of Gordon, has been entertained at a round of farewells during the past fortnight, prior to leaving by the "Kamo Maru" with her husband on a visit to their son, Dr. A. E. Treloar, Professor of Agricultural Science at the Minnesota University, St. Paul, U.S.A. Mrs. Treloar was presented at one party with a selection of volumes by members of the Church Aid Auxiliary, Methodist Church, Gordon, of which she was secretary and an active worker for several years.

GEORGE WILKINSON, Professor and Mrs. Leslie Wilkinson's son, is leaving for England next Saturday with Professor and Mrs. Dawson. George is going to study law in London with Mrs. Wilkinson's brother.

MRS. ARNOLD DUPAIN has moved from her flat to a house in Hopetoun Av., Vaucluse. Mr. Dupain is due from Port Moresby this week.

MR. AND MRS. OSBORNE CLARK, who came over from New Zealand recently, gave a house-warming in the shape of a short party at their new flat, "Blackstone," Elizabeth Bay, on Saturday last. Those present included Mrs. Clark's sister, Marie Holmes, Albert Ballenstein, Guy Manning, and Tom Skilman. Mrs. Holmes and Marie left on Monday for a month's holiday at Craigieburn.

After Easter they will return to their home in Beresford Rd., Rose Bay. Marie means to do plenty of riding and play as much tennis as possible at Bowral.

MANY farewells are being given to Mrs. Walker Renshaw, who leaves very soon for England. On Friday last a party was arranged by Miss Edith Bare, of Rossville, at which Mrs. J. Walker Roberts, Mrs. Harold Renshaw, Mrs. J. C. Bradfield, Mrs. Charles McLean, Mrs. Shaw and Miss Shaw, Miss Cotterdell, Miss Markwell, and Misses Isabel and Lillian Davies were also present. Mrs. Bradfield, as is her custom, gave the guest of honor some lovely flowers from her garden.

By Jane Anne Seymour

THE engagement is announced of Miss Eileen O'Connor, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. O'Connor, of King St., Canterbury, to Mr. Norman Holden, only son of Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Holden, of Gordon St., Burwood.

SUE WHITE (daughter of Mrs. Victor White) and Roslyn Welch are back from New Zealand, where they had a marvellous time. Barbara Warry is still over there. She went with her aunt, Miss Fanny Gordon, to the Waitangi celebrations, and after seeing 5000 Maoris do their dance of defiance to the Pakehas, and their rowing exercises and other diversions, they decided to tour the islands.

NOTED in the dress circle at the Royal last Friday night, a Ministerial party, which included the Prime Minister and Mrs. J. A. Lyons.

Mrs. Lyons was in black with a pretty parma violet wrap, and, as usual, looked very charming. I overheard her say she'd had an enjoyable day, and observed that the whole party seemed thoroughly to appreciate the gaiety of "Du Barry."

INCLUDED in the settings of old Government House, Parramatta, which are already being made for the Governor's Ball, there is to be an heraldic arch which should create much interest, and is being designed by Professor Leslie Wilkinson. This should prove a wonderful background for the acts.

Now that they are getting themselves sorted out and finally decided, the acts are giving promise of great things. The Governor and Lady Game's set, and that of Mrs. A. T. Anderson, are said to be going swimmingly. Also a great satisfaction to the committee is the promised representation by Mr. Nash, a descendant of one of Governor Phillip's officers, of that Governor.

Mr. Nash, whose great-grandfather was born two days after the fleet reached Sydney, is coming all the way from beyond Bathurst to take part in the pageant.

FOR Friday, Helen MacDougall has arranged a party at the Pickwick Club in honor of her cousin, Miss Valerie Crisford, who is leaving shortly for England, where she will marry Mr. Alec Baillgate.

A CHEERY letter from Mrs. M. Henry reports that she has been having a delightful time since leaving Australia last October. Hong Kong, Japan, Bombay, Delhi all obligingly came up to expectations.

With her father, Mr. Arthur Feez, she has gone on to Marseilles, and the travellers do not expect to return to Sydney till next October.

ON Monday about forty of her friends, practically all of them Vaucluse neighbors, entertained at Hordern Bros. in honor of Mrs. Arthur Love, who, with her husband, sailed on Wednesday in the "Mooltan" for London. Mr. Love is an M.A. of Oxford, and with his brothers, attended an English Public School, so that he is particularly looking forward to the trip.

At the party Mrs. Love was presented with an illuminated address done by Mr. Packham, containing three water colors. One depicted the view down the harbor from Mrs. Love's home, another was St. Michael's Church, Rose Bay, and the third showed the "Mooltan" sailing down the harbor. Guests who signed the address included Miss Cicely Packham, Mrs. Frankie, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Furness, Miss Spring Brown, Mrs. Leslie Wilkinson, Mrs. B. B. O'Connor, sen., and Mrs. W. G. Armstrong.

MISSSES MAY AND AMY MACLEOD left by the "Kamo Maru" a few days ago, bound for Japan, where they will travel over the same route that their father, the late William Macleod, of "Dunvegan," Moama, enjoyed so much on his visit there some years ago.

Bertha Clarke left by the same ship what a large party of tourists in her charge. Her tour is made at varying seasons of the year when Japan's famed festivals of cherry blossom or chrysanthemum are being celebrated. The day the ship left was "Girls' Day" in the Kingdom of the Mikado, where even dolls have their day.

WITH the beginning of the dancing season, young people are starting again the season of private parties, too. Mrs. Olive Teece is giving a young people's dance on March 23 for daughter Elizabeth in her home in Drumalbyn Rd., Bellevue Hill.

Mrs. Longworth is giving a dance this week at Double Bay for daughter Frances, and Mrs. Barrett is giving another for daughter Joy at Point Piper.

Extra Warmth...



but no
EXTRA COST!

It's because of their deep, lasting fleeciness that Challenge Blankets are so warm and comfortable. The nap doesn't come out in use or disappear in washing. And they have ample width and length for cosy tucking-in. Ask to see a Challenge Blanket... you can tell the difference by the touch.

**CHALLENGE
BLANKETS**

Odourless, free from filling and fully guaranteed by every retailer.

UC1

STRIVING for Better Working CONDITIONS

Women Who Have Spent Their Lives in Service of Others

Many fine women have been associated with the political and social work of this State in the last quarter of a century, and their work has received much publicity.

But outside of these there is another large body of women whose activities have been mainly confined to the industrial sphere, where they have spent their lives in endeavoring to ameliorate the conditions of their fellow workers in industry.

NEW SOUTH WALES has 66 industrial unions affiliated with the Trades Hall Council, of which 15 include women members.

These unions represent some 125,000 members, of whom about one-third are women.

The Allied Clothing Trades Union represents numerically the strongest body of women unionists in N.S.W. with about 10,000 members, of whom 8000 are women. In 1919 the union secured a 44-hour working week for the trade, which has remained in force ever since.

Women have always been actively engaged in the organization of the industry, and at present there are two women members of the executive.

They have been responsible for many

improvements in the conditions of the industry, particularly in regard to payment for annual holidays and time off for morning tea, and are now agitating for annual leave for all members in the industry.

About 500 women are members of the Hospital Employees' Union, which includes nurses, wardmaids, laundry women, and clerical workers in hospitals. The best-known worker in this organization is Nurse Francis, J.P., who is a member of the executive.

Nurse Francis is also well known in the political sphere, having been associated with the Labor movement for many years past. She unsuccessfully contested the Waverley State Electorate in 1929. She is also secretary of the Women's Hostel, and of the



MISS CARMEL NYHAM
—Women's Weekly photo.

Women's Organising Committee of New South Wales.

Nurse Finlay is another woman who has done stalwart work in connection with the hospital employees' conditions.

OVER 3000 women are members of the Hotel Club and Restaurant Employees' Union. Much of the successful organization of this union is attributed to the work of Mrs. Lena Lynch and Miss Hughes, neither of whom is now connected with the industry.

Mrs. Lynch was appointed to the Commonwealth Film Board, and Miss Hughes, now married, is concerning herself with industrial affairs in her own home.

The Australian Workers' Union has some 2000 women members in N.S.W., the majority of them being engaged in fruit-packing and in factory work.

The organization in this union is almost wholly confined to men, although women delegates represent the union in various factories.

The food-preserving industry has about 900 women members of unions, but the work is only seasonal, and the majority of employees are domestic women and young girls.



TIS DURING WEATHER LIKE THIS



—that you will appreciate an up-to-date gas copper in your laundry. This handy clothes boiler changes the whole aspect of washing by ridding the laundry of heat and smoke . . .

doing away with dirt, smuts and ashes . . . saving no end of work and worry, and making your laundry clean, cool and comfortable.

By taking advantage of our special offer you can make this wonderful change for as little as £6, and all you need pay is 10/- deposit and 10/- per month.

Here are the details of our special laundry modernising offer:—

- Demolishing old fuel copper ... 15/-
- Fixing gas copper (provided house pipes are suitable) ... 20/-
- New gas copper, cash price from 70/9

Why put up with the drudgery and inconvenience of a hot, uncomfortable fuel copper when you can completely modernise your laundry for 10/- deposit and 10/- per month?

At your service always

THE AUSTRALIAN GAS LIGHT COMPANY

Show and Demonstration Rooms:
Pitt and Barlow Streets (near Central Station)

GAS COSTS LESS THAN 1d. A UNIT



MRS. KATE DWYER
—Women's Weekly photo.

organising women in industry before being appointed as an Early Closing Inspector, and in the latter capacity, for 27 years she faithfully looked after the interests and welfare of thousands of women employed in shops and factories. Ill-health compelled her to relinquish her position before she had reached the retiring age.

Miss Annie Golding was associated with Mrs. Dwyer and Mrs. Mankie in the organization of the Women Workers' Union. Although 80 years of age she is still an ardent industrialist, and only last week delivered an interesting lecture to women in the Adyar Hall, the subject being, "What women have secured through the vote."

Mrs. Dwyer devoted over 30 years of her life to industrial matters, and has written extensively on political and women's questions during that period. Her whole life has been an effort to ameliorate the conditions of her fellow women. She herself opened a factory for indigent women, where for two years she taught them trades, and no movement for the betterment of the conditions of women in New South Wales during the present century has not had her active support.

DON'T ... FORGET

A social afternoon and card party will be held by the Women's Justice Association at David Jones on March 15.

Miss Isabel McCordale, national director of the Women's Christian Temperance Union Educational Movement, will speak in the Congregational Church, Lakemba, on March 14.

A special meeting of the directors, presidents, and secretaries of the metropolitan centres of St. Luke's Hospital has been convened for 2 p.m. on March 14, in the Oak Room, Farmers.

At the annual general meeting of the Doremy College, Five Dock, it was decided to hold the annual dance at Farmer's Blackland Chalmers on May 18. All ex-students are invited also to attend the tennis tournament, and Back-to-College Day, which will be held at the college on April 15. For further information ring Peckham 1517.

Mrs. A. L. Turner, of "Gundaroo," Queensbury Rd., Penshurst, has lent her home and grounds for a garden party in aid of the Penshurst Red Cross Branch, on March 14. A miniature zoo will be one of the attractions.

One of the first activities of the year of the Paramatta Red Cross Branch is an Australian tea and gift afternoon to be held in the grounds of "Stalam," the home of Mrs. T. R. Monahan, at Serrell St., Paramatta, on March 17. The opening ceremony will be performed by Mrs. F. H. Stewart, wife of the Minister for Commerce.

A bridge party is being organised by the Randwick Red Cross Branch to complete its annual quota of £100 to the headquarters of the society. The party will be held in the Randwick Town Hall on the afternoon of April 11.

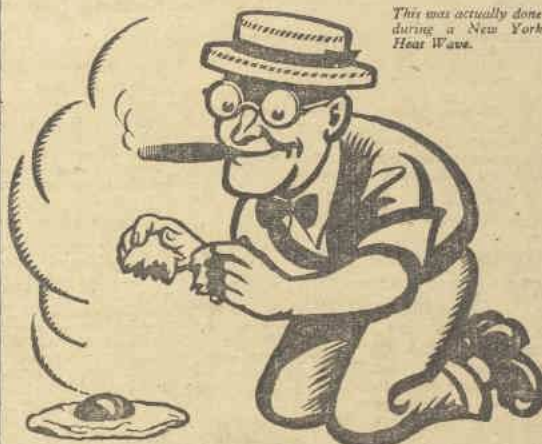
The Sydney High School Old Girls' Union will produce the comedy "Baa Baa Black Sheep" on March 21 and 24, at the Assembly Hall, Moore Park. Proceeds are to be given to the fund to establish the new playing fields of the school.

On April 5 Mrs. Street will address the United Associations' members upon "The Economic Independence of Married Women."

To augment the funds of the Chatswood Auxiliary Younger Set, a dance will be held in the Town Hall, Chatswood, on March 10, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the circle's endowment in the Royal North Shore Hospital. Mrs. J. O. A. Girius, Mayores of Willoughby and president of the circle, will act as hostess for the evening. Miss L. E. Hammond, hon. secretary, and Miss M. Southwell-Kesby, hon. treasurer, are working hard for the success of the function.

On March 12 the United Australia Party Women's Educational Circle will hold an "At Home" at the Arts Club, when Mrs. J. A. Lyons, B.A., will be guest of honor.

FRYING AN EGG ON THE PAVEMENT—



This was actually done during a New York Heat Wave.

Can you digest this?

A kinda tough egg, huh? But your breakfast eggs—and bacon—need never be too much for you to digest. A golden dab of fresh Mustard will gently stimulate your digestion to deal perfectly with those sizzling rashers and spluttering eggs. Mustard immensely improves their flavour, too. And this applies to all meats—sausage or bacon or beef or pork.

it's nicer
with Mustard
— Keen's Mustard

A POWERFUL organization is the Shop Assistants' Union with a membership of about 7000, of whom 3000 are women. The industry covers all employees in shops, warehouses, and pharmacies.

In the early struggles of this union many women took an active part, and a number are still holding executive positions. Their work is done entirely in union circles, and, as most of them

A DAILY service of women's news supplied by The Australian Women's Weekly is broadcast from 2UW every afternoon at 2 o'clock. Listen-in to Dorothea Vautier's Women's Hour for this feature.

are in employment in shops and factories their activities are known only to the union.

Thirty years ago when the union was formed it was a common thing for girls to be employed in shops for the first 12 months without wages, and over 600 girls in Sydney alone were working for 5/- a week and under.

The hours of employment were 60 and more per week, and no overtime or tea money was paid for late nights. All these conditions have been remedied by the activity of the union, which stands to-day as a strong and capable organization; in fact, one of the strongest in the State.

Women are represented on all the conciliation committees and on the executive of the State Council. Miss Stuart Robertson was a prominent worker in this union in the early days. She is now employed in the Department of Labor and Industry. Considerable organizing work was also carried out by Miss McPadyen.

PERHAPS the best-known worker in the movement is Miss Carmel Nyham, who was president up till last year of the Six-Hour Day Committee. Among the pioneer workers associated with the shop assistants were Miss Chisholm, Miss Sullivan, and Miss Anderson.

Other unions with large numbers of women members, but whose organization is controlled mainly by men, are the textile workers, with 6000 members, the liquor trades, rubber workers, and the printing industry and the leather trades.

NO record of industrial workers in New South Wales would be complete without reference to the Golding sisters, the Misses Annie and Belle Golding, and Mrs. Kate Dwyer. Miss Belle Golding spent years in

Intimate Jottings



Good Companions

WHEN Archdeacon Needham (Orange), who is taking a holiday trip to England, arrived in Sydney he was rather put out because he had to wait for a boat. But his sorrow was turned to joy when he found that his brother, Rev. John Needham, chairman of the Australian Board of Missions, would be his companion.

Rev. John has received a cable to attend a Conference of Missionaries in London. The brothers will sail in the "Esperance Bay." Great friends since childhood, their duties now divide them, and they are eagerly looking forward to the journey.

Legacy and Change

MRS. DENEEN, of Vaucluse, is very delighted because her son, Maynard, was appointed last week to be medical superintendent of the Masonic Hospital, Ashfield. Mrs. Deneen has two more sons who are to follow medical careers. Dr. Deneen is now called Dr. Maynard Deneen Scott, having recently been left a legacy by an aunt, the condition of which was that he should take the name of Scott.

A Studious Trip

DR. AND MRS. GARNET HALLORAN are off again to Europe in a few weeks' time, so that the doctor can pursue his studies in the European centres. The seven-year-old twins will be left at boarding school.

Their Ruling Passion

THE luxury ship, "Francia," was lunching the Press last week when the subject of American millionaires and their passion for reserved suites came on the carpet.

A P. and O. man beat a Cunard man to the best story by producing a copy of a telegram he'd just received.

It came from N.Z., and it read:

"Make reservations for self and wife, two sons, and tutor, wife's maid, my valet, two younger children, governess, and nurse. Stop. Add up makes eleven. Stop. We travel de-luxe."

Visiting England

MRS. D'ARCY IRVINE (widow of the late Bishop coadjutor) is leaving in April for a trip to England. Her step-children are not living with her at present, so she can leave them without having to worry about homes for them.

Dorothy, who spends a lot of her time nowadays at Government House helping Mr. Budge, shares a flat with Tom, and Charles is living in a flat on his own.

All In Training

WHETHER they were already cutting out any tendency to "high living" (if, indeed, sport enthusiasts ever are attracted by the flesh pots) or not, it was interesting to note that at the luncheon given in honor of the N.S.W. tennis representatives, who leave in the "Orford" for England, not one woman at the official table smoked.

To Greet Mr. Bruce

AT a recent "At Home" in London to Australia's High Commissioner, Mr. S. M. Bruce, and Mrs. Bruce, an astonishing number of Australians turned up. A London paper remarked that an average number of 17,000 Australians is always either resident in or visiting England, and that quite a large proportion of them must have been present to greet their distinguished countryman! Mr. and Mrs. Bruce warmly greeted each guest personally.

Lane Mullins Baby

THE George Lane Mullins baby, which arrived last week, and is the first of the new generation of Lane Mullins, is to be called Albert George, not after the Royal Family, but after his grandfathers.

George, the baby's father, is the youngest of the Lane Mullins quartet. The rest vacated their bachelor flat in Woollahra, which they shared, so that George could bring his bride there. As it is near "Karitane," the hospital wanted it for their nurses, so Mr. and Mrs. George Mullins have moved to a cottage in Onslow Av. Mrs. Mullins was Mollie Hawkes, daughter of the Inspector of A.B.C. Banks.

Great Rejoicings

THERE are great rejoicings over the arrival of the firstborn (a daughter) in the family of Mr. and Mrs. George Rich, well-known country folk. Mrs. Rich was Lena Dight, sister of Betty Dight, the country tennis player.

Visiting Bowral

ANYONE who visits Bowral at this time of the year will find plenty of pleasant people staying in and round about, although a good many of the residents like to spend their holidays elsewhere. I have just heard that Miss Violet Tivey, daughter of General Tivey, of Melbourne, will be the guest of Mrs. Arthur Austin, who has taken the Scott Waynes' house there.

with her parents, General and Mrs. A. T. Anderson, is due there on March 20.

Among Bethia Foott's friends the "Baby Poppa," as she calls her car, is looked upon as being most adaptable, in the way of expanding, as it were, to order. But the owner of the car is wondering how she will get her crinoline into it on the night of the Governor's Ball, when she is to appear as Lady Belmore, in her mother's set.

Other girls who will take part in it include the Ramsay twins, Gwen and Jean, Ivy, Betty, and Margaret Chisholm, Clarice Faithfull Anderson, and Alison Bundock.

A Reunited Family

MRS. A. C. EBSWORTH, of Edgecliff Rd., is thoroughly happy now that she has both her beautiful twin daughters with her once more. Elaine Ebsworth is just back from a thrilling trip to Kenya Colony, and Mary (Mrs. Colin Simson) has arrived with her two lovely girls.

Mrs. Ebsworth's other daughter, Isabel, is the wife of Dr. Joseph Canny, Professor of Physiology.

Decorative Background

MISS STELLA GEORGE has just bought a delightful bungalow at Clifton Gardens, where the walled garden will make a decorative background for her Samoyede dog. At the beginning of next month she intends moving from the flat in Kardinia Rd. to her new home, which is not so very far away.

In and Out of Society .: By WEP



Romantic Engagement

A FEW weeks ago, friends in Melbourne wrote to Hope Garling, asking her to look after a young friend of theirs, Mr. Theo. Unmack, who was coming to Sydney on holiday from a station in West Australia.

Hope duly looked after him, taking him to the Zoo, the Art Gallery, the Museum, and other show places. Last Saturday their engagement was announced to Hope's family (she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chester Garling, of Double Bay), all of whom highly approve, though after the wedding, which will probably take place in about 12 months, Hope will live in the West.

Mr. Unmack left on Sunday for Roy Hill Station, West Australia.

First and Second

LILIAN FROST bade adieu a few days ago to her lifelong friend, Lilian Clarence, of Darling Point. Among their friends Miss Frost is known as "Lillian the First," and Miss Clarence as "Lillian the Second."

"Lillian the Second" has a penchant for seeing far places and most of her time is spent wandering round the globe, so "Lillian the First" puts in quite a fair amount of time waving her farewell.

At Queen's Club

LADY ISAACS, wife of the Governor-General, is staying at the Queen's Club during the week she is in town. The Vice-Regal family spend most of their time at Canberra, but Lady Isaacs was here for so many years that she has many friends, although she really belongs to Melbourne.

Her sister, Mrs. Harry Levy, lived in Sydney for most of her married life, until after the death of her husband when she went to England. She came out recently on a visit.

Historic Home

"MERRIVALE," Pymble, one of the most beautiful homes in N.S.W., has been sold to Mr. Sydney Field. The site was the original Crown grant to Robert Pymble. In the early days of the colony his family resided there, and the suburb was named after him.

Appropriate Decorations

IN her waterside flat at Gladswood Gardens last Friday, Mrs. Myrtle Service entertained in honor of Mrs. F. T. Price, who left on the "Monterey" for a visit to Mrs. J. W. Dewar, of Auckland.

A large replica of the "Monterey" was placed in the centre of the table, and from it streamers led to each place, to be tied there on to replicas in miniature of the same ship.

Did You Know That—

The one man who stood up when a lady (whom he did not know) entered a crowded tram-car one day last week was Sir Joseph Cook?

Nell Hall and Harry Hopman have already received over 400 congratulatory letters and telegrams from all parts of the world?

"Inky" Carpenter (Mrs. Alan Davis) made her first stage appearance since her marriage last week as Miss Porkington-Porkington with the Experimental Theatre on Saturday?

Jean Black has a passion for collecting recipes for savories?

The Natural Charm

and
BEAUTY
OF YOUR
HAIR
is your greatest
ASSET



For Expert Treatment
CONSULT
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Late of A. BROWN Late of CLARK & IRELAND
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DANGEROUS COMPLICATIONS from PYORRHEA

First Signs—Unpleasant breath, bad taste in mouth, spongy, bleeding or receding gums.

CHECK THEM WITH EICHORN'S Pyorrhea too often means loss of your natural teeth—the expense of a false set or medical attention for dangerous complications like rheumatism, ulcers, nervous disorders, arthritis and general ill-health. Eichorn's Antiseptic will check Pyorrhea if you use it daily on your toothbrush and as a refreshing mouth-wash. It hardens and stimulates the gums, kills the germs and prevents infection. Use it for this purpose, and to clear up any form of septic wound, ulcerated throat or mouth, as well as to relieve the pain from insect bites. From all Chemists—1/6, 2/6, 5/-.

EICHORN'S ANTISEPTIC

THE NEW CLYDE LAWN MOWER
AN ALL AUSTRALIAN PRODUCT
MADE IN AUSTRALIA
The CLYDE ENGINEERING Co. Ltd.
Clydeville, N.S.W.
*FIELD ST. City Showrooms
*BANK BUILDING 48-50 North St. SYDNEY 20 MARK

SHOPS Prepare for Autumn TRADE

New Modes Bring New Fabrics

By OUR SHOPPING EXPERT

Mannequin parades and private views of autumn and winter modes are the order of the shopping hour.

At Grace Bros., David Jones, Hordern Brothers, they are still in progress, and Farmer's intriguing private view has just concluded.

So it is interesting to cast our eyes over the autumn and winter shopping horizon and meditate awhile on the types of fabrics and manner of frocking which we shall adopt this season, for, though news of overseas modes gets noised abroad in the land for many moons ahead of their arrival, we are never quite certain whether we shall accept or reject them till our leading retail stores show them to us "in the flesh!"

WITH the return to elegance this season, evening fabrics are lovelier than ever. Dull, lustrous satins, glittering lames, and the new de-lustred velvets and metal-threaded georgettes, holding pride of place. Day frocks and jaunty little suits are going to glitter, too, many of the new models, in soft kashas, wool repps, camel's hair cloth, and Angora, showing fascinating little vests and collars of lame, and in many cases the material itself has a metal thread.

Although frocks, both for evening and day wear show an added richness, they are not beyond the average woman's purse, and fortunate indeed is the lass with nimble fingers, with so many lovely fabrics to choose from.

Gay little suits of dog's tooth checks may be made from imported woollen kashas—54 in. wide, priced at 11/9 yard. Tweeds with a metal thread effect may be had for 10/6 per yard, in the same width; and for the trim little one-piece frocks, boucles, tree bark, oak bark, windswept kashas and Angoras, range from 7/11 to 15/11 yard. While for evening wear, chiffon and ring velvets in the lovely new blackberry shade will be firm favorites. One large store is showing a special line of ring velvet at 6/11 yard, which, allied with silver or gold lame at 12/11, will provide for the clever girl an up-to-the-minute even-

ing ensemble at a very reasonable outlay.

Materials are colorful this autumn. Lizard greens, blackberry, mulberry, bronze green and moss being among the newest. For the gayer day frocks, Chinese colorings, vivid reds, blues, greens, and yellows, appear among the softer and mellower autumn tints. For

OUR "So They Say" letters can now be heard over the air from 2UW. Listen in to Dorothea Vautier from 2 to 3 every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

evening, black, blackberry, ice-blue, Patou blue, candy pink, and silver will be much worn.

Jaunty Hats

THERE is something very jaunty about the new autumn millinery—with their quaint shapes and gay feather mounts at unexpected angles.

The soft pancake tam has leapt into instant popularity, and will be seen in many variations—in velvet, soft angora, and mouchon; with feather, bone, and glass mounts, there will be one for every occasion. Inexpensive in most cases,

Things That Happen

TOLD BY
READERS

Worth Catching

A FARMER'S daughter returning from town found a hare alive in a rabbit trap. She did not wish to lose him, and, before releasing him from the trap, tied her handkerchief round his neck. The hare, however, got away from her grip and ran off with the handkerchief, in the corner of which she had tied the sum of £4/17/6. This hare will be worth catching—"Beryl."

Took the Hint

I WAS trying to finish a bit of sewing when through the window I saw a talkative neighbor coming down the street. I knew it meant a couple of hours wasted, so I slipped my coat and hat on and met her at the front gate as if I were going out. "I'm just going out for the day," I started to explain. I got no further. "I see that," the neighbor replied, "with your old house shoes and stockings on, and your old dress underneath the coat." She took the hint, however, and has not been back since.—E.D.

Post Office Knew Them

THE G.P.O. Dead Letter Office recently telephoned a large firm requesting them to identify two unaddressed parcels which had arrived in Sydney. When the firm's representative called at the Dead Letter Office he was told that the

prices ranging from 15/11 upwards, we will find them a handy standby.

There has been much written and said about the new "off the face" movement for hats, but I don't think they will enjoy the same vogue as the tam. They are harder to wear, and unless very delicately handled, will tend to harden one's features. There are some delightful models—the Dutch bonnet, for example—but they will definitely be for the few.

A charming innovation is the dinner hat—a cat-like arrangement of fine net closely fitting the head, showing in many cases a halo of plaited silver or gold lams, and most becoming.

There are many variations of this mode, and one of the most striking was shown at Grace Bros.' advance show. Of

CONTRIBUTORS to this section are again reminded that paragraphs sent in must be original. It is not only contemptible to steal items from other papers and send them in as original, but a deliberate attempt to obtain money by false pretences.

parcels were recognised by an employee of the Post Office as similar to parcels which had previously come from the London office of the firm. They were taken delivery of, and turned out to have been sent 13,000 miles with no indication whatever of their destination.—D.B.

Novel Incubator

DURING shearing time on a South Australian sheep station, a fleece thrown on the table was found to contain the shell of a starling's egg and a young starling. Apparently the egg had been dropped on the back of the sheep while grazing, and the incubation was done by the warmth of the sheep.—G.G.C.

almost invisible net, with an upstanding halo of glycerined ospreys, and accompanied by a capelet of the same feathers, it would be a charming finish to a black velvet ensemble. A copy of one of the most famous designer's models, it was attractively priced at 34 guineas.

Sports hats are particularly attractive this autumn. Stitched Angoras, velours, and fur felts, with soft droop brims, tuoked crowns, and gay feather mounts, will be first favorites.

A very charming example was of lime green Angora, with a tiny brim, softly tuoked crown, and gay black and red feather mount, priced at 25/11.

Black velvet—stitched or plain—Angora, velour or felt, is definitely the smart woman's choice for all formal occasions.

Farmer's

Again
captures the town's
imagination

Chevron velour

For coats; and smarter wear. Rich new Autumn colours of wine, brown, Schooner blue, black, white frosted effects. 54 ins. 16/11

Ribbed Boucles, 15/11

Chevron ribbed Coating in lovely weaves fawn, brown, grey, navy or black. 54 ins.

Check Suitings, 13/6

Fancy Suitings, Skirtings in checks. Reds, blues, greens, browns, gold, greys. 54 ins.

Boucle Suiting

With a white, hairy finish; medium-weight for suits, skirts, frocks. Beige, nigger, fawn, lizard green, tea red, oatmeal, sage. 54 ins. wide. 8/11

Donegal tweed

Wonderful reproductions of real Donegal and Harris Tweeds. Smart mixtures, checks, etc., in clever colour blendings. 54/56 ins. 10/11

Ribbed Boucles

A suiting of medium-weight for suits or coats; exclusive plain shades of fawn, nigger, grey, sage, bottle, navy, black. 54 ins. wide. 12/6

Brilliant Woollens of 1934

Royal Velvet

THE GREATEST VALUE IN VELVETS

A marvellous value for a rich Ring Velvet. It drapes to perfection, being so lustrous of sheen and so very soft to touch. This glorious cloth is obtainable in forty-two (42) shades for evening and day wear, including a rich black. 36 inches wide. Sensational value at the amazingly keen price, 8/11

Striped Velvet: The new version of Velvet of 1934—reflected in many rich weaves. But stripes will be most seen in the coming months. Beautiful two-tones. 36 ins. wide. Yard. 22/6

Windswept Velvets (or Tree-bark)—One of the season's newest Velvets; makes a striking gown as well as a smart coat; full range of lovely shades, also black. 36 ins. Yard, 15/11 and: Why not make a Lay-by? 13/11

"Pallisandre"...

A new Satin, a rich, unevenly-creased dull satin, resembling the bark of a tree; in fawn, brown, blue, navy, black. 30 ins. Why not Lay-By a dress-length? 12/6

Print "Cotele"

A thrilling new Corded Silk in smart monotone designs on black, green, blue, wine, and brown grounds. 36 ins. Amazing value! Lay-By a dress length—NOW! 8/11

LAME PAYSANNOR

A rich Satin Weave with a fine gold thread. It has been used extensively by leading Paris dressmakers. 36 ins. Price, 29/6

NEW "DEVIL'S SKIN"

A striking and original fabric woven on a gauze loom, given a high crease finish; and scale effect. Blood red, white, blue. 32/6

New Moires

This lovely Watered Silk suits beautifully the mode of the moment. There is a varied range of lovely colours. A gorgeous silk! 36 ins. Why not make a Lay-by of a length? 11/6

Velour d'Ete

How altogether enchanting is the luxurious bloom of this fine Crepe woven so ingeniously with raised lines. Pastels for evening, autumn shades for day. 36 ins. 11/6, and 9/11

Satin Ottoman

—and Satin Cotele. The smartest Paris couturiers used cord-surface fabrics for tailored frocks. Farmer's has them all. Brown, wine, blue, greens, black. 30 in. 16/11

★ £15/15/- "Lady for a Day" Trophy to be won!

—as well as dress circle seats for "Lady for a Day." These are the prizes at Sydney's first Lexicon Tea in the "Blackland" Galleries on Friday 9th March. All cards and scores supplied—and you've as much chance as anyone at Lexicon—the not-serious and funny card game. Tickets 2/6. In aid of the Far West Children's Health Scheme



CUTTING OUT is a service that costs NOTHING

—at Farmer's. Just choose your "Butterick" or "A.H.J." Patterns, when you purchase your materials. You're straightway entitled to Farmer's expert cutting-out service. FREE OF CHARGE!



Your Rouge Ensemble

Be careful lips and cheeks are rouged in the same tone. Harriet Hubbard Ayer provides many perfect matches. LIPSTICKS... 3/6 and 6/9 ROUGE COMPACTS, 6/9

ANNE'S IDEA

Book immediately for Farmer's magnificently presented Fashion Tea. Commencing Monday 19th, "Tea," 1/6. Two sessions daily. The Golden Fleece Kindergarten is the worthy cause that benefits.



To enjoy the boisterous romping of healthy, happy children, Mother must be fit too. When the noisy fun of youngsters makes you "nervy," then it's time for Clements Tonic—the great standby of Mothers everywhere. This letter from a user of Clements Tonic is of interest to all women.

"As Good as a Holiday"

Auckland, N.Z., September 19, 1932.
"Feeling run down I was advised to try a bottle of Clements Tonic. After taking one bottle and feeling the benefit of it, I had another. It did me as much good as if I had twelve months' holiday. Two bottles were enough and I feel quite well again."

(Mrs.) J.P.

(Original letter on file for inspection.)

For Nerves, Lassitude, Sleeplessness, Neuralgia, Loss of Energy, take Clements Tonic without delay.

Prices at Chemists and Stores in Capital Cities, in the Commonwealth, 3/- and 5/- a bottle.



CLEMENTS TONIC
"Gives you nerves of steel"

HEADACHES



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If you suffer from headaches, or pain in the eyes you may save yourself further suffering by consulting us. You can rely on our most conscientious service, and moderate charges.

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Only MANLY can offer you this.

Manly's gigantic wonder pool, at right angles over and under the water, contains a Slippery Dip, Diving Tower, Water Wheels, Spinning Fleets, Rolling Logs, numerous Springboards, and a host of other aquatic novelties, and is

FREE TO THE PUBLIC DAY AND NIGHT.

A magnificent Dressing Pavilion and Tea Room situated right at the end of the Pool provide the same of comfort and convenience for all. The Tea Room is also available for supper parties, dances, bridge, etc.

MAKE YOUR RESERVATION NOW!

SEASON TICKETS COST PER DAY: GENT'S 4/6, LADIES' 3/6, CHILD'S 1/6.

WEEKLY TICKETS—7 DAYS' TRAVELLING (ALL DAY, ANY DAY, ANY TIME): GENT'S 4/6, LADIES' 3/6.

DAILY FARES: ADULTS 6d, CHILDREN 1d, (under 5 years FREE).

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OUR £250 Knitting CONTEST

Following are the full details of The Australian Women's Weekly £250 knitting contest.

SECTION 1.

Lady's Jumper or Cardigan

1st Prize £30 10 Prizes of £10/-
2nd Prize £15 10 Prizes of £5/-
3rd Prize £5 20 Prizes of £2/-

Total of 33 Prizes valued at £506.

This Section will be open to all entrants. Each garment must comprise a color scheme of not less than four distinct shades. (Shades in man's wool will not be considered as constituting a color scheme.) Knitting, design, originality, and general effect will all be taken into account in the judging.

SECTION 2.

Lady's Jumper or Cardigan

1st Prize £30 10 Prizes of £10/-
2nd Prize £15 10 Prizes of £5/-
3rd Prize £5 20 Prizes of £2/-

Total of 33 Prizes valued at £506.

This Section will be open only to those who have not previously won a prize in any knitting competition. Any design may be used, and entrants' attention is directed to the book published by The Australian Women's Weekly featuring with directions the latest designs from overseas.

SECTION 3.

Man's Cardigan or Pull-over

1st Prize £20 3rd Prize £2/10/-
2nd Prize £7/10/- 10 Prizes of £10/-
Total of 13 Prizes valued at £53.

SECTION 4.

Baby's Outfit

1st Prize £10 20 Prizes of £5/-
2nd Prize £5 20 Prizes of £2/-
Total of 22 Prizes valued at £100.

To comprise not less than three garments, including a frock or coat.

SECTION 5.

Pull-over or Cardigan for Children Between 8 and 14 Years of Age

1st Prize £20 10 Prizes of £10/-
2nd Prize £5 10 Prizes of £5/-
Total of 13 Prizes valued at £53.

These garments will be designed mainly for school wear, and entrants can evolve attractive garments by using school colors, badges, etc.

SECTION 6.

Best Outlay of 5/-

1st Prize £10 20 Prizes of £5/-
2nd Prize £5 20 Prizes of £2/-
Total of 22 Prizes valued at £100.

Best Outlay of approximately 5/-: The Judges will award the prizes in this Section to the garment or garments which, made from the stipulated outlay, represent, in their finished state, the best value for the money. Any garment, or garments, will be eligible for entry in this Section. Sets of berets and scarves, ladies' lingerie, men's socks and ties, hug-me-tight or drawing jackets, an endless variety of garments may be evolved by the enterprising knitter for 5/-. The market value of the garments, together with the standard of the knitting, will be the guiding factor in judging this Section.

SECTION 7.

Lady's Singlet

1st Prize £10 20 Prizes of £5/-
2nd Prize £5 20 Prizes of £2/-
Total of 22 Prizes valued at £100.

Artistry of design will be regarded as a special feature in this Section. Fine lace stitches, laces of hand embroidery, or applique can be used.

CONDITIONS AND ENTRY FORM

- A dated entry coupon will be published weekly in The Australian Women's Weekly during the progress of the competition, and each entry must be accompanied by four coupons of successive dates.
- The name and full address of competitor and the number of the section in which the exhibit is to be judged must be printed in ink on calico and sewn firmly to the garment.
- Each entry must be entirely the work of the competitor, but any number of entries may be sent in by one competitor. Each entry must comply with condition 1.
- Entries must be handed in or posted to the head office of The Australian Women's Weekly in the competitor's State, namely:—N.S.W.: Macdonell House, 331 Pitt St., Sydney. Queensland: Shell House, 301 Ann St., Brisbane. South Australia: Shell House, North Terrace, Adelaide. Victoria: Age Chambers, 229 Collins St., Melbourne.
- Entries close on June 15.
- Insufficiently stamped entries will not be accepted. If an exhibit is to be returned by post, the competitor must send sufficient postage to cover cost.
- An official receipt for each exhibit will be supplied to each competitor, and must be produced when application is made for the return of the garment at the close of the competition.
- Every care will be taken of the entries, but The Australian Women's Weekly cannot accept any responsibility for goods lost or stolen in transit. Entrants are advised to send parcels either by rail or by registered post.
- Entries may be pressed, but must not be washed or cleaned.
- Judging will be done by experts, and the results will be announced as soon as possible after the closing of the competition. The judges' decisions will be absolutely final.

**Australian Women's
Weekly
Knitting Competition**

ENTRY FORM

Please accept my entry for The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Competition, subject to the conditions stated above, by which I agree to abide.

M
Address

Section (No. of Section)
19/34

THE HUB'S Scientific Corseting with a Definite Price Appeal!

Free Fitting Service

Mrs. Marion Richards, Berle's expert Corsetiere, will be available at The Hub every day during the next week to give expert advice and to personally fit any customer who desires her expert assistance. It's a free Service. Write, call or 'phone for an appointment.



4 Distinct
Types at 15/11

Front-lace for the sway back. 22 to 30 in. Wrap-on for average figures. 24 to 30 in. Centre-lace for big abdomen type. 28 to 44 in. Back-lace Corset with underbust for big abdomen type. This group comprises four styles. Sizes 26 to 36 inches. 15/11

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See the Hub's unusual display of X-Ray Frocks in Cellophane—which show clearly—as an X-Ray would—the foundation garment beneath which gives pleasing figure lines. No. 1 Display Window, Pitt St.



A.B.

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Berle's Back Lace Corset in Pink Brocade. Suitable for big abdomen type. Firmly boned and strong elastic inserts. 22 to 36 inch. Usually 14/11. SALE PRICE 9/11 pair

Back-Lace

Berle's Back Lace Corset in Pink Cotton Brocade. Suitable for the small below waist type. Firmly boned throughout. Elastic sections at bust and at foot of skirt. Sizes 20 to 36 inch, omitting 34 inch. Usually 12/6. SALE PRICE 7/11 pair



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And so, this £100 Quest for the Jolliest Baby, with £50 first prize, £25 second, £10 third, and 100 consolation prizes of handsome Baby Gift Boxes that are sold everywhere for 4/6 each.

It may be that your baby is Australia's Jolliest. The winner will not necessarily be a very beautiful baby, for the competition is to be judged purely on the jolliness of snapshots received. And imagine the start your baby could have in life after winning a £50 prize.

Any baby of two years or less on the 17th May, 1934, can enter, and any of the entries may be the winner.

THERE IS NO ENTRANCE FEE

It is quite simple to enter your baby. There is no entrance fee. All you need do is to take a snapshot of a jolly moment, fill in the free entry form obtainable at your chemist, and post the two to Johnson and Johnson Ltd., 517 Dowling Street, Moore Park, Sydney, to arrive no later than 17th May, 1934. Your chemist will give you further particulars with your entry form.

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C.D.2

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Defeating the SUN and the GLARE!

With gaily-striped awnings... that lend picturesque beauty to the home you love.

By...
OUR HOME DECORATOR

Lazing in the light, protected from the hottest rays by an awning which just suits your outside walls—could anything be nicer? Certainly no exterior decoration could be more practical just now.

TO say the least, I heartily dislike walking into a house with the blinds drawn to keep out the sun's rays. Half-dark, it seems so airless, so stuffy—more like a hothouse.

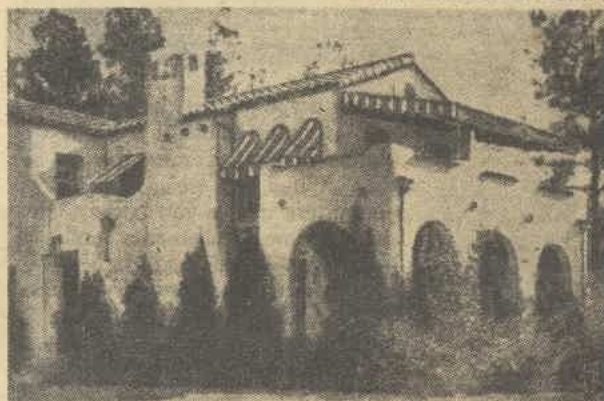
On the other hand it is difficult to sleep in a bedroom that has been exposed to the full glare of the sun all day.

But how different the atmosphere of rooms in a home comfortably protected with sun blinds and awnings.

Important as awnings are on the ground of comfort, there is another less obvious reason for their use, and that is the protection they afford to hangings and carpets.

The glass of the window concentrates the heat on the curtains, and not only fades, but rots the material. Awnings here, therefore, serve an economical purpose.

Similarly, the saving to be effected on carpets, one of the most expensive



HERE you see a Spanish-style home, showing the two distinct types of awnings which can be had to-day.



THE newest type of collapsible awning, which has been designed expressly to frame the attractive round-headed window. They are easy to open and close.

items in furnishing, is worth your earnest consideration.

With regard to the color of awnings—the matter must be considered from the outside, and not from the inside point of view.

A white or grey house looks best when the predominating color is orange, red, or blue.

A stucco wall takes a smartly-striped awning nicely. The colors of the original patterns reproduced here—sun-yellow, tangerine and brown, or sun-yellow, blue and brown, would serve in joyous style.

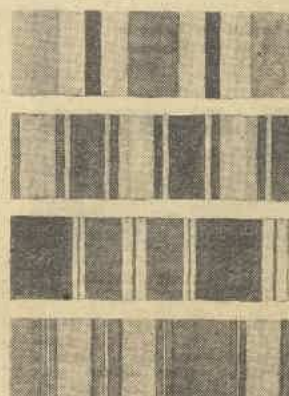
I love the Spanish-style house with its intricately-patterned awnings, so full of color. On round-headed windows they strike such a picturesque note.

One of the newest types is collapsible; they are easy to open and close. When closed they overdrap the outside of windows, which is rather novel in effect.

This type, by the way, is rather out of place on the bungalow. Gay, shallow, block and broken stripe awnings, without side valances, are more suitable.

Before I proceed, I should like to

PATTERNS of modern colorful materials, showing the clever arrangement of block and broken block stripes.



draw your attention to the patterns illustrated, and which I made reference to previously. These are but representative only of the many smart designs which you can purchase to-day in block and broken block stripes.

Any reader desirous of further information concerning these specific patterns can write in to me. I shall be only too happy to help them.

Some people object to sun blinds of any description as giving an untidy look to a house—after their pristine freshness has worn off; but all depends on the way they are kept.

They should, for instance, always be properly pulled up. They should be kept clean also.

Should they get wet at any time, it is advisable that they be left out until thoroughly dry, for if drawn up while still damp the material is likely to rot.

Moreover, they should always be drawn up in windy weather—especially if they are ageing—or woe betide them!—E.E.G.

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Invented by
The National Brush Co. (Aust.) Ltd., Sydney
N.S.W.

CLEVER IDEAS HINTS FROM READERS CLEVER IDEAS

FLIES AND mosquitoes greatly dislike the odor of oil of lavender. Before sitting in the garden, it is a good plan to rub a few drops on the wrists, ankles and neck. Oil of geranium is also fragrant, and just as good for keeping insects at bay. It may be obtained from any chemist.—Mrs. C. E. S. Bendigo, Vic.

TO USE up stale scones, split them through and allow to soak for a few seconds in milk. Put a nut of butter in the frying pan, heat, and put in the milk-moistened scones, cook on both sides until they attain a golden brown color, and serve hot. Scones three or four days old can be used up, and are just as nourishing for breakfast as fresh toast.—Mrs. Bamber, 27 Victoria Road, Manly, N.S.W.

TO DRY collars without any risk of the peg mark showing, sew some buttons on a piece of towelling, then peg it to the line with the collars on it. This saves time on washing days.—Mrs. C. McM., Bendigo, Vic.

IT SOMETIMES happens that too much salt is added to soups and stews, and the flavor is ruined. This can be remedied quite simply, however. Add one small teaspoonful of granulated sugar for each quart of liquid and several small peeled uncooked potatoes. Allow these to remain in the pot for about five minutes, simmering gently, and then remove the potatoes. The soup or stew will be found to be quite free from excess salt.—J.O., Adelaide (S.A.).

WHEN A mosquito net begins to get "holey," don't discard it. Lay it flat and cut out the good pieces. Covers of all sizes from milk jug to baby's cot covers can be made. Keep different sizes in the kitchen drawer, they are useful in covering any baking taken from the oven to cool. When meals are taken at different times have a large place handy to cover the table and so keep flies off. For a cot cover ham the edges, put lace round and weight the corners with beads. Make a pad of the scraps for putting on floor varnish.—F.E., Brisbane, Q.

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

By Evelyn

Beauty Lessons from the Stars

That will interest every woman whoever she is—wherever she is

NINE out of ten women have some beauty point which is going to waste because they do not know how to emphasise its attractiveness in order that it will detract from any possible bad feature. Few Hollywood stars who inspire you to admiration have all the ideal beauty qualities. With them make-up, scientifically applied, does wonderful things. . . . It can with you!

TAKE Norma Shearer, for example. She has a well-shaped chin and a lovely mouth. But her eyes are small. Moreover, she has an infinitesimal cast in one eye. Note that she avoids a heavy make-up of eyes and brows, leaving that definite quality to be taken care of by the mouth, which is emphasised by heavy lipstick.

Loretta Young has prominent teeth. She skilfully avoids calling attention to them by making up her lovely eyes and wearing no lipstick in the daytime.

When Greta Garbo first appeared in Hollywood her hair fluffed about her forehead, her broad brows were low over her eyes, thus making them appear smaller.

Now her brows are high, thin, and distinctly arched; her eyes are made drowsy and sophisticated by an inner circle or line drawn at the top of the lid just where it joins the bone of the forehead. She wears a heavy line under the eye, her luxurious long lashes softening the harsh effect.

Her lips are carefully, distinctly made-up, and her hair sweeps off a classic forehead into long finger curls, emphasising her beautiful throat.

Ann Harding uses plainness to bring out her beautiful eyes. You are fascinated by her eyes, and, yes, her voice—and that is enough. You can't forget her.

You have read so much about Joan Crawford, whose eyes have been her greatest asset in her rise to stardom, and about her mouth, which has been her greatest worry, that there is no need to say more about this wonderful personality.

SOME EXCELLENT TIPS

HERE are some points which are considered important by film beauties, and they are well worth remembering for everyday life.

Firstly, make-up requires that each feature which adds to your beauty must be considered individually as well as part of the whole. That the neck, arms and hands are as important to the whole effect as the face, eyes, lips, and hair. Secondly, that all cosmetics used must be in a perfect harmony or they will clash.

Furthermore, it is important that you conduct your beauty campaign under the cloak of naturalness. You can develop your personality through color, or ruin it by applying too much. No well-dressed woman can afford to make herself conspicuous in the color combination of her face.

There are three colors—light, medium, dark. Blondes at all times should use pastel shades, with the exception of blondes with yellow skin, who require more vivid shades. Those who have be-



A DERMATOGRAPH pencil is used by Miriam Jordan, of Fox Films, to accentuate her beautiful eyes. And note the way she uses it to stress the aristocratic curve of brow.



HOW lovely Shirley Grey, of Paramount, applies lipstick: (1) To upper lip only. (2) Upper lip is then pressed against the lower. (3) With the tip of the forefinger the salve is smoothed over lower lip, as shown.



PAT in skin tonic for best results. Using the "combination patten" that has opening for cotton tonic pad on one side and is reversed when patting cream into the skin, demonstrated by Irene Harvey, petite M-G-M player.

come blonde by bleaching are still brunette personalities and should apply brunette cosmetics.

The brunette should stay strictly in the medium, using dark shades only as extra tints to help color along. Be careful about those dark shades of cosmetics.

The brunette of reddish tinge, or the redhead, should select burnt shades of powder and rouge, and stay absolutely within brown eye shadows.

APPLYING ROUGE

IF your face is full, rouge it in part of a circle representing a V. If your cheeks are thin, apply rouge in full round circle. Hollow cheeks call for a darker rouge at the cheek-bone and a lighter rouge in the lower line.

If you have dark shadows under your eyes, allow the rouge to carry just into that area. A faint dash of rouge on the tip of a weak chin will give a little modulation and help to strengthen it. A bit of rouge over the top of the eye has a very conservative effect.

ACCENTUATING EYES

IN Hollywood great play is made with the eyes. Not only eye shadow is used for the eyelids, and cosmetic, or

masque, as it is called, for the eyelids, but a dermatograph pencil is employed to shape the eyes.

You take a fine pencil and draw a fine line around your eyes where the eyelashes meet the lid. This is an art that the Frenchwomen have always rather overdone, and we have neglected altogether.

It is not practical for day use, but is good for evening wear. The shape of your eyes can be discreetly accentuated.

MAKE-UP METHOD

THEIR method of making-up is as follows: The skin is cleaned with a cleansing

cream. An astringent is then patted on. After this, a tiny spot of foundation cream is dabbed on the forehead, cheeks, nose, and chin. The fingers are dipped in cold water and the cream is blended into the skin until it disappears.

Next the eye-shadow is applied to the upper lids only, and the rouge is worked into the cheeks with the fingertips.

You then powder the face profusely with a marabout puff, and wipe off all surplus powder with a special powder brush. Then the dermatograph pencil is applied. You then finish up with the blender to neck, arms, hands and shoulders. This is smoothed on, using downward strokes.

If brillantine is necessary, this is used in liquid form and sprayed on to the hair with an atomiser.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

PATIENT: Is it true that there are certain drugs that can make a person tell the truth?

THE Chicago police recently claimed to have discovered the truth of the famous surgery murder mystery by means of the lie detector; the accused woman doctor in alleged to have confessed under the treatment. The drug used was probably scopolamin, a very powerful and dangerous drug, and one used, under the greatest of care, in administering twilight sleep.

The method, however, should be accepted with caution, for scopolamin makes some people wildly excited and in a condition to tell anything. A few years ago the Hawaiian police secured a confession to a crime by this method. The accused strenuously denied it both beforehand and afterwards; however, things were very black for him, and attempts were being made to drug him into a fresh confession when the real murderer confessed.

PATIENT: Doctor, do you think it necessary to hang a wet sheet over the door of a room in which a person suffering from an infectious disease is being nursed?

THE wet sheet is probably a relic of the precautions taken by primitive man to prevent his dead returning as ghosts and haunting him. Some savage races block the paths leading to their habitations with thorny twigs, the idea being that such will keep away disease. There is about as much justification for this as there is for hanging a sheet soaked in carbolic over the door of the sick room. The sheet was probably originally intended to act as an antiseptic to filter the air coming from the sick room; but it is not the cause of disease, germs



..BY A DOCTOR..

are, and the thought that such a precaution could hem in germs is simply laughable.

Germs are very often carried and transferred on the clothing or hands of persons who have been nursing cases of infectious fever; they soon die on exposure to fresh air.

PATIENT: I have heard it said that sunlight makes vitamins; is this so?

PARTLY; a sort of preliminary substance to vitamin D exists in the body, and the action of sunlight actually turns it into the vitamin. There is, however, no evidence to show that other vitamins are so formed. Vitamin D protects from rickets.

Fortunately we are particularly well supplied with sunlight in Australia, and rickets is a rare disease; not so in European countries, however, where, in some of the crowded cities, it is estimated that eighty per cent. of children show some, however slight, sign of it. Sunlight and fresh air are great health givers, and a great and cheap antiseptic.

Even in a very cold climate, plenty of fresh air is essential to health.

PATIENT: What does a doctor cross one's knees and strike the knee cap for?

TO test the state of the nervous system; when the tendon in front of the knee is struck sharply, an impulse flies up the nerve connected with it; this impulse reaches the spinal column, travels across it, and activates a nerve cell connected with an adjacent muscle, as a result the muscle contracts, and the leg kicks forward. This is called a

EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY



reflex, and is the simplest form of reflex. It is a mechanical movement, independent of the will, though the will can prevent it by an effort of concentration.

Many of our daily movements are similarly reflexes, though of far greater complexity than this simple movement; thus walking, actually a complicated series of finely co-ordinated movements, is carried on purely mechanically, or rather reflexly.

A certain school of psychologists maintain that every action is a reflex acquired as we grow from certain existing stimuli. The reflex is conditioned by a set of circumstances. They maintain that the possibilities of free will are very limited; every action is a direct result of something that has gone before. The great Russian scientist, Pavlov, has done extraordinary experiments on dogs which show that many apparently purposive actions are actually reflexes.

MISS MINA SHELLEY

The Brilliant Dancer, Ballet Mistress and Theatrical Producer is another of the world's clever women who use and recommend Mergolized Wax as the ideal skin and complexion beautifier.



Extracts from the Diary of a Globe Trotter

(Continued)

Cairns: . . . I didn't expect wrinkles at my time of life and so did not bring along the paradium jelly Val told me of. She is years older than I and ascribes her beautiful smooth skin to regular use of paradium. It's the most soothing, pleasantly fragrant stuff you can imagine. It smooths out wrinkles in the most amazing fashion, and patted round the corners of the eyes where those treacherous crow's feet are wont to gather, most effectually prevents them.

We motored from Sydney to Brisbane and then north to Cairns. To we English folk, daily exposure to what seems like a tropic sun is rather terrible at times. And then the involuntary screwing up of one's eyes against the beautiful, but searching, light in this country (so different from our lilac-grey atmosphere) did positively result in the beginnings of wrinkles for me. I looked up Val's list and found the magic word paradium, rushed to the nearest chemist and got some right away. Oh, the relief! How soothing, how cool. And one or two applications simply smoothed away

the wrinkles and restored youth to my forehead and corners of my eyes and mouth.

Homeward—At Sea: . . . Met a charming Australian woman on board who told me she uses the same beauty aids as I. And she told me, too, of tannalite, a lotion which smart people use in order to restore the natural colour to grey and greying hair. Nobody dyes their hair nowadays, and grey or white locks don't suit everyone. She herself, an interesting brunette, has the most beautiful shingle. But she says that grey hairs are beginning to show in the most disconcerting manner and that all she does from time to time is to apply a little tannalite lotion overnight. It's a good thing to know about, this tannalite. Not sticky, not greasy. Doesn't stain pillows, and most emphatically is not a dye. Nearing Europe: . . . Delighted that mercerized wax and the rest of these wonder-working beautifiers, used by the smartest in Europe and America, are obtainable in Australia. In city or country, I was always able to get supplies from any chemist.



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W.W. 10/3/34

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TIGER SALVE

DOMESTIC Insect PESTS

Silverfish

By ENTOMOLOGIST

That the silverfish is among the most primitive of known insects is, perhaps, of little interest to the housewife. Who knows but perhaps our early ancestors, living in caves, were troubled with silverfish, for a number of our native examples of these insects are found in just such localities, clinging to the walls of damp caves, where they somewhat resemble small dried shrimps in appearance.

SILVERFISH are familiar to everyone. Curious, wedge-shaped creatures, covered with a coat of loose silvery scales, which have the habit of slipping away into unexpected crevices just when their capture seems to be inevitable. They lay their eggs in dark, dusty corners, and the young silverfish upon hatching are perfect replicas in miniature of their parents, and grow by shedding their skins at intervals when the old coat becomes too small.

Little is known with regard to the number of broods produced in a year, but they would appear to breed at any time throughout the year, since one may at all times find silverfish of all sizes, from large adults to quite tiny ones.

Silverfish feed upon almost anything of a starchy nature, breadcrumbs, photographs, which they etch all over with white hieroglyphics, wall paper, and linen. In the case of the latter articles the paper or linen is not the attraction, but the starch paste with which they are attached to the mount or wall, or in the case of the linen, for the sake of the dressing.

Their control is not a matter of great difficulty. Many of the commercial fly powders, which have a pyrethrum base, are fairly effective if liberally dusted in their haunts.

The most satisfactory method of control is to mix Paris green or arsenate of lead with ordinary flour paste, and smear the mixture upon pieces of cardboard.

When dry these poisoned baits may

be slipped behind picture frames as they hang on the wall, or placed behind furniture. The silverfish will eat the poisoned paste and perish, and the house will soon be rid of the pest.

A variant of this method is to smear the paste upon sheets of paper, instead of cardboard, and roll them into loose cylinders, and place them in similar situations to the above. The insects, liking dark and confined spaces, will crawl between the loose spirals of paper and eat the paste.

It should always be remembered that both Paris green and arsenate of lead



JEAN: Do you think a wife should stand in her husband's light if he loves someone else?

JOAN: It all depends on the alimony he can afford.

are deadly poisons, and should be kept away from the reach of children and where they may obtain access to food.

Strained Relations

Continued from Page 8

JOAN: You can't have it, Berenis, it's Ken's—he bought the bracelet.

BERENIS: Don't be silly, Joan, Ken can't wear a bracelet.

JOAN: I tell you, it's his property, and you shan't rob him of it. Especially when the dear old chap feels so sad and sentimental about it.

(At this unfortunate moment there is a burst of laughter from Ken and George, who are telling funny stories over the whisky. Then Ken's voice is heard.)

KEN: By Jove, old man, that's a good one. What a fool his wife must have looked! (More laughter from both men.)

JOAN: Ken, dear, I was just saying how hopeless you feel about Janet's death. Why, you were little playmates together, weren't you?

KEN: Quite so, my dear, quite so. (Less the playmate than the chairman of directors.) Well, is the business over?

BERENIS: How can you call it business when it's all so sacred? For my part I hardly know what is going on for grief at the thought of my loss. (Weeps.)

JOAN: Goodness, Berenis, it's only a bracelet after all. (She has it in her hand.)

BERENIS (crushingly): I was referring to the loss of my dear sister.

JOAN (spitefully): Yet you didn't go to her when she was sick, did you?

BERENIS: How was I to know she was dying? Lots of people get sick and nothing happens. I'd have gone to her like a shot if I'd known she would be gone so soon.

GEORGE (puts hands to ears, and speaks under his breath): "Gone!"—oh, my God!

(Joan puts down bracelet in order to don her gloves.)

ALICE (soothingly): I'm sure you would, dear.

LENORE (holds up miniature from tray): Well, if nobody wants the picture of this old lamb, I'll have him. Who is he, Mother?

ALICE: That's a daguerrotype of your great-grandfather, my dear.

BERENIS: I do think you might display a little more respect for age than to call your great-grandfather an old lamb, Lenore. Young people have no feelings.

LENORE (thoughtfully): Well, perhaps he'd rather I called him an old lamb and wanted to keep him than if I just let him lie among a lot of neglected old stuff that nobody wants.

KEN (picks up bracelet): You're right, Lenore, it is a collection of rubbish! This old bracelet, for instance. Where could a fastidious woman like Janet have picked up a hideous thing like that?

(Joan gasps. Berenis looks triumphant.)

JOAN: Why, Ken, don't you remember, you gave that to Janet on her last birthday?

KEN: Bosh! I don't even know her birthday. (Catches her eye.) Oh, well, perhaps you're right.

BERENIS (triumphantly): Well, Joan, as it was only Ken's sentimental associations that you cared for, perhaps you'll agree now that the bracelet is my property—perhaps I'll be allowed to have some sentiment for my own sister.

(Settles the argument by putting the bracelet in her handbag, and shutting it with a conclusive snap.)

JOAN (furious): Ken grows more forgetful every day!

ALICE: Perhaps that's why he forgets birthdays, dear. He hasn't remembered mine for years.

BERENIS: Or mine.

ALICE: Won't you take something else, Joan?

JOAN: Certainly not, the stuff's worthless.

ALICE (reproachfully): Oh, but for Ken's sake—he and Janet were children together, and old associations are so valuable.

LENORE (joyfully, as she looks through things on tray): Fancy Aunt Janet keeping this all these years! Oh, you darling Aunt Janet, I wish you hadn't died, and I'm glad you loved my little gift.

ALICE: What's that, Lenore?

LENORE: Some beads I bought for her with my first money. Dad gave me two shillings for having a tooth out, and I bought her these because I loved her.

BERENIS: They look it!

LENORE: Please, may I have them? Does anybody mind if I keep these beads?

JOAN: For my part, you may keep the lot.

BERENIS: What on earth do you want them for? Some of them are chipped and broken.

LENORE (triumphantly): That means she wore them! It would be like having a little bit of her with me. Look, Dad, when they catch the light they sparkle just like her eyes did when she laughed.

(She takes the beads to the window where the light may play on them.)

GEORGE: So they do, my dear. Extraordinary that the young are so lacking in sentiment, Berenis, isn't it?

ALICE: Shall I ring for tea?

JOAN: Oh, we can't wait, thanks. Ken has an important business engagement this afternoon. Come on, Ken (raising her voice).

KEN (innocently, for he has been watching Lenore): Are we going? What for, my dear?

ALICE: We thought perhaps you had a business appointment, but if not, of course—

KEN: Appointment? Certainly not. Those fellows at the office will have to learn to do without me sometimes, eh, George? (Realises his wife's eyes are again upon him.) Oh, yes, I've just remembered—most important, of course! (Ingratulating, to Joan.) Well, my dear, have you got all your pretties?

JOAN: May heaven send me patience. Good-bye, Alice.

ALICE: Good-bye, Joan, I'm sorry your visit was so disappointing.

GEORGE: Good-bye, Ken. See you at the club some day. Perhaps I'll have another little story for you.

KEN: Good-bye. Good-bye, Lenore, be sure and keep that fashionable silhouette. (Glances rather wistfully at his wife's plump figure and sighs for the joys of youth.)

LENORE: I will, if you try and keep your schoolgirl complexion, Uncle Ken! (She kisses his cheek playfully.)

KEN: Can we give you a lift, Berenis, or are you waiting?

BERENIS: Waiting? What is there to wait for?

JOAN: For tea, or anything else you might feel like having.

BERENIS: No, I'll come with you. (Joan and Ken go slowly out, shepherded by George, who then turns back into the room.) Good-bye, Alice.

ALICE: Good-bye, my dear, shall I meet you to-morrow as we arranged?

BERENIS: To-morrow?

ALICE: You asked me to help you to choose a new frock. Another black one, I think you said.

BERENIS: No, I've changed my mind; I think I'll have a pink one.

LENORE: Do, Aunt Berenis, I just adore pink!

GEORGE: By Jove, Berenis, you'll look younger than ever. Good-bye, so pleased to have seen you.

BERENIS: Good-bye. (Exit Berenis.)

LENORE (laughing): How I love Dad when he's the hearty little host! (Lights a cigarette.)

GEORGE (fanning himself): Ugh, what a nice festive gathering! As you remarked, Alice, there's no love like family love. Thank God there isn't!

LENORE: I wonder if Aunt Janet could see us all! How she must be laughing if she did!

ALICE: What will you say next, Lenore?

LENORE: Sorry, mother, but I feel stuffy. Come on, Dad, I'll take you on at tennis.

GEORGE (with alacrity): Splendid!

ALICE: I may have been mistaken, but I thought I heard you speak of an arrangement for golf.

GEORGE: Of course, yes, Lenore, I'm booked for golf.

LENORE: Right-oh, Dad, I'll come too. I'll go and get the car. (Exit Lenore.)

GEORGE: I want to tell you, Alice, how glad I am that you didn't join in that scrap.

ALICE: "Scrap?" George, why are you and Lenore always so slangy?

GEORGE: I mean the argument over that hideous bracelet.

ALICE: It is ugly, isn't it? I think so, too.

GEORGE: Not so ugly as that fight. I never saw anything worse. Thank Heaven you took no part in it.

ALICE (pats his cheek): My dear, did you ever see me take part in anything undignified? Besides, I had no need to.

GEORGE: What do you mean?

ALICE: Well, you see, I was with Janet when she died.

GEORGE: What's that got to do with it?

ALICE: And knowing Joan had no real claim on Janet's things—

GEORGE: Well?

ALICE: And Berenis has no idea how to wear good jewellery—

GEORGE: Well—

ALICE: George, don't stand there looking like a half-wit, and saying "well" as if you aren't well at all—

GEORGE: Alice, you don't mean—

ALICE: So, naturally, I took everything I wanted for myself out of the box before I sent it away to the lawyers!

GEORGE: Well!

ALICE (sweetly): Will you ring for tea, dear, please?

(Quick curtain.)

(Permission to produce this play in any form must be obtained from the author, by whom all rights are reserved.)

(Copyright)

I'LL LEAVE YOU WITH MY WIFE NOW, COUSIN OLGA

I MUST SAY YOU DON'T LOOK QUITE AS OLD AS I EXPECTED - HOUSEWORK IS SO AGEING.

SO YOU WASH THE DISHES YOURSELF, HOW DEVASTATING

BUT I FEEL PARTICULARLY SORRY FOR YOUR - HANDS

MY HANDS SEEM WHITER THAN YOURS - YOU SEE -

I USE SOLVOL YOU SHOULD TRY IT TOO, FOR THOSE CIGARETTE STAINS

DON'T LOSE THE CHARM of smooth white hands... Use **SOLVOL** after every dirty job, and your hands will never show that you have washed dishes and prepared meals. your hands will look as you wish them to look - soft, smooth, utterly charming. **SOLVOL** dissolves the dirt - and it is as gentle to the skin as fine toilet soap.

23-43-19

ZELLA WON THE £1000 for 5 of her clients LAST FRIDAY



Again Zella's clients share the big Lottery cash. In the 187th Lottery, drawn last Friday, Madame Zella won the addition to main prize, the second prize of £1000 for five of her clients with ticket No. 27005. The five people who benefit by Madame Zella's luck are:

- Mr. F. Murray, Merriwa.
- Mr. C. Bryars, Cabramatta.
- Mrs. Beattie, Wollongong.
- Mrs. Christenson, Wollongong.
- Miss Curtis, Adelung.

So another £1000 is added to the list of big prizes won by Madame Zella's clients. Just look at them—

| | |
|----------------------------|--|
| £5000 in the 114th Lottery | |
| £5000 " " 116th " | |
| £5000 " " 167th " | |
| £1000 " " 142nd " | |
| £1000 " " 176th " | |
| £1000 " " 187th " | |

There's no doubt about it, March is a lucky month for Zella. It was in March last year that she first won the £5000 for her syndicates and now, in the very first Lottery drawn in March, 1934, she again wins a big prize for them. There will be several other lotteries drawn in March, so you can expect other big wins for her during this lucky month. Give yourself the chance to share them. Join Madame Zella's Syndicates immediately.

EXTRA £25 TO AGENTS

A big win for Zella's clients means bigger commissions for Zella's agents. For instance, in connection with the £1000 prize won by Zella last Friday, an extra £25 has been paid by her to the agents concerned. Become a Zella agent! Join her Syndicates at once and you will receive full particulars.

£1000 for 1/6

For 1/6 Madame Zella gives you a one-sixth share that can win you £1000 each in the 187th Lottery. To get this lucky share just send a postal note for 1/6 and a stamped envelope bearing your name and address (please don't forget this) to MADAME ZELLA, BOX 4246 Y, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

OR

Visit Zella at her Lucky Lottery Share Shop, on the corner of

HUNTER ST. & GEORGE ST.
SYDNEY

Right Opposite Entrance to
WYNARD STATION

All profits from Zella's Syndicates go to the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital.

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THE EUCRASY CO., 207 Elizabeth St., Sydney.

For Young WIVES & MOTHERS BABY'S FOURTH MONTH

A BABY weighing 7½ to 7¾ pounds at birth should weigh 13 pounds when he has completed his fourth month. If breast-fed, he should be having 30 ounces of milk daily—that is, five feeds of six ounces each.

If you are test-weighing (i.e., weighing baby before and after each feed to find out exactly how much he is sucking) do not be worried if different amounts are taken at each feed, so long as they total up to 30 ounces by the end of the day.

AN artificially-fed baby requires a slightly larger number of ounces in the 24 hours than does the naturally-fed baby. At four months the bottle-baby requires 32½ ounces of humanised milk daily—that is, 5 feeds of 6½ ounces each. The mother should make up the recipe for 35 ounces of humanised milk, as follows:—

Fresh cow's milk, 15 ounces; Karliac sugar, 2 tablespoons and 1 teaspoon level; water to make the total up to 35 ounces; Karliol emulsion (separately by spoon), 7 level teaspoons.

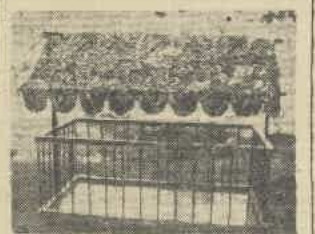
The above recipe is full strength. As described in The Australian Women's Weekly, of 3/2/34, one does not give a full-strength milk mixture, such as the above, when giving humanised milk to baby for the first time. It must be diluted and weakened at first.

The amount of dilution will vary with the needs of the individual baby, but if no mothercraft nurse is available to advise, it is safe to begin with half-quantity milk (7½ ounces), the amount of Karliac sugar which is in the full-strength recipe, and water to make the total up to 35 ounces.

At first, give only ½ level teaspoon of the Karliol emulsion daily, increasing by ½ level teaspoon daily (or every other day, if necessary), till the full amount in the recipe is reached.

In the same way, gradually work up the amount of milk from 7½ to 15 ounces, taking about a week to two weeks (according to baby's strength and condition) to reach the full-strength recipe.

Remember that the milk-mixture should be boiled for 10 minutes at first.



AN open-air play pen for baby. Being on wheels, it can be easily moved from place to place round the garden.

when giving it to a baby who has had none previously. The length of time of boiling can be gradually lessened after the first week by 1 minute daily, till boiling for the requisite three minutes is reached.

DO not forget baby's fruit juice.

At four months of age, baby should be having two teaspoons of strained orange juice in two teaspoons of warm, boiled water daily. If vegetable juice (such as swede) is being used in place of oranges, give four teaspoons of juice in four teaspoons of warm boiled water daily.

Of course, if baby has not had fruit juice previously, do not commence with these full quantities, but start by giving only a few drops daily.

Need of Exercise

BE sure that baby gets sufficient exercise. It is not enough for him to be wheeled out in his pram in the afternoon or evening. He should have a definite part of the day set aside for kicking exercises, minus his napkins. The best time is between 3 and 4.30 p.m., when he is awake. Put a covering over the floor. See that the spot chosen is not in a draught. Surround baby by a kicking-pan, and let the mild sunshine play on his limbs while he takes his exercise.

Be sure that the sun is not shining on his eyes, and that it does not shine too long on his delicate skin, thus causing burns.

Baby may also be given special exercises just before his morning bath. This helps to prevent constipation. Diverst him of all clothing, but his singlet. Lay baby on his back. Take hold of each foot alternately, and gently, but firmly, bend his upper leg back on to his abdomen till his bent knee touches his

MEDICAL

DRINK 'HERB OF LIFE' Absolute cure for Rheumatism, Neuritis, Insomnia, Uric Acid troubles. 5/9 packet, post free. P.N. only. Box 20381, G.P.O., Sydney.

By MARY TRUBY KING
Daughter of Sir Truby King,
Authority on Baby Welfare.

At first do each exercise only once, increasing to three times for each exercise as baby grows to enjoy them.

BABY should sleep 12 to 20 hours out of the 24 at four months of age. If he is not sleeping well at night there may not be enough fresh air in his sleeping room. He may be thirsty—in which case give boiled water—not milk. He may have wind, or he may be over-fed, and suffering from indigestion.

Beware of spoiling baby! Friends and relatives are sure to want to wake baby up when they arrive to have a look at him, and put him through his tricks. Make a rule that baby is only "on show" between 2 and 4 p.m., if awake.

It is easy to let baby get into the habit of crying until he gets things which he shouldn't have. The wise mother will learn to know the "spoiled cry" when baby is merely "trying it on," and will let him cry it out.

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A.P.C.

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RALLY.



LEATHER OXFORD



TENNISSET.



SUNBEAM.



DEUCE.

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LEATHER OXFORD There's wonderful comfort in this all purpose shoe.....Willow-hide uppers, crepe sole, wedge heel. Men's, Youth's. Flat heels for Boys and Children.

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CENOVIS IRRADIATED YEAST IS AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR CONSTIPATION.

This yeast is being registered as a GUILD "CHEMIST'S ONLY LINE," and if your chemist has not yet got his supplies he can quickly procure it for you in Victoria. Chemists in other States can also secure supplies. Sold in 150gms. tins at 2/-, and 100gms. tins at 1/6. 2/6, 3/6, and 4/6. If your chemist does not stock it, we will have it posted immediately by a Melbourne chemist on receipt of amount, plus postage (1/- in Victoria, 1/6 in N.S.W., and 2/- in other States).

AN ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE OF HEALTH TO YOUNG AND OLD, PROVED TO ENSURE SOUND AND HEALTHY TEETH AND BONES IN CHILDREN, GIVES GROWING CHILDREN A BIG RESERVE OF VITAMINS B, D, E, B1, B2, B4, and B6. Vitamin C, Vitamin D, and Vitamin E.

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There is no trouble about taking CENOVIS IRRADIATED YEAST. Simply sprinkle on bread or butter, on stewed fruit or salad, or allow to soak for 4 minutes in a tumblerful of warm water to which a little sugar has been added. Stir and drink either plain, or with milk or orange juice.

Always serve a plate of CENOVIS IRRADIATED YEAST sandwiches to your guests. They are most palatable and invigorating. Get the yeast habit. Late nights are worry with after effects if you take CENOVIS.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR CENOVIS IRRADIATED YEAST BEAUTY FACE PAGE. The latest and most marvellous beauty treatment. It not only removes all blemishes and greasiness from the skin, but gives a mild Ultra Violet Ray skin treatment, and provides a perfect skin for powder or make-up.

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Mr. G. V. Russell the originator of Granulated Medicinal Yeast in Australia, is manager of

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PURE MALT
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BOUGHT EVERYWHERE BY EVERYBODY

GARDENS for the YOUNG

Also, a chat about
Bulbs, & Climbing
Plants—

By THE OLD GARDENER

"For flowers that bloom about our feet,
For tender grass so fresh and sweet,
For song of bird and hum of bees,
For all things fair we hear and see;
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee!"

YOU know, Miss, I often think of that little verse when I travel the road of life. . . . What made me think of it to-day? Well, I'll tell you:

Whilst coming along the road this morning, I noticed two little children looking through the great iron gates of that beautiful home just up the road. One of them, Miss, a boy, was an invalid. You know, one of those little sufferers who have to be wheeled about in a chair—and he was being taken care of by his sister.

There these two children were gazing and gazing at that wonderful garden. I could not help overhearing their remarks. They were thrilled with delight. They spoke of the beautiful flowers, the perfume, the color, and how clever the person must have been to make it so beautiful. Speaking to his sister, the little chap said how he would love such a garden; how grand it would be to be wheeled in his chair among the pretty flowers, and watch his sister tend and care for them.

I spoke to them, and when they knew I was "The Old Gardener," they were just overjoyed. So we had a talk.

I told them how easy it would be for them to have a garden with nice velvety lawns, with beautiful flowers, shrubs and trees just as fine as those we could see in that grand old place. I explained how they could raise their own plants and prick them out into boxes ready for transplanting. And, what do you think? They are going to make a garden; ask, too, all the other children in the street to make one also. I'm going along to help—and what a time I'll have!

All children should be trained to take an interest in a garden. In pot plants or window boxes. When I was a child, I was taught that a beautiful mind sees beauty everywhere. Children, when growing to man and womanhood, travel the same path of life that we have, and if trained among things of beauty they must naturally have beautiful thoughts. Children should have a garden of their own to keep neat and trim. It is natural for them to become garden-lovers.

Bulbs in Glass Mugs

I HAD a letter the other day from one of my gardening friends, Mrs. Hayward from up Castle Hill way. She grows hyacinths and daffodils successfully, in glazed bowls and glass mugs.

When grown in moss fibre, she says, no drainage is needed, and the interesting part of it is that the roots can be seen growing through the glass. The blooms, heading magnificent stalks, lasted from two to three weeks.

I was most pleased to have these useful hints, and welcome more.

Climbing Beauty

WHILST talking, Miss, I've been glancing over your garden, and it looks to me to be very bare of climbing plants.

Beauty and utility are combined in many climbing plants.

Numerous gardens I have seen in my



THIS IS an example of what can be done with a corner. Climbing roses are just breaking into colorful beauty on the pergola, and garden chairs offer friendly invitation to pause awhile and survey the pleasing vista of lawns and gardens surrounding "Curraween," the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Hull, Clifton Gardens, New South Wales.

—Women's Weekly photo.

travels have blank walls, ugly fences, ramshackle sheds, and outer buildings.

These could be made most inviting if the kind of creeper suitable for the situation were planted.

Now, that porch of yours. What could be better than a beautiful red or pink rose, such as a Black Boy, George Dickson, Climbing Hadley, Radiance, Marion Manifold, or a Madam Chateaux, climbing over it? Along that dull fence over there, plant wistaria, or on that wall which catches the morning sun, a Bougainvillea would give just the color you require there. And how lovely a Clematis would be in this spot; also a Tecoma growing up and over the top of that bush house!

Those two fowl houses down there would be well covered with a Canariensis. This has beautiful foliage, and pretty little yellow flowers.

What better for wooden supports and pergolas than rambling roses, such as American Pillar, Paul's Scarlet Climber, Bush Fire, Hiawatha, Dorothy Perkins, and Heart of Gold. Any of these will give you a grand display.

Over a corner fence a honeysuckle would be welcome. Everyone loves fragrant honeysuckle.

The Mandevilla, with its pure white scented flowers, should have pride of place in another spot. And how about a Bignonia? There is Bignonia Rosea, and Bignonia Jasminoides Alba.

And, by the way, don't forget a Thunbergia over there. Let it climb up the wire, no garden should be without it. Then again, to climb up the wire of your tennis court, there is nothing to equal a Rhynchospermum; and you

must have an Aristolochia—you know, the Dutchman's Pipe.

Along a blank wall, build a framework for the Antigonon. These are beautiful with their long sprays of pink flowers.

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If you have had luck in games, love, business—you should carry a pair of Mystic Brahma Highly Dynamic Lodestones. These lodestones are carried by occult Oriental people as a powerful charm—now to prevent bad luck, evil, and misfortune, and the other to attract much good luck, love, happiness, and prosperity. Packed by return mail, price 1/6 the pair. Your money refunded within 7 days of purchase, if not fully satisfied. V. H. BASSETT, 111 King St., Sydney.



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THE ORCHARD

Budding and Grafting—How it is Done

In orchards, both large and small, budding and grafting are carried on extensively—so if you wish to increase your choice of trees it can be easily done.

BUDDING and grafting are processes by which we make our trees more profitable and easier to manage. The chief benefit obtained is that trees fruit much sooner. Budded and grafted trees will fruit in their third year; trees from seed take many years to produce fruit.

Broken branches can be renovated, and ugly gaps in the trees can be filled in. Useless and undesirable varieties can be dispensed with, and new wood grafted on the old stumps—without much loss of time and waiting for young trees to grow.

In budding we use the bark only, or with a little wood removed from the tree with the bud. Taking a little wood with

the bud is the better method. There is one common method of inserting the bud on to the selected tree, and that is the "T"-shaped cut.

Grafting is done by taking a piece of wood with several buds. There are two methods of grafting. The top or cleft graft, and the whip or splice graft. The plant on which we fit the graft is called the stock, and the bud or graft is called the scion.

Closely-related plants unite very readily—such as peach and nectarine, peach and plum, pear and quince, orange and lemon. Always remember: Stone on stone fruit, and seed fruit on seed fruit.

Suckers should be never used as stock for grafting purposes. The time for budding and grafting deciduous trees is during the growing season; the sap is then in full flow. Now is a good time. In drought-stricken areas, or if the summer months are exceptionally dry, budding or grafting cannot be carried on unless the trees are thoroughly watered. When the seasons are dry the sap is not so free, therefore the bark cannot be lifted so easily.

H. OST Holbrook says: My Anchovy Paste makes meat, lastly sandwiches. Tasty morsels for the Bridge Party. e.e.s.



LOOKS tempting, doesn't it? Savory cheese cake or sandwich is a most attractive novelty. See recipe.

SOMETIMES in large stores I watch housewives buying cheese, and I wonder if they realise that there are about one hundred varieties of cheese on the market to-day — many of which are made in Australia.

Cheddar, which is the kind we get when we ask for "cheese," is best used in dishes planned as a meat substitute, since it is sharp in flavor, and grates easily. Gruyere, Camembert, and other delicately flavored cheeses are delicious served with small, crisp biscuits and after-dinner coffee. There are some splendid varieties of foil-wrapped cheese which are at their best when fresh. Hard cheeses like Stilton may be kept for some time—indeed, epicures prefer them two years old.

Cheese combines well with fresh or tinned fruit. And a salad of any description is hardly complete without cheese. It appears as a full course or savory at a formal dinner, and will lend itself with grace to a simple dinner of vegetables in place of meat, supplying the protein minerals and vitamins A and D.

SPANISH CHEESE SOUP

One quart beef stock, 4 Spanish onions, 5 small squares toast, 5 tablespoons grated cheese.

Slice the onions, and fry in butter until a golden brown; add the boiling stock. Put a square of toast in each soup plate. Pile it with 1 tablespoon grated cheese, and a little paprika. Pour over the boiling soup. Serve at once.

SPAGHETTI MILANAISE

One pound spaghetti, 1 lb. mushrooms or 1 small tin, 2 onions, 5 cloves, 1 pint of tomato sauce, 2 or 3 Frankfurt sausages, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 teaspoon Parmesan cheese (if liked).

Put the spaghetti into a large saucepan of boiling salted water without



SPAGHETTI MILANAISE made according to the recipe below is a delicious and sustaining dish.

breaking; add the onions, stuck with cloves. Cook rapidly until the spaghetti is tender. Drain, and remove the onions. Add the tomato sauce and the Frankfurt sausages, which have been boiled, peeled, and cut into 1-inch pieces; also the mushrooms, which have been prepared and cooked lightly in butter. Cook together five minutes. Add the cheese. Sprinkle with Parmesan, and serve very hot.

CHEESE DEVILS

Two cupsful of grated or chopped cheese, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon salt and black pepper, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, small slices bacon, triangles of toast.

Mix into a paste the cheese, egg, salt, pepper, melted butter, Worcestershire sauce, and paprika. Spread generously on triangles of toast. Place a slice of bacon on each, and place in a very hot oven. Leave until the cheese-mixture melts and the bacon frizzles. Serve with lettuce leaves, and 2 sharp vinegar pickles.

CHEESE AND CABBAGE ROLLS

One cup rice, 1 cup grated cheese, 5 or 6 large cabbage leaves, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 onion, salt, pepper, and paprika to taste.

Cook the rice until tender in boiling salted water, with the onion in it. When soft, drain, and stand aside to cool. Remove the onion; add the cheese and seasonings and butter. Mix well. Wilt the cabbage leaves slightly in hot water; remove, and fill with the seasoned mixture. Roll up, and place in a buttered

CHEESE is so Adaptable

You can serve it in some form or other for every meal as well as for teas and suppers, etc.

HERE is no waste matter in cheese. It is all food. It is a muscle and bone-builder for those who toil. It is excellent for nerve sufferers, for expectant and nursing mothers, and, most important, it is a superior food for children—wisely served—because of its large content of precious growth elements—vitamins and mineral salts.

Our cookery expert gives some appetising recipes for every meal, including one or two suitable for afternoon or bridge teas and suppers.

baking dish; season slightly. Dot with butter and bake in a slow oven until tender—about 20 minutes.

SAVORY CHEESE CAKE OR SANDWICH

One square loaf brown bread, 3 tablespoons grated yellow cheese, 3 tablespoons finely-chopped parsley, 1 cup grated cheese, cream salad dressing, lemon juice, salt and pepper to taste, butter, 1 cup cream cheese, gherkins or olives.

Remove the crust from a square loaf of bread, and cut into three even slices. Butter one slice of bread, and fill with a mixture of grated cheese, moistened with salad dressing. Spread thickly. Cover with the other slice of buttered bread and fill with a mixture of finely-chopped parsley and mint, moistened with lemon juice and melted butter. When the butter sets, spread between the second slice. Butter, and fill the last slice with grated cheese, flavored with paprika. Press the loaf together firmly, and cover with the cream cheese—top and sides. Decorate with sliced gherkins, or stuffed olives cut in rings.

SALAD CHEESE

Here is something cold and savory. Quarter of a pound of cream cheese, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 hard-boiled egg, a very little grated onion, a few drops Worcestershire sauce, 4 olives, salt, pepper and paprika to taste.

Mash the cream cheese, add the melted butter, very finely-chopped olives, hard-boiled egg, also finely-chopped onion, sauce, salt and paprika. Press into an oiled mould. Chill thoroughly, then turn out and cut into thin slices, or serve on lettuce leaves.

AFTERNOON TEA CHEESE

Select small, slightly-sweetened biscuits, a few chopped nuts, red jelly or preserved cherry, some cream cheese and 2 tablespoons cream.

Add some sweet cream to the cream cheese, also the chopped nuts. Form

into small balls. Place one ball on each biscuit. Flatten slightly to almost cover the biscuit. Place a cube of red jelly or a cherry on top of each.

CHEESE SOUFFLE

One and a half tablespoons butter, 1oz. self-raising flour, 1 cup milk, 3 eggs, 1lb. grated cheese, salt and pepper to taste, a little finely-chopped eschalot.

Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the flour. Mix well. Now add the milk, a little at a time. Return to the fire, and stir till it boils. Simmer 5 minutes, cool. Add the egg yolks, eschalot, salt and pepper, and grated cheese. Mix well. Lastly fold in stiffly-beaten whites of 2

By MARGARET SHEPHERD
Instructor to Leading Hospitals

To Save Breakage

DISHES are often broken through being knocked up against the water-tap when washing up. To prevent this, fix a rubber ring, similar to those used on men's umbrellas, on the bottom of the tap. A slight groove can be made on the tap with a three-cornered file to keep the ring in position.

COTTAGE CHEESE PIE

One cup smooth cottage or cream cheese, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup desiccated coconut, 1 cup cream, grated rind and juice of 1 lemon.

Put cheese into a basin, break it down with a fork. Add the coconut, sugar well-beaten eggs, rind and juice of the lemon. Pour into a tin lined with a good, short crust, and bake in a quick oven 10 minutes; then reduce the heat, baking another 20 minutes. When cold, spread with raspberry or strawberry jam, and serve.



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Kitchen Wisdom

Points To Remember

When Cooking Vegetables

DON'T peel potatoes thickly—the most valuable part is just under the skin. They really should be cooked in their jackets.

DON'T over-cook vegetables nor cook them too slowly; vitamins are destroyed by long cooking.

DON'T use soda, it destroys the vitamins—use lump sugar to retain the color.

DON'T use more water than necessary for cooking vegetables—the mineral salts are extracted by the boiling, and when the water is thrown away the salts go with it, leaving only the "framework."

DON'T leave vegetables soaking for a long time in water before cooking—all the mineral salts will soak out of them.

"Pot Lucks"

ALLOW a steamed or boiled pudding to stand for a minute or two, to shrink slightly before taking it out.

WHEN BOILING cabbage, you will find that adding a stale bread crust to the water reduces the disagreeable odor.

TO PREVENT a large cake rising in the middle, make a hole in the centre with a knife, till the bottom of the tin is seen, before putting it into the oven. The heat of the oven will bring the mixture together again, without allowing it to rise in the middle.

ALWAYS wipe out the oven immediately after baking meat or anything containing fat. Fat is easy enough to remove while it is hot, but when cold it clings very firmly.

BEST RECIPES

Would You Like to Win £1?

THINK of it! Just a few minutes' writing may win £1 to add to your Easter holiday trip, to go shopping with, or even supplement your banking account! Send your best recipe to-day. This week's winners:—

TONGUE SAVORY

Procure as many sheep's tongues as required and cook them until they peel readily. Trim and cut in halves. Split them lengthwise. Grease a casserole or pudding with butter. Sprinkle with a mixture of breadcrumbs, chopped parsley, a little thyme, pepper and salt to taste. Place in a layer of tongue, then a layer of bacon, then another layer of tongue. Pour over this a cupful of milk, cover with breadcrumbs and parsley mixture. Cook slowly in a moderate oven for an hour. Remove lid, and cover with a good layer of mashed potatoes, returning to oven (without lid) until nicely browned.

£1 Prize to Mrs. M. Adcock, 83 St. Leonards Rd., Ascot Vale, Melbourne.

SPICED SAUSAGES

Mix 1 large tablespoon sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon Worcester sauce, 2 tablespoons vinegar together, add 1½ cups boiling water, with salt and pepper to taste; place 1½ the sausage in a dish, slice an onion on top.

HOT HOLBROOK says: My Worcestershire Sauce is the perfection of flavour. Any, it is the world's greatest appetiser.***

and pour mixture on top, and bake slowly about quarter of an hour. Suitable for luncheon or breakfast.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Ridley, 44 Church St., Toowoomba, Brisbane.

PASSIONFRUIT CREAM

This is a splendid substitute for cream to use on fruit pies or stewed fruit.

Mix 4 tablespoons of white sugar with 4 tablespoons of condensed milk, add pulp and juice of 8 passionfruit, and mix well. Then add slowly, 1 cup of fresh milk. Let it stand for 2 hours or longer, stirring occasionally. This mixture thickens to the consistency of cream and it becomes fluffier with longer standing.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Alford, 19 George St., St. Peters, Adelaide.

FIG CRUNCHIES

Figs are in, and are delicious used this way: Roll about 2 doz. ripe figs in ½ cup water till soft (no sugar). Beat to a pulp and stand to cool. Sift 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, 1 teaspoonful each of ginger and spice, and ½ cup sugar. Rub in ½ cup butter—or sugar whipped dripping—then add 1 well-beaten egg in which a tablespoonful of treacle has been dissolved. Make a stiff dough, work in shapen, place with beaten egg, prick each with a fork, and bake in cool oven about quarter of an hour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. L. McMillan, O'Brien St., Grenfell, N.S.W.

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A PRINCE of GOOD Fellows

Continued from Page 5

IT was nearly ten
before Jenny and Madame finished the
bridal bouquets. Jenny got up and
packed the flowers in their gay little
blue and silver boxes ready for Bert
to take away the first thing in the
morning, for it was an early wedding.
Jenny put on her hat and came back
to say good night, but Madame did not
notice her. She was already busy over
her accounts. The light shone down
on her glossy black hair that was al-
ways so neatly dressed, and on the
great white page spread in front of
her. Her fingers moved, making neat
figures with a thin foreign nib. Her
lips stirred as she counted. She was
as absorbed as a monk at his prayers.
Jenny watched her for a second and
then turned away and shut the door
quietly, careful not to disturb this
financial ecstasy.

As Jenny turned into the street she
saw old Joe with his barrow. That
would be Madame's last money-mak-
ing chance of the day. Often for half
an hour she and old Joe would haggle
about the price at which he was to buy
those flowers which had been two or
more days unsold in the shop. In the
end he would go away cursing, his
barrow full of flowers, which he would
hawk cheaply through the suburbs in
the daytime.

Jenny thought wearily that for un-
tiring energy alone Madame deserved
to make money.

Mum was waiting for her with a cup
of tea. "A good day, darling?"

Jenny considered that no such simple
adjective could describe the varied
events of the last twelve hours. But
she merely said "Yes, Mum. Eve in?"

"Yes, darling. She's gone to bed. She
was worn out from the excitement of
getting the job and all."

"So she's to be one of Tom Gerrard's
'Golden Girls'?"

"Well, well, darling," murmured Mrs.
Foster, as if her elder daughter needed
consolation, "all is not gold that glit-
ters."

She picked up the post off the tray
in the hall, and looked at it indiffer-
ently. No one ever wrote to her letters
except Eve when she was on tour.

It was the usual post—bills, bills and
bills. It seemed to Jenny that she knew
all these letters by heart already. Bills.
The old familiar ones that had grown
quite frenzied in their demand, the
maddening familiar whose tone was grow-
ing cold and doubtful, and the new
ones very optimistic and polite. Her
father would look at them in his vague,
puzzled way, and push them aside and
go back to his dreams of Bach and
Beethoven. She sometimes wondered
how much he knew of what was hap-
pening in the world of reality, of how
Mum had often to do battle on the
doorstep with the butcher, the baker
and the candlestick maker, and how
when things got too desperate she or
Ted would by supreme efforts of self-
denial manage to throw a sop to
Cerberus.

Bills—she was sick of it all, and there
seemed to be no way in which they
could ever get straight. And there, as
if perhaps pointing out a path, lay a
letter for herself in Clive Freeman's
neat handwriting.

"Dear Miss Jenny,

"Will you do me the honor of
dining with me Thursday night? I'll
collect your answer Chez Fleurette in
the morning."

"Yours sincerely,

"Clive Freeman."

She laid the letter thoughtfully on
the kitchen table. Yes, she would go.
She wondered if the invitation had any
special significance. Clive Freeman
was a possible solution of the bills.
The answer not to the maiden's but to
the tradesmen's prayer.

She threaded a needle and started
to tack on the clean collar when she
heard her father's key in the door.

"Hello, Dad. How are you? Good



DID
You
KNOW...



WHERE THERE is much wear and tear, a patterned stair car-
pet is best. It is charmingly effective on a winding staircase,
though the pattern should not be too conspicuous. For a narrow,
steep staircase choose a plain carpet—it gives a broader effect to
the stairs.—Iris.

"No, Mum," Jenny laughed. "And
things are not always what they seem."
That's a good one, too, and particularly
true in this age of bottle blondes.

Mrs. Foster enjoyed her family's teas-
ing. "Go on with you."

"Where's Dad?"

"Your father is at a concert."

Jenny got up, fetched her dress-
gown, slipped out of her frock and
started to rip off the little white collar.
A creation of misty blue crepe-de-chine
swam before her eyes. "Mum, I ought
to have a new everyday dress," she
said.

"Sure you should, Jenny," said her
mother sleepily. "You should be
dressed in 'ver and samite,' though I
never knew rightly what they were."

Jenny waved aside these Biblical
inquiries, shook some soap suds into
a basin in the sink, and turned on the
hot tap. "Mum, did Dad give you any
money this week?"

"No, darling."

"Did the Saunders pay?"

"No, darling."

"Did he send in the account again?"

"No, darling."

Jenny sighed and switched on the
electric iron which they had combined
to give Mum for Christmas and which
Mum regarded with the most profound
distrust.

"I'll speak to him," said Jenny.
"You'll go easy with him, darling."

"I will."

Mum yawned. "I'm terrible sleepy to-
night."

"You go to bed. I'll sit up for Dad.
He won't be late."

"All right, darling. Good night."

"Good night, Mum."

Her mother's laugh echoed across the
corridor. "Early to bed and early to
rise," she called. "I nearly forgot that
one," and she laughed again.

Jenny listened to that sweet laughter.
She knew, that Gerrard ought to hear
that. You couldn't live with Mum and
not learn to recognise a fake.

H OOT! Hoot! says a satiny delivery in
the Hoot! Hoot! Stuffed Olive. The stores
have been reduced with red pinpoints.

concert? Would you like anything to
eat, drink, or smoke?"

"Yes, Jenny, I'll fill a pipe." He
settled into the armchair, his eyes
dreaming, entirely unconscious of his
surroundings. "Great man, Mozart,"
he murmured.

Jenny watched him with an af-
fectionate smile. At least one of those
she loved was safe. Dad would be per-
fectly happy as long as the world held
music. Perfectly happy—and then she
hastily touched the wood of the kitchen
table.

"By the way, Dad, did you ask the
Saunders for their money?"

"No, Jenny, I'll tell you why. The
girl has talent. If I pressed them to
pay they might stop her lessons. I
wouldn't like that."

"And the Bennetts?"

"Oh, I couldn't ask them, Jenny.
They're very poor. They'll pay when
they can."

"I see." The vision of the new frock
grew small, receded, and vanished.
"Well, Mum's gone to bed and I'm
going, too, but don't lock up, because
Ted isn't in yet. Night."

Very late that night Jenny woke to
hear Ted come home. She did not
know that he had been walking the
streets of London in order to confirm
himself in his decision to marry im-
mediately. She forgot that it was his
night off, and hoped, sleepily, that the
Cox d'Or had had another extension
and that he had been paid a lot of
overtime. If Ted were in funds she
might get a new frock yet. If Ted
were in funds she thought in the con-
fusion between waking and sleeping
she need not dine with Clive Freeman,
which was obviously an absurd non-
sequitur. But was it? Was it? Oh,
she was much too tired to puzzle it
out.

She fell asleep again and dreamed
of a wedding where the parson
preached of brands plucked from the
burning, and all the confetti was made
of torn-up bills. She woke with a
start, remembering that it was unlucky
to dream of weddings.

Please turn to Page 37

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CHAPTER III.

A PRINCE of GOOD FELLOWS

Continued from Page 36

AFTER a long, busy day in the shop, Jenny had an evening engagement in Portman Square.

"I'm taking a battlefield of flowers, Pam, and Madame's newest in floral festoons."

"Don't I know! I spent all the afternoon making them."

"Ever do any work for Lady Miriam, Lake?"

"No," said Pamela, looking at the boxes Bert was stowing into the delivery van, "but she must have a house the size of the Crystal Palace."

"I can't think why she has to give a party to-night when I'm fit to drop."

"Well, you're not the only victim. We're all working. Business is very brisk."

"Fat lot of good it does us," grumbled Jenny as she swung herself up beside Bert.

"Don't keep Bert too long. We want him."

Bert smiled all over his broad, good-humored face. "Wonderful way I 'ave with the ladies," he said, and got noisily into gear.

Lady Miriam's party was timed for twelve, and Jenny was appalled at the number of rooms she was supposed to decorate single-handed before that hour.

Moreover, Lady Miriam was not easily satisfied. She had "ideas," and in the intervals of quarrelling with her servants, she followed Jenny round, suggesting and complaining. Jenny's arms and legs ached. Time after time she climbed up and down the steps, held for her by a sulky under-parlor-maid, and hung Madame's famous festoons of rambler roses from one electric light bracket to another.

Certainly the effect was charming, one of Madame's flashes of inspiration, but Jenny wondered whether when the room was hot and crowded and the drink circulating freely, anyone would bother to look at her roses.

"Lot of bunk," grumbled the parlor-maid when her mistress was out of earshot. "The way these old dames fuss about actors makes me sick."

"Lady Miriam isn't old," said Jenny.

"All but . . ." said Jenny. "I've only this one more vase to do."

"You've been dreadfully slow," and then she stopped because Toni Gerrard was coming laughingly across the room.

"Hail," he greeted her.

"Toni, my sweet."

"Why, Miriam, darling, this is splendid. And I'm as good as my word. More than punctual. I wouldn't even wait for Christine's last layer of powdering."

He spoke with a kind of determined joviality. Then he turned and saw Jenny. He let Lady Miriam's hand fall. "Why, Jenny! Bless me, Miriam, I didn't know you knew Jenny."

Lady Miriam was embarrassed. "Well, I don't exactly."

"I've only come to do the flowers," said Jenny quickly, busy with her last vase.

"Not know Jenny," Toni laughed. "Oh, Miriam, you must. Jenny's the only brunette I ever loved." He turned to Jenny again and said more seriously,

"Why, you look tired, child. Has Miriam been overworking you?"

"Well, she put up all those beautiful roses. Isn't that a new idea? Fleurette is so clever and I told her we must have something unique for your party. Do you like them?"

"Wonderful!" Toni was looking at Jenny rather than at the flowers. "The perfect setting for the perfect hostess," he said mechanically. "Miriam, where's your champagne? The child needs a drink after all that."

"Of course," said Lady Miriam, because she could not very well say anything else, and signalled to one of the servants. "We'll all have an advance drink to nerve us for the night's ordeal."

"Won't be one," said Toni, tactfully. "You give the world's best parties, Miriam."

A maid approached to say that Lady Miriam's mother was on the phone and must speak to her.

"Oh, dear! You'll excuse me. I won't be a minute."

"Give her my love," called Toni, and handed Jenny the glass which the butler had just brought. "Now, Jenny, let's drink to ourselves. I wish you were staying at this dreary party. We could be tired together. You, and you alone, know my horrid secret. You know I'm not really amused or amusing. So we could go and hide in a corner and be comfortably miserable."

"They'd find you," said Jenny.

"Yes, I've got to be the life-of-the-party. It's surprising the number of people who seem to think that my return from America is a good reason for filling the house with friends and the friends with drink. I'm flattered but exhausted, and Will Walters, my Press agent, won't let me off one of these celebrations."

Jenny laughed. "Whereas all you

really want is a country cottage, three acres and a cow."

"Good God, no! I hate cows. Don't you?"

"Loathe them."

"All horns and hoofs—and after all that trouble the only thing they give is milk!"

There was a ring at the door. Jenny finished her last vase and gathered up the empty boxes. Christine Beaumont's exciting, husky voice was heard in the hall. Toni turned smiling towards the sound.

"Christine has come," he said, half in a whisper, with the awe with which he might have announced the arrival of a troupe of angels.

"Yes," echoed Jenny under her breath. "Christine has come."

She moved softly to the other door which led to the back stairs. Toni stood listening eagerly. He never turned his head. He was not even aware that Jenny had left the room.

She walked home through a fine, drizzling rain. She forgot that her legs were tired. It seemed to her now that the ache had shifted to her heart.

To be Continued

The Answer's a Lemon



A LITTLE juice of lemon squeezed over lamb chops before cooking gives them a delicate and delicious flavor.

as she twisted a bit of wire into place, reflecting that to-morrow she would probably be sent for to take it all down again.

"Well, she's thirty," said the girl. "Old enough to know better. Who cares if Toni Gerrard has come back from America? He's all right, but I'd rather have Ronald Colman."

"Is the party for Gerrard?" asked Jenny, pausing a moment in her work.

"Didn't you know? Mind where you put your foot."

Jenny scrambled on to the floor. So this was Toni's party. She surveyed her handiwork with new interest. "That will do now, thanks so much. I'll just arrange those two big vases."

"All right." The girl picked up the steps and disappeared. Jenny took a great bunch of moss rosebuds and massed them in one of the big cream china vases. From the next room she could hear Lady Miriam's voice giving some final instructions. "I'm expecting Mr. Gerrard first, Simpson—the guest of honor, you know. And don't let the Duke see the four grass. It always disagrees with him. And Miss Mireille, the singer, has to have a well-beaten raw egg—see that cook has it ready—and don't let Miss Muriel have too much champagne . . ."

She was interrupted by a ring at the door. "Ah, that will be Mr. Gerrard." She came into the room where Jenny was working. "Haven't you finished yet?" she said impatiently.

"No, I haven't," said Jenny, looking up at her.

"What's the matter?"

"I'm waiting for the Duke to come. He's the guest of honor, you know. And don't let the Duke see the four grass. It always disagrees with him. And Miss Mireille, the singer, has to have a well-beaten raw egg—see that cook has it ready—and don't let Miss Muriel have too much champagne . . ."

She was interrupted by a ring at the door. "Ah, that will be Mr. Gerrard." She came into the room where Jenny was working. "Haven't you finished yet?" she said impatiently.



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Think how it saves your hands and clothes, too

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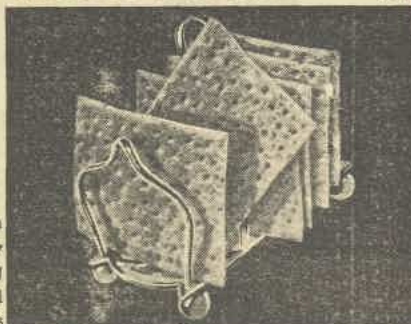
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"SURE IN ACTION—SAFE IN USE."

7.12.33

The HUMANISING of the BISHOP

Continued from Page 11

"THEY'RE much too small for you and much too large for me, but I can get into them, and they'll be a bit less clumsy than these coconut things," she said and padded them with grass and put them on. Then she stamped on the ground and added ruefully: "I hate to admit it, but they're not so much too large for me after all."

The Bishop frowned; his austere face assumed an expression of almost forbidding austerity; vanity—foolish vanity on a desert island.

The full heat of the day was on them; they drew into the thickest shade under the cliff. She pulled off the shoes, pillowed her head on the jacket, and presently fell asleep. The Bishop lay about fifteen feet away, pondering sombrely; this was a very painful affair. Here he was, buried on a desert island, probably for months; it might be for years. All the while the Church in the Palaman Islands, by far the largest and most important diocese in Polynesia, would be suffering for lack of his organising powers.

At intervals the Bishop looked at his unwelcome companion. Of course, with the inveterate levity of her sex, she was sleeping in an utter carelessness of their dismal plight. He blinked drowsily. Then he found himself looking at her toes and thinking how very small they were. Angerily he averted his eyes and returned to the consideration of the details of that organisation. Presently he, too, fell asleep.

About two hours later he was awakened by her prodding him in the ribs with her toe. It seemed to him to show a lack of respect. She said that she was hungry and that they were a long way from the patch of plantains, where they had left their coconuts. The Bishop found that he also was hungry, and rose gloomily. It was a long three hundred yards in that heat. They ate plantains and drank the milk of a coconut. During the meal she expressed a hope that a vegetarian diet would not turn her nose red. The Bishop frowned; vanity again—vanity on a desert island.

The slow hours ebbed away; twice he mounted to the rim of the crater. At half-past four, now that the sun was down the sky, she rose and said that they must be getting to work.

"We ought to find calabashes and breadfruit trees and wild yams, if only we knew where to dig for them, and sweet potatoes," she said. "But the first thing to do is to fix up a place to sleep in to-night."

The Bishop said, coldly and firmly: "The first thing to do is to collect dry wood and make a beacon on the rim of the crater to light as soon as it grows dark."

"You'll find plenty of wood," she said, dryly. "But I'm going to find a hair that I can make a bed in."

With that she left him and began to explore the foot of the cliff. She was not long finding an overhanging ledge about six feet from the ground, and she was not long making a thick bed of leaves under it. Now and then she saw the Bishop ascending the fissure to the rim of the crater with a load of dry wood on his shoulder.

When she had made her bed she went to him and said that they would now explore the resources of the island. The Bishop objected that his task was far more important; but after a short discussion he found himself irritated and exploring the resources of the island.

They found more plantains and guavas; but for him exploring the resources of the island chiefly meant digging for yams with the knife. He was very tired of digging when at last he did dig up a yam, a horn yam about eighteen inches long. He dug up seven more; presently they returned with them to the patch of plantains, and she said that now he might have a match for his beacon, since there were yams to cook in the ashes of it. He had a strong and unpleasant impression that, had they not found the yams, there would have been no match for the beacon.

There was still half an hour of light, and he carried up several more loads of dry wood. When the sun set and the sudden darkness came down she lit the fire herself, for she would not trust him to light it with a single match. It was a splendid fire, but the Bishop was distressed by the quickness with which it burnt itself out. He was too tired to keep it going with fresh wood. It was a long while after it had burned down before its ashes were ready for the yams, and even then the Bishop roasted himself, thrusting in among them with a long stick. By the time they were baked he was dead beat; he had hardly the strength to get to the lake to refresh himself with a drink and a bathe. He slept that night as he had never slept before, on a bed of leaves about twenty yards from that of Mrs. Lissington.

He awoke next morning stiff and aching, but in the enjoyment of an appetite strange to him at

that hour. He stretched himself and rose and looked about him and down at the lake. In it he saw Mrs. Lissington, swimming lazily in a diaphanous garment. Hastily he averted his eyes, and mounted to the rim of the crater in a great hope that he would see a ship, drawn thither by the beacon fire, sailing to the island. The sea was empty. Presently he saw Mrs. Lissington coming up from the lake, and descended. She had brought four coconuts with her, and said that the water was delightful. They got to their breakfast of plantains, yams, and coconut milk—a simple meal, but how the Bishop did enjoy it!

They talked little, for neither the island nor the prospect of escape gave them much to talk about.

Towards the end of the meal she said, thoughtfully: "It looks as if your beard will grow quickly."

The Bishop clapped his hand to his bristly chin. He had not thought about his beard.

"It will suit you quite well," she went on; then added, in explanatory accents: "Your chin, you know."

The Bishop took his chin between his thumb and first finger and felt it carefully. It seemed to him a good chin.

"What's the matter with my chin?" he said.

"Nothing. It's a very good chin," she said, a little too hastily.

The Bishop looked at her suspiciously. Was it merely levity again? Again he felt his chin; perhaps it was a little pointed.

They drowsed away the heat of the day. But between sunrise and sunset, during the heat and the cool, the Bishop climbed to the rim of the crater to look for a ship at least ten times. At about half-past four, when the sun was down the sky, they got to their work again and worked till the quick darkness came down. Presently the moon rose and they made their evening meal by its light. After it they took their mats up to the rim of the crater and sat looking across the sea. They talked little; they had so few common subjects.

That was the pattern of their days. Slowly they explored all the island; they drowsed through the heat; they worked in the morning and evening. But hot or cool the Bishop might have been alone on the island, so little was he aware of the presence of Mrs. Lissington.

SHE took no more interest in him than he did in her. She had been used to wholly different men, men interested in life and affairs of the world, politics, diplomacy, women, sport, gambling. She had loved her husband, and his death two years before had been a blow from which she had not even yet quite recovered. In the last year she had been finding relief in the fast section of the polite world, but, her nerves having proved unequal to the strain, her doctor had prescribed a sea voyage, and she was making the return trip to the Palaman Islands in the ill-fated "Cappadocia." Her placidity formed a strong contrast to the usually disgruntled air of the Bishop.

This air of his at times annoyed Mrs. Lissington. But she observed that the painfully simple life they were leading was doing him a world of good; at the end of ten days his skin was clear, his eyes were brighter, his stride was longer and firmer, his stoop was straightening out. It was in the third week she perceived that the atmosphere of the island was beginning to soothe him; he no longer climbed up to the rim of the crater to look for ships more than five times in the whole day; he no longer worked with the same excessive energy during the cool hours. Yes; the island life was telling upon him as it was telling upon her; her nerves were nearly repaired, and she was feeling fitter than she had felt for years. For the most part he tolerated her civilly, but now and again he would grumble at her refusal to let him have more than one of their precious matches a week for the beacon fire.

By the end of the fourth week the Bishop had lapsed to the point of climbing to the rim of the crater only twice during the heat of the day, and that he did with manifest reluctance. He showed himself also more aware of her presence; he talked to her. She found it better than listening to a sermon in a church, because she could argue and protest.

One day she said idly: "Of course, what you are is the modern Savonarola."

Taken aback, he protested: "I'm afraid you have been misunderstanding me entirely. Savonarola was a foe of the Church."

"Oh, no—not really," she said, firmly. "He only suffered, just like you, from too much zeal. If you'd been alive in those days and gone on as you do, you'd have been burnt, too. It was the only way they had of getting rid of people who were a nuisance. Nowadays they get rid of you by making you a Colonial Bishop."

Please turn to Page 39

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Social letters to be addressed to either Adelaide, Melbourne, Brisbane, or Sydney office as applicable.

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(a) Forward a clipping of matter published, gummed on to a sheet of note paper, showing date and page in which paper was published.

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Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication.

PATTERNS
See special notice on the pattern page.

The HUMANISING of the BISHOP

Continued from Page 38

HE stared at her blankly. Certain facts began to come back to him—gentle remonstrances and less gentle remonstrances from ecclesiastical superiors for many years, remonstrances that had increased in number as the controversies which he had started or into which he had flung himself, had grown more frequent and more violent. Then he remembered the manner in which the See of the Palam Islands had been pressed on him, the number of dignitaries of the Church who had made it their business to see him to point out the extreme importance of that See in the structure of the Church, to discuss its parious condition, to assure him that he was the only man available who could make it what it should be, the number of dignitaries of the Church who had written to him to the same effect. They had worn down his resistance to the idea of leaving England by convincing him that it was his duty to the Church to accept the bishopric, and he had accepted it.

He had discarded his coconut foot coverings because they kept his feet insufferably hot, and after watching her plait mats and baskets of grass he plaited small grass mats and tied them round his feet. Though more comfortable, they were a poor protection, but his feet were harder. Then, as they were strolling one evening to the guava trees in hope to find the fruit ripe, a long thorn ran into his left foot. He pulled it out, but refused, somewhat testily, to wrap her handkerchief round the wound, though she told him that there might be tetanus germs in the soil. Tetanus germs did not find their way into the wound, but some other germs did, and in three days it festered and rendered him helpless.

The burden of both their lives fell on

"I shall never be tempted in those ways," he said, confidently.

"You're very sure," she said. "But wait till you fall in love. I shall be interested to see what happens to the celibacy of the clergy then."

"I have never fallen in love and I never shall. I'm past the age for it," he said, with yet greater conviction.

She laughed gently, and then she looked at him more closely. For the first time she saw that he was looking uncommonly handsome; his tanned skin was very clear; his eyes seemed to have grown bluer; he wore a rather boyish air that she found attractive. In some curious fashion, though he had lost his hard austerity, he looked more of a man. She had a fancy that, could she see it, she would find that under his beard his chin had grown squarer and less pointed.

A FEW days later she bethought herself to count the matches, and found that they had used eleven. This was indeed distressing. They debated the matter.

Then she became thoughtful, and presently said: "Those glasses you brought ashore with you, are they strong?"

"Not very," he said.

She said that they might as well try them, and he fetched them from his sleeping place. She gathered some dry leaves and grass and tried to use the glasses as burning glasses, but they were not strong enough. Then she said that since he had nothing to read, they were of no use to him, and broke the bridge. For some minutes she manipulated the two lenses, trying to get them at an angle that gave them their greatest magnifying power. Few people could have watched an operation like that without itching to try



Carries the paint in the brush.

PAINT BRUSH Novelty

PAINTING without the inevitable paint-pot is made possible by the use of this new paint-brush. All that is necessary is to unscrew the end of the brush and pour the paint into the hollow handle, and commence painting in the usual way.

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her. She fed him and she nursed him. For the first time the Bishop won some respect from her by showing himself a good patient. He never complained, he never winced when she dressed his wound. There was indeed no little of the Spartan about him, and she liked it. He began to talk to her from a less lofty height.

For her part the having had him helpless in her hands insensibly changed her feelings about him; it awoke her interest in him as hardly anything else could have done; it awoke in her the desire to know him. She led him on to talk about himself, his early life, his tastes, his desires other than his ruling ambition.

To her surprise he responded almost from the beginning. In all his life no one had ever taken a keen personal interest in him, for he had been an orphan and not of a temperament to excite warm affection in the cousins who had brought him up. He had been a lonely child; and neither at Winchester nor Oxford had he made a really intimate friend. It seemed only natural that the Church should fill his life.

AT first he was shy of telling her about himself. But, without knowing it, he was flattered by her interest in him, and as that interest grew manifestly keener the flattery grew sweeter, while she found his slow but quickening response no less flattering. So either fed the other's vanity.

Naturally she talked at times about her own life and her friends and acquaintances, their successes and misfortunes, their virtues and their frailties. He was hard on their frailties, and his judgments on them were those of a man immune from temptation, unable to appreciate its strength. Being rather of the opinion that to know everything is to forgive everything, she would protest against those judgments. But he could find no excuse for their misdoings; their duty had been plain; temptation only comes to us to be resisted.

"That's all very well," she said. "Wait till you're tempted."

it themselves. The Bishop was one of them; he had no desire to try it himself. But he watched her hands, and of a sudden perceived that they were beautiful, small, firm, admirably shaped; and then he perceived that they were rather pathetic—browned by the sun, none too clean from lack of soap, still roughened by the work she had done when the whole burden of their life had fallen on her. He stared at them.

Then she found the right distance at which to hold the glasses apart at the right angle to the sun; the leaf shrivelled and smoked; a tiny flame burst from it, the leaves round it caught fire. With a little cry of triumph she set down the lenses and gently dropped handful after handful of leaves on those that were burning, and handfuls of small twigs on those. At her sharp command the Bishop bestirred himself to bring bigger dried sticks, and in a few minutes they had a good fire burning.

"And that's that," she said, in a tone of great satisfaction. "We're independent of matches now, and you can have as many beacon fires as you like."

"You are surprisingly intelligent," he said, with thoughtful conviction.

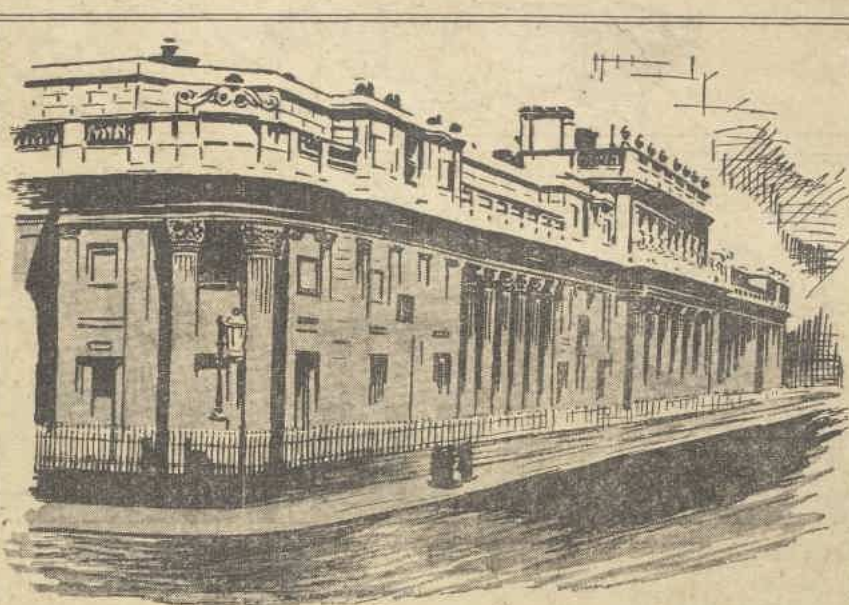
"Thank you so much," she said, smiling at him.

They moved away from the fire and sat down out of the range of its heat. She talked fitfully; the Bishop seemed disinclined to talk; he looked at her hands. Then, with the air of a man under an irresistible impulse and not knowing what he was doing, he bent forward and stroked her left hand. Mrs. Lissington did not stir; she looked at the two hands, and her lips parted a little.

Of a sudden the Bishop seemed to awaken. Hastily he withdrew his hand; an expression of horror filled his face; he said, in accents of dismay: "I—I beg your pardon! I—I can't think what I was thinking of! They looked—they looked—so pathetic!"

"They are rough, and they do want cold cream," she said, lightly.

Please turn to Page 41



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TERRIBLE TWINS

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FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

GOODNESS, fancy being able to see a really live Indian!" said Fred to Wunderlust.

Wunderlust was about to set off for Wodisha, where he hoped to encounter the good chief, Waikia, to find out certain information that might help him in the recovery of a blue diamond that had been stolen from Princess Lightfoot's palace.

"I don't like the idea of going at all!" said Wunderlust, after a long pause. "The Indians are queer people, and Waikia is probably the queerest of them all. He is their chief, and yet he has not a great deal of power, as there seems to be someone of whom he is frightened, and off whom he takes orders. And, that person I have reason to believe stole the blue diamond from the safe in Princess Lightfoot's drawing-room. If you would like to come with me, Fred, you may, but be sure to wear your magic shoes, as you may need to get back to Mushroom Grove in a hurry."

"I have them on now!" said Fred, eager to start off.



An Indian chief am I.
For my men I would do or die.
As I stand erect
You can detect
No fault, no evil eye.

Fred hopped into the front of the aeroplane, and was soon followed by Wunderlust, and they left Mushroom Grove many miles behind within a few minutes.

"THIS is where we land!" said Wunderlust, as they came in sight of a very flat-looking piece of land, and began circling in the air.

Fred kept peering over the side, trying to see any Indians that might be strolling about, but, look as he might, there was nothing to see but miles and miles of barren land.

"Are you sure this is the right place?" inquired Fred of Wunderlust.

"Certain," came the rather abrupt reply. "We mustn't let all the Indians know we're paying their chief a visit you know, or it may lead to some trouble," went on Wunderlust.

Fred and Wunderlust got out of the plane, and made their way along a wide track, Wunderlust keeping well in the lead, and Fred following behind him. They reached a peculiarly shaped tent, after a walk of about a mile, and in they crept. Inside they were met by Chief Waikia, who smiled at Wunderlust in a rather half-hearted way. He then made his way out of the tent, and after looking all around him, and making sure that nobody was listening to him, he told Wunderlust a very sad story.

It appeared that a certain Indian by the name of Cringer had stolen many things from Waikia and had caused him no end of trouble, but he couldn't say anything because he was afraid.

"Afraid of what?" Wunderlust had asked inquisitively.

A FRAID that Cringer may disclose the fact that Waikia had slain a man. It was quite accidental, Waikia explained, but nevertheless if Cringer told the story it would sound as if he had slain the man purposely. Just as Waikia had finished telling Wunderlust his story in broken English, a shout came from outside the tent, which sent Waikia running to see what it was all about.

"Big Chief, look what I find, pretty piece of glass," came the voice of an Indian boy. He held out his hand, and in his palm was the beautiful blue diamond. The big chief stood aghast. He was afraid to say or do anything in case the bad Indian, Cringer, was round about.

Wunderlust leant forward, and, taking the precious gem from the boy, put his hand in his pocket and gave him as a reward some kind of gold medal. The Indian boy then departed smilingly, for he had not expected anything in return for the "pretty piece of glass."

Wunderlust and Fred then said goodbye to the big Indian chief, and sped off to Mushroom Grove.

And soon after this incident the bad Indian, Cringer, was killed in a big fight. So Waikia was once more able to give orders instead of taking them. (Another story about Fred next week!)

Gonnie's Letter

MY DEAR PALS,—

I was at a birthday party last Saturday, and during the afternoon we played the jolliest of games. One game in particular I considered most amusing, and a good thing about it is that it is as much fun for the onlookers as for the players. It was "Blindman's Ice-cream."

A boy and a girl are blindfolded, and sit in the middle of the room with a spoon each, and two ice-creams, and they try to feed each other. Now, a short distance away are another boy and girl who with their spoons and ice-creams do exactly the same thing. The couple finishing their ice-creams first win the contest.

The best letter for the week comes from Jack Wright, 111 Railway St., St. Peters, for which he receives a 5/- prize.

"I saw the polar bears diving, the beautiful peacocks with their colorful tails, the seals being fed, and all the tiny monkeys rambling in the 'Children's Playground.' This is just a short extract from Jack's very interesting letter, which was all about a trip to the Zoo.

Well, good-bye until next week.
Cheerio,
From your Pal,
CONNIE.

Just Chatter

JOYCE HOSMAN, of Kogarah (N.S.W.), paints pretty pictures; Elsie Hodges, of Dourke (N.S.W.), has three pet lambs and a pony; Betty Maple, of Moonee Ponds (Vic.), would like to become a clever dressmaker; Betty McGowan, of Brunswick Heads (N.S.W.), is an admirer of beautiful scenery; Marie Kennevan, of East Brisbane (Qld.), writes a very interesting letter.

Edith Essex, of Goombungee (Qld.), is quite a clever painter; Betty Perrett, of Raymond Terrace (N.S.W.), writes good verse; Sylvia Baker, of Wangi Wangi (N.S.W.), writes a very nice little letter; Elsie Tegmann, of Broadmeadows (Tas.), will be thirteen next July.

PEGGY BAIL, of Willoughby (N.S.W.), likes a hot sunny weather; Bill Harbridge, of Rose Bay (N.S.W.), has recovered from his recent illness; Mildred Wason, of Goomeri, can color pictures very well; Joyce Juncus, of Geurie (N.S.W.), is very fond of flowers; Doreen Dean, of Tottenham (N.S.W.), likes working out puzzles; Allan Forsythe, of Adelaide (S.A.), has a big Alsatian dog for a pet; Alison Ford, of Bendigo (Vic.), is coming to Sydney this winter; Ron Griffith, of Bundaberg (Qld.), will be fourteen next May.

COMPETITION RESULTS

For sending the best colorings of "Mr. Fish," Jean McManus, 17 College St., Gladstoneville (N.S.W.), and Nanette Williams (14), 14 Yarranah Rd., Darling Point (N.S.W.), tied for first prize. Both will receive 5/-. For the next best, Prize Cards are awarded to Ernest Crebbin (13), Bowen St., Camperdown (Vic.); D. Cassing, Narbethong, via Heidelberg (Vic.); Betty Harvey, Mungah Junction, N.C. line (Qld.); and C. Murray, Spencer's Gulf (Adel.). George Coady (10), "Bethlehem," Caringbah Rd., Caringbah (N.S.W.), found the most words to rhyme with "silver" and "scarf," and wins the prize of 2/6.

HERE IS little Stuart Johnston, of Brisbane (Queensland), with his pet toy, which you can see is a dear curly puppy.



Laughs

JUMBLED AUSTRALIAN EXPLORERS

1. Tarru, 2. Yano, 3. Hirtelshia, 4. Lhvelo, 5. Hloset, 6. Hnerty, 7. Ynseda, 8. Wine-throw, 9. Hkreu, 10. Yee.

Answers to these will be found elsewhere on the page.

Prize Card to Edith Essex (14), Douglas, Goombungee, Queensland, for sending in this little competition.

Why are flowers like lazy boys.—Because they need a stick to keep them straight.

Prize Card to E. Charlesworth, Argenton, via Boolaroo (N.S.W.).

Willie: Thank you for the balloon, Uncle.
Uncle: Oh, that was a very small gift.
Willie: Yes! That was what I said, but mother said I must thank you all the same.

Prize Card to C. Morris, West End, Brisbane.

Why does the collector at the railway station punch a hole in your ticket?—To let you pass through.

Why is a horse like the letter O?—Because one (O) makes it go.

Why are tall people more lazy than short ones?—Because they are always longer in bed.

Prize Card to Betty Maple, 12 Park St., Moonee Ponds (Vic.).

TEACHER (to Jimmy): Correct this sentence. "I was me who split the ink."
Jimmy: It wasn't me who split the ink.

Prize Card to Dorothy Stane, 45 Princess Highway, Kogarah, N.S.W.

When is a blow from a new boy rather pleasant?—When he strikes you agreeably.

Prize Card to Jean Stahl, Dumosa, Vic.

Why is a loaf of bread on top of a easpost like a race-horse?—Because they're both high bred (read).

What's blacker than a crow?—Its feathers.



AS frogs are usually of a green or brown color, we have decided to deck this particular frog in fine array so that you may paint him as many colors as you wish. A prize of 10/- will be given for the prettiest entry, on send your effort along no later than March 15. In Paramount's forthcoming "Alice in Wonderland" picture the part of the frog is taken by Sterling Holloway.

The HUMANISING of the BISHOP

Continued from Page 39

A FEW days later, one afternoon when he had fallen asleep, she was annoyed and a little disturbed to find herself looking at his hand and wishing that he would stroke hers again. It was a good hand, she thought, of the right size for his height, well shaped and strong, the hand of a man of action. Once more she considered his face carefully. Yes; the lines of it had softened; much of the hardness had gone from it; yet it seemed to her that its going had in some odd manner made it stronger. He looked so much more a man who could get his own way, so much more a man a woman could rely on.

About a week later she had proof that her nerves had fallen into their natural, wonted rhythm; as she lay wakeful one night there came upon her a strong desire to cry; she did cry—luxuriously. Nevertheless she awoke next morning with a troubled mind. She did not look at the Bishop much or carefully that day; twice she was short with him. He seemed more than a little bewildered by it.

That night they had sat silent on the rim of the crater for a long time when she said, almost petulantly: "I do wish a ship would come."

"Yes," he said, thoughtfully. "But I'm not nearly so impatient for its coming as I was."

She looked at him sharply, and said even more petulantly: "For goodness' sake, don't get patient! Patience is a woman's virtue. It has to be."

"It is also the virtue of the strong man," he said, sententiously.

"I should never have thought it had been yours," she said, in captious accents.

"It hasn't been. But this long rest I've had has made a great difference to me," he said, thoughtfully. "I think that my nerves were very often on edge."

The next day she found herself still captious, for no reason that she could think of, and an odd impulse came to her to shun him—to get away from him. She acted on it. Just before the heat of the day came on them she slipped away into the belt of trees along the foot of the cliffs. It was some time before he missed her; then he rose and began to look for her. Presently he saw her halfway round the crater, plucking guavas and eating them. Well, he might as well join Mrs. Lissington and eat guavas. He set out briskly, considering the heat, keeping in the shade. But when he came to the guava patch she was not in it, and he could not see her anywhere. With a good appetite, but listlessly, he ate half a dozen guavas, then searched for her. But he did not find her, and presently returned home—they had fallen into the habit of calling the corner of the basin in which they ate and slept, home—feeling unreasonably annoyed, and feeling, even more unreasonably, that Mrs. Lissington had somehow let him down.

SHE returned for the midday meal. Her impulse to shun him had not abated, but in the afternoon she did not withdraw to so great a distance, but merely to her bed of leaves, which was as cool as any other place on the island, and as far from him, for there was a tacit understanding that he should not go near it. She did not drowse away the afternoon successfully; she was restless; she began to suspect that the island was getting on her nerves. The Bishop was also restless. But he did not lay the blame on the island. He did not know on what to lay it.

At their evening meal he was not sulky, nor was his attitude that of an important dignitary of the Church; it was rather humble. Mrs. Lissington was somewhat spiritless and inclined to be captious; she did not seem interested in him or in the subjects he broached. In the middle of the meal he made a discovery; he discovered that she had changed. She had landed on the island thin and pallid and rather haggard, with her eyes and skin rather dull. Now the contours of her face were charmingly rounded, her tanned skin was clear, her eyes bright. For the first time he perceived also that they were beautiful eyes, violet and of a depth. Since his eyes had fallen into the way of not resting on women, the beauty of her eyes and face made the deeper impression on him now that he did see them. He did not inform her of this discovery; but he did find his eyes often drawn to her, and often he removed his gaze from her hastily lest he should seem to stare.

It was quite late in the meal that he remembered that woman is a snare of the devil, and that the more beautiful the woman the more dangerous the snare. It occurred to him that St. Jerome might possibly be speaking without an exhaustive knowledge of the subject; and certainly anything less like a snare than Mrs. Lissington he had never seen; he was sure that she was as harmless a creature as he had ever met. At any rate, she had never shown any sign whatever of desiring to ensnare him.

Her conduct during the next few days strengthened this conviction. The impulse to shun him was still strong, and she could not account for it, for he was as harmless a creature as she had ever met. That stroking her hand

had been the act of an impulsive child and meant nothing. It must be some unreasonable, subconscious prompting that urged her to shun him. Whatever it was, she acted on it, and he saw very little of her except at meals; during the heat of the day and now in the evenings she disappeared.

She did not only shun him; her attitude when they were together pained him. For a long while she had been indifferent; she had become friendly; but now she was captious, almost harsh, with him. Had he been the man he was when he landed on the island, he would have been now and again inclined to rebuke her for a lack of respect to a dignitary of the Church, but in some odd way he had become less conscious of being a dignitary of the Church. The fact did not seem relevant.

ON the evening of the fourth day of her shunning him they had finished their evening meal, and the sun was about to dip quickly into the sea. They rose, and she turned away, once more about to disappear. "Won't you come up on to the rim of the crater and sit by the beacon?" said the Bishop, and his voice had no note of episcopal authority in it.

Listlessly she said "yes," and with a listless air she came. He set the two mats they had carried up close beside one another, and they sat down. She let him do the talking. He did not talk much. The sun dipped with the usual local suddenness; half an hour later the stars were shining brightly.

"It's astonishing how attractive I'm beginning to find the stars," he said. "I never used to take any notice of them."

"The brilliant leprosy of Heaven," she quoted, captiously.

"Oh, no! No!" he said, as if the phrase hurt him.

She did not defend it, and they sat silent while the red moon came up out of the sea and turned silver. The sea was so still that the sound of the breakers on the reef was just a gentle crooning. They had an impression of being lonely together in a vastness. He found the impression pleasing; she did not. The sense of being alone—she could not count the Bishop—frightened and oppressed her. He shifted his position so that he could see her face: it was better to look at than the stars.

Then she said, rather wildly: "Oh, I do wish a ship would come to take me away!"

Started, he said, quickly: "I—I—thought you were quite reconciled to being here."

"Reconciled? I might be reconciled if I'd been shipwrecked with another human being," she said.

She did not mean to say it; she did not know that it was in her mind, an underthought, as it were; the words just seemed to come out of her. Then she burst out crying.

The mouth of the flabbergasted Bishop opened wide in his consternation; he quivered. She was shaking with sobs. Reason failed him; he was wholly at a loss. Instinct came to his aid; he put his arm round her, and thrilled. She did not thrust it away.

He drew her to him and said: "Hush—hush!"

It had no effect; she sobbed on. Each sob gave him a painful little jolt. He must stop them. But how? They grew more painful, and he looked round wildly with harried eyes, nearly desperate. Instinct again came to his aid; he bent down and kissed her cheek, timidly and gently, and thrilled again. She jerked slightly when his lips touched her cheek, but she did not thrust him away.

Please turn to Page 42



My favourite "easy to digest" supper—Arnott's Shredded Wheatmeal Biscuits.

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OFTEN the trial of a mother's life is to get her children to eat heartily of the proper food. Try giving "finicky" children their milk in Hansen's Junket—the one junket with high food value. It can be made in many ways, all of them easily digested, appealing to children's tastes. Hansen's Junket actually creates an appetite. . . . Doctors recommend it and children love it!

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The HUMANISING of the BISHOP

Continued from Page 41

HIS mind was in a whirl, but she seemed to relax a little against him and sob with less violence. He thought that it must be the kiss that had done this, and he kissed her again, less timidly. The sobs abated in violence. He sat thrilling to the quick beating of her heart. Then he kissed her again, on the lips. She thrust herself out of his arms that would have held her, and withdrew a couple of feet. The sobs were ceasing.

"I'm awfully sorry. It was very—stupid of me. I oughtn't to have bored you—like this," she said in penitent accents.

"It didn't bore me," he said, quickly. "It distressed me."

"It needn't have. It was only an attack of nerves. The loneliness in all this emptiness got at me."

"You're not lonely—at least you shouldn't be—not quite lonely. I'm here," he said.

She said nothing, and they sat in silence. He was still thrilling with strange emotions, pity and tenderness and a craving. Presently she said quietly that bed was the best place for her, and they went down the cliff and she left him. He did not go to bed at once; he sat staring down at the pool without seeing it. His mind was still in a whirl; he had suffered an upheaval of his being. The fact that he, vowed to celibacy, had kissed a woman troubled him very little.

Nevertheless, when they met next morning he was embarrassed. But she was so wholly at her ease that she set him at ease also, and at once. It was so plain that she had taken his kisses as soothing measures and thought no more of them. He was not relieved nor pleased; he was immensely disappointed and not a little hurt. But he could say nothing and do nothing.

That day the impulse to get away from him had gone, and she did not shun him. During the heat of the day they talked, as had been their wont, idly and fitfully. Not once did he even drowse, though she slept now and again, and he made more discoveries about her—that she had long eyelashes and delicate ears, that her nose was straight and the nostrils exquisitely cut.

If he found her radiant, she found that he had developed greatly during the last twelve hours, that he looked at her with the eyes of a man. She was aware that the island had played its part in working this change in him; but she knew that she had played a greater part, that her lips had worked the crowning change. A cheaper woman would have been triumphant; she was profoundly thankful.

That evening he was not called on to ask her to come with him to the rim of the crater; she went as a matter of course, and they watched the stars come out. They talked little; though he felt that there were a thousand pregnant things to be said, he did not know what they were. She was aware that he was gazing at her face all the while. Then he laid his hand gently on hers. She let it rest on it for perhaps twenty seconds, then drew hers gently away. She would not have things hurried; she wished to savor every moment, every step of the progression of love; she desired that progression to be slow.

For his part he found it delightful to be sitting there beside her, but he was not content. He did not know, he did not even dream that her heart and mind were full of him. He was in a great uncertainty, and his hope was but faint. He had to lay his hand on hers, and thrilled to its warm softness. When she drew it away, he felt oddly baulked. His instant instinct was to seize it and hold it firmly. But he refrained. He felt that such a demonstration of his superior strength would be wrong; he was afraid, greatly afraid, of offending and hurting her. Besides, he did not desire to seize; he desired her to give.

DURING the next few days they seemed to have reverted exactly to their old relations. She displayed her old indifferent friendliness to him; he could perceive in her attitude and manner no sign of any remembrance of his kisses, and how to bring home to her the fact that he himself had a thrilling and poignant remembrance of them he did not know. But he did know now that he was in love with her, and the fact that he who had so disliked and despised women was in love with one caused him no surprise or concern whatever.

But though he was not distressed by the fact that he had fallen in love, he was distressed by the certainty that she was not in love with him, and never likely to be. He knew that he was not the kind of man who appealed to her, and he knew himself to be so inexperienced in this matter that he could not conceive of his finding a way of awakening love in her. He was in love, and desperately in love; but it was hopeless.

Then, on the fifth day, she disappeared soon after breakfast. During her earlier absences he had been dis-

gruntled enough; this time, when she did not return for their midday meal, he was fairly distracted. He had never imagined that the absence for a few hours of another human being could make life such a hopeless blank. Early in the afternoon he became afraid that some accident had happened to her, and went in search of her.

She was not far away; indeed, she had been near enough all the while to observe his impatience. It did not seem to occur to her that she was treating him unkindly, for at intervals she smiled with a tranquil satisfaction that would have persuaded anyone who saw her that she believed that she was doing him good. He passed near her, calling to her; she lay back out of his sight till his calling grew faint; then she went to sleep.

About the time of the evening meal, when he was in the lowest depths of his gloom, she came. He did not know that she was there till she spoke from behind him. He started up to find her enfolded by green shrubs in the glowing, golden light of the westerling sun, more beautiful than ever. Dazzled, he blinked at her.

Then a sudden sense of injury came on him; he said, huffily: "I've been looking everywhere for you. I thought you'd come to some harm. Didn't you hear me calling?"

"I must have been asleep," she said.

But for an accident they might have remained on these terms for days. But as they came down from the rim of the crater that night, she stumbled against him and would have fallen had he not thrown an arm round her with a quickness that would have been impossible to him when he first came to the island.

She laughed gently and said: "Thanks so much. You were quick."

His arm tightened round her, and he held her to him tightly. Then something gave in him—the repression of years. He lifted her off her feet, and raised her in his arms and, holding her closely to him, kissed her passionately and fiercely.

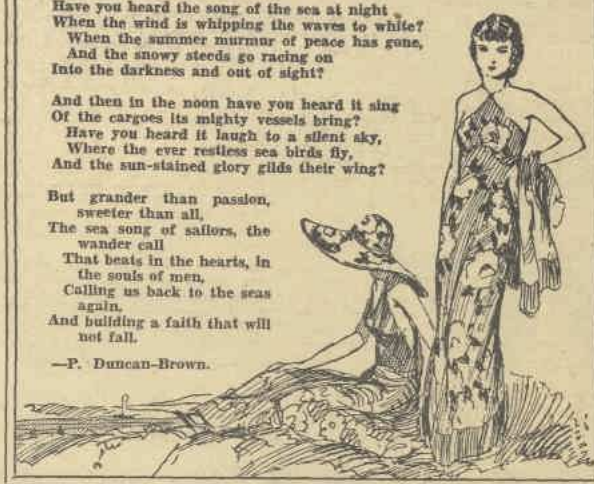
Sea's Singing

Have you heard the song of the sea at night
When the wind is whipping the waves to white?
When the summer murmur of peace has gone,
And the snowy steeds go racing on
Into the darkness and out of sight?

And then in the noon have you heard it sing
Of the cargoes its mighty vessels bring?
Have you heard it laugh to a silent sky,
Where the ever restless sea birds fly,
And the sun-stained glory glides their wing?

But grander than passion,
Sweeter than all,
The sea song of sailors, the
wander call
That beats in the hearts, in
the souls of men,
Calling us back to the seas
again,
And building a faith that will
not fall.

—P. Duncan-Brown.



"I love you! I love you!" he muttered. She uttered a faint cry, and for a few seconds tried to thrust herself out of his arms. Then she relaxed to his kisses.

In his exaltation he carried her to their mats and sat down with her in his arms. Then he found voice. Years of speaking had given him the power to say what he wanted, and he told her how he loved her, with a passionate eloquence that thrilled and thrilled her. She told him that she loved him.

IT was late when they said good-night and went to their beds, and they awoke to a golden day, and golden days followed. But love is a progression, and marriage is its natural end. One morning he was in a brooding mood and absent-minded, with very little to say.

Then of a sudden he said: "Will you marry me, Mary?"

"How can we get married? There's no one to marry us," she said, in a tone of surprise.

"I can—at least, I believe I can," he said, thoughtfully. "Considerable concessions are made by the law in the case of persons in our situation, and I believe that a mere declaration that we take one another as husband and wife would be legally binding. Of

course, we ought to make it before witnesses; but, since there are no witnesses, a written declaration that we do so should suffice. We could write it on a piece of stuff with my blood."

"With mine!" she said, quickly.

"No. With mine!" he said, firmly. "And I certainly believe that if I marry us according to its prescribed forms, the Church will hold the marriage valid, which is all that really matters. At any rate, I can pronounce the Church's blessing on our union."

"Then I suppose I must!" she said, smiling at him.

When he had done kissing her they got to work on the marriage contract. It was a simple matter. She washed and dried the handkerchief he had brought ashore. He cut it in half, then pricked his arm with the knife, and with a very finely-pointed piece of hardwood wrote the declaration slowly and carefully on half the handkerchief, in long, thin letters, as clearly as that simple stylus would allow.

She signed it and then he. He gave it to her. She folded it and put it in her handbag.

The religious ceremony did not take long. She found it impressive, for his heart was in it, and he invested it with an uncommon solemnity. It did not seem odd to her when he addressed himself and made the responses to his own questions. His signet ring served as a wedding ring, and it fitted her finger. Then, on the other half of the handkerchief, he wrote the certificate of their marriage and signed it and gave it to her.

"I ought to be properly married, I've got two sets of marriage lines," she said, smiling.

Their simple marriage feast was not baked yams, guavas, plantains, and the milk of green coconuts.

FOR the next three days they lived in a golden dream. They might have sought the whole world over and failed to find a more delightful place for a honeymoon. On the third night they were sit-



A delicate subject, this!

PERSPIRATION odour—the sort of thing one simply doesn't talk about! Yet one dare not offend! After sports or dancing in particular, one needs to be so very careful, and that's where Radox comes in. For only Radox, with its oxygen content, can give you sheer cleanliness of body. Radox baths remove all need for deodorants or talc, because the oxygen in Radox dissolves perspiration acids and eliminates the necessity for disguise or protection. If you are a fastidious soul, you will never be satisfied with anything less than Radox cleanliness.

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... eliminates grease ...
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the pores ... prevents and
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FLIES



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No fly or mosquito ever recovers from Verm-X. It kills quickly—surely and cheaply. 21s. each tin only 2/6. When this is used up, add a bottle of Verm-X Concentrate (1/4) to the tin and fill with pint of kerosene, so replenishing your Verm-X at a bargain price. Pleasantly perfumed. Will not stain.

A HINT ON HOW TO KILL FLIES WITHOUT MESS. (and without wading spray). Before spraying room with Verm-X, close window and pull down blind to about an inch of window sill. The dying flies and mosquitoes make for the light, and come to rest on the sill, where they can be afterwards swept up. All Chemists, Stores, Ironmongers.

VERM-X Kills Cheaply

(Copyright)



MEMBERS OF THE New South Wales and Victorian baseball teams, photographed during their last interstate gathering, during which they discussed the rules for play and the constitution of a proposed Australian association. The teams for the forthcoming interstate

contests for the two States will probably be chosen from this group, but particular interest attaches to the gathering in view of the fact that the tentative plans formulated on that occasion will be finalised in April. During that month representative teams from Queens-

land, New South Wales, and Victoria will meet in Sydney for the big interstate contest of the year, and off the field they will concentrate their attention on the formation of the Australian Women's Baseball Association.

1000 Bowlers ... MEET in Adelaide

This week an immense bowls carnival is in progress in Adelaide; nearly one thousand visitors have arrived.

The carnival will be of particular interest to women, as it is the first in South Australia at which interstate women players have been received.

THERE was an interstate match against Victoria last March which the visitors won by one game. It will be interesting to see the Victorian-South Australian match at Hawthorn on March 14.

Among the 1000 visitors are many women who are merely accompanying

their husbands on the tour. However, there are 44 women bowlers, and of these 27 are from New South Wales, six from Victoria and Tasmania, and two from West Australia and Queensland respectively. The carnival commenced on March 5 and will end on March 17.

Extensive arrangements have been made for the accommodation of the visitors. An added facility for their comfort will be a rendezvous in the basement of Balfour's Cafe, Rundle St.

It has been turned into an attractive lounge, at which any of the visitors to the carnival will be welcomed between 9 a.m. and 6 p.m. each day. There they will be able to write letters, telephone, or arrange to meet friends as required. The hostesses in charge of the rendezvous will be Mesdames Laidlaw, Jarman, Lavette, and Wheeler.

An excursion to the waterfalls at Marialta has been arranged for women visitors on Friday afternoon, March 9, and then they will visit the home of Mrs. L. Rundle for afternoon tea.

The following day an interstate match will take place, six rinks N.S.W. versus South Australia, and two rinks South Australia versus a combined team of other States, at Kensington Gardens bowling green. On March 12 and 14 other friendly matches against the visitors will be played.

Women's bowls have latterly been steadily increasing in popularity.

The South Australian Association, which has been in existence only for the last four years, includes 120 members divided into six clubs, the clubs being Hawthorn, Alberton Oval, Kensington



MRS. WOLINSKI, a N.S.W. bowler

Gardens, Payuelam, Holdfast Bay, and Glenside Oval.

Pennant matches are held every Thursday afternoon. The president of the association, Mrs. F. H. Hobbs, and the secretary, Mrs. H. R. Wheeler, have both held their respective positions since the inauguration four years ago.

The Victorians can boast of 500 to 600 women players in their association, divided into 27 clubs. It is no wonder that the Victorians are noted as being exceptionally good players.

The game over here is mainly played by married women whose husbands are enthusiastic bowlers, though, of course, there are others playing, too. Mixed bowls are not seen very much, though one club, namely, Kensington Gardens, have mixed pairs in the evening.

The bowls season, which extends from about November to the end of March, will be completed after the carnival by a pairs tournament. The pennant matches ended on Thursday, March 1, and the singles championship of South Australia was won by Mrs. W. E. Richards, with Mrs. H. B. Dewar runner-up.

South Australian women taking part in the forthcoming interstate matches include:

Mesdames Monahan, Grosse, Morphet, Tyler, Johns, Wheeler, Dewar, Wilton, Rogers, Inkster, Hobbs, Clarke, Richards, Cole, Edwards, Heise, Scholle, Watson, Felstead, Martin, Graves, Tonks, and Dansford.

Q. BASEBALL Team for National EVENT

The Queensland team to play in the first Australian baseball carnival has been announced and holds several surprises.

It is interesting to note, too, that Queensland has again upheld the tradition of including sisters among team members.

THE list announced comprises eleven players and two reserves. It includes the following:

Iris Skodder (captain), Emily Raynor (vice-captain), Jean Hodaswich, Barbara Leach, Til Skodder, Alice Smith, Oscar Arrowsmith, Ruby Beattie, Grace Sykes, Myrtle Osborne, Donna Kulick.

Three of these players are newcomers to the ranks of representative baseball. Til Skodder, Alice Smith and Donna Kulick.

The team has upheld the traditions of sisters in a Queensland rep. team. The honor this time goes to the Skodder sisters, Iris and Til.

Iris, who will captain the team, also held that honour when Queensland played New South Wales in Brisbane last year. From behind the mask, Iris plays every ball. Her catching is superb and her steady eye rarely misses one.

Til Skodder sprang into prominence this season as a member of Taxation team. A natural player she has proved herself a worthy third baseman.

The whole Skodder family are keen baseball followers, brother Frank plays during the winter, and devotes the summer to coaching and umpiring. Mr and Mrs. Skodder never miss a match. Their efforts in the general interests and welfare of the game are legion, and the girls would feel lost without their support and encouragement.

Queensland will wear white plus fours and white shirts with Queensland written across the front, while the rest will play in the blue uniforms of Toowoong.

The Queensland team will leave for the south on April 15. The carnival dates are April 16 to 21.

THE position of manageress falls to the lot of Esta Warneke, one of Queensland's keenest sportswomen. She has been an active official in the

Queensland Ladies' Swimming Association, and was at one time Queensland's champion diver. She plays baseball with the All Sports team. As one of the eighteen players chosen to practise by the Queensland selectors, she was unfortunate to miss selection.

Her fielding of the ball is fearless, and so long as it is arrested in its career Esta little reckes if it is hand or shin that stops it.

While on tour the selectors will be Iris Skodder (capt.), Emily Raynor (vice-captain) and Esta Warneke.

Hockey Girls' Camp

The hockey camp will be held again this year at Castlereagh on the Nepean River.

"YOU can learn more in these few days in camp than in a season on the hockey fields," says Miss Tory Wicks, who captained the Australian team abroad.

In camp the girls have an opportunity of learning the finer points of the game, and acquiring just that extra knowledge so essential to improvement on one's game.

Miss Haywood and Miss Kirk are the convenors, and there will also be an international hockey player in attendance who will lecture on the game itself and on umpiring.

Hockey players who are desirous of learning more about the game, and at the same time enjoying a splendid holiday, are requested to communicate with Mrs. Davy, the association secretary, as soon as possible. The players will leave Sydney on Thursday, March 29, and will return on Easter Monday night.

News From The Clubs

THE opening of the sports section of the Y.W.C.A. took place on Monday. It has been arranged that all the hockey players will begin practice early this year.

The basketball players will hold a meeting next Monday, and after the meeting there will be a practice in the gymnasium. The rowing club reports that they will enter a number of boats in the N.S.W. regatta, which will take place on April 7.

Tennis players will start to practise soon, and will receive lessons from a competent coach. Mrs. Penfield, the sports secretary of the Y.W.C.A., has a very interesting programme arranged for all those anxious to take in winter sports.

RECENTLY Messrs. Arnott's Ltd., of Homebush, built a new club house for the tennis enthusiasts in their employ, and during the week, the employees were afforded an opportunity of witnessing two of the finest tennis players in New South Wales in action.

Jack Crawford and Jim Willard played an exhibition game of tennis during the lunch hour, and over 400 employees from the factory attended.

MRS. BEALE, president of the New South Wales Croquet Association, at a celebration at the Strathfield lawns during the week, presented the pennants and trophies won by the clubs and members during the season.

The Sydney Club won the A pennant, Strathfield the B pennant, and Parramatta the C pennant. The British Association's gold medal was presented to Mrs. Moore, of Beccroft, and the N.S.W. Association's trophy for the runner-up was presented to Mrs. Pontey, of West Manly.

The British Association's silver medal and the N.S.W. trophy were presented to Mrs. Morphet, of Cronulla, and Mrs. Waller, of Dee Why, respectively.

A great deal of interest centred on the presentation of the Sir Thomas Henley trophy for the champion of champions. Lady Henley presented this trophy to the winner, Mrs. Grace, of Strathfield. Mrs. Taylor, of the Cheltenham Club, was last year's winner.

The A and B pennants competition will commence this week, and the C grade will start on March 20.

2UW Coupon

RADIO listeners submitting entries to The Australian Women's Weekly features must attach this coupon and post their letters to Box 13700 G.P.O., Sydney.

For full details of 2UW doings, see page 16.

ENGLISH Cricketers ACCEPT with PLEASURE

Possible Team Members include
Versatile Players

MRS. WALDRON, the secretary of the Australian Women's Cricket Council, has received a reply to the invitation sent to the England Women's Cricket Association, for a team of English players to visit Australia during the coming cricket season.

MISS COX, secretary of the English Association, cables official acceptance, intimating their pleasure at receiving the invitation.

There is no doubt that the Australian cricketers will have to look to their laurels when the English players arrive. Their records show them to be just as versatile as our players in Australia. The bowlers can always be relied upon to make a good score, and in the field they are exceedingly keen.

Of the players who rank among the stalwarts of England is M. MacLagan, an all-rounder whose batting and bowling averages might be envied by all cricketers. M. Pollard belongs to the same club as MacLagan, and is known as a mighty hitter, and an outstanding field at point. M. Lowe, of the Bogis Club, Nottingham, is another outstanding batsman, as is B. Archdale. All

these batsmen have recorded centuries, and rank, in addition, as bowlers and fieldsmen of outstanding ability.

Goldsmith and Snowball are both very fine wicket-keepers, and have fair batting averages. Miss Doman, who captained England against the rest last season, is another player who would create interest. Other bowlers are Edge, a fast bowler, Straker, Taylor, and J. Haddersley.

The latter's sister, M. E. Haddersley, captained the Birmingham district team against London last season. So many of the English team have successfully captained county matches that the selection of a captain for the Australian tour will certainly present the English selectors with a knotty problem.

To Raise Finance

Already plans are in hand for a campaign to increase the funds for the entertainment of the English women cricketers while they are in Australia.

MISS MARGARET PEDEN, secretary of the New South Wales Women's Cricket Association, is calling meetings



MARGARET PEDEN

of the various clubs in their own districts, where the public are generally invited to be present with a view to receiving suggestions in reference to this cricket tour.

One of the matters for consideration is a cricket match between the N.S.W. team and the members of the cricket teams in whose district the match will be played. A match of this kind should be of general interest to residents in the St. George district, the Kuring-gai district, and the Balmmain district.

It is quite certain that each district will vie with the other in an effort to gain the distinction of playing before the greatest crowd.

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Interstate ROWERS

THIS year the Interstate Women's Rowing Regatta will be held in Sydney on Saturday, April 7. All the Australian States with the exception of West Australia will send teams to compete.

Probably the most interesting rower among the crews is Miss A. Hill, of Adelaide, who has stroked the interstate team for nearly 12 years. She has rowed twice in every State in Australia, a really remarkable feat. Others in the South Australian crew are D. Steede (bow), B. Bradley and R. Gorman.

The Victorian representatives, the holders of the title, are J. Goolan bow, M. Anderson 2, G. Giles 3, and G. Spiller stroke. This crew is comprised of members from the Essendon Club.

Another crew composed of members from the one rowing club, is the Bundaberg crew from Queensland, which is represented by R. Crossman bow, P. Bruggenden 2, P. Crossett 3, and O. Hampson stroke. The Tasmanian crew, which will arrive in Sydney on April 3, will comprise M. Gaveley bow, V. Turner 2, B. Bayton 3, and M. Stewart stroke.

Miss M. Mann, who will stroke the Sydney crew, is a well-known personality in the other States. M. Riley, who will row in her first interstate race, will be bow. V. Williamson 2, and M. Harvey 3.

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- Garetnas

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